Liberty

AUGUST 28, 1943 10c

Book:
DRAGON'S TEETH
Pulitzer Prize Novel

CAN SWEDEN STAY OUT?

THE MARY ANN
·BOTTLED·IN·BOND·
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality
Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care
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It's got SOMETHING no other SYNTHETIC TIRE can give you!

TODAY'S biggest news for American motorists is that Goodyear is again building passenger car tires for civilian use — and has been for some time.

Yes, they're synthetic rubber tires, built — as all other such tires must be today — from GRS synthetic rubber produced in government plants.

But in the GOODYEAR SYNTHETIC RUBBER TIRE you get something no other wartime tire can give you — a plus that insures greater value for your money.

You get a tire bettered by the manufacturing skill and ability that have made Goodyears the world's first-choice tires for more than a quarter-century.

You get a tire solidly advantaged by Goodyear's long experience in handling synthetic rubber, a knowledge that dates back beyond the granting of our first synthetic patents in 1927.

You get a product that is a direct descendant of America's first all-synthetic rubber tire, produced by Goodyear in 1937.

And you get one that benefits from Goodyear's work in building for the Army the first tires made entirely from synthetic rubber produced in the new government plants.

Beyond this, you get a tire buttressed with the tough resilience of Goodyear's famed Supertwist Cord carcass and a safe, quick-stopping, non-skid Goodyear tread.

Add it all up, and you'll see why wise buyers will continue to choose the tire that bears the greatest name in rubber — *because it is the best synthetic rubber tire that can be built of materials now available.*

But remember — the tire situation is still extremely critical — there will not be enough synthetic tires to go around for a long time to come. Continued tire conservation by ALL car owners is more than essential — it's a patriotic duty!

THE BEST IS YET TO COME

The present GOODYEAR SYNTHETIC RUBBER TIRE is the best that can be made, in light of current knowledge. But major facilities of the new million-dollar Goodyear Research Laboratory are being devoted today to further improving the quality of synthetic rubber, and methods of building it into tires. Work now under way gives promise that—good as Goodyear Synthetic Rubber tires are today — they will become progressively better as time goes on.

The New Goodyear Research Laboratory

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

Supertwist—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

CRESTA

the crest of quality since 1890

BLANCA

California red, white, and sweet...

WINES

You will delight in the "bottle-ripe" flavor of these wines. Since 1890 they have been hailed as the "crest of quality" Ask for them by name.

Tune in! Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival" every Wednesday evening, CBS.

Schenley PRODUCT

Cresta Blanca Wine Co. Inc. Livermore, Cal.

make your dollars fight, buy war bonds and stamps

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LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

What kind of a house would you put here?

After the war, somebody's going to put up a new house on that pretty rise of ground that overlooks the river bend just outside of the town line. Nothing elaborate. Just a pretty little house snuggled into the trees as though it belonged there.

Somebody else may buy the old Ward farm. There should be many a good day's hunting in those rolling fields and back through the woods over to the State road.

Yes, somebody's going to buy it. Somebody's always coming along, with a dream and a little money, and doing the things we'd promised ourselves *we'd* do someday.

But this time, why can't that "somebody" be *you?*

Look—suppose you put part of your pay into War Bonds each payday—not 10% or 15%, *but all you can.* And *keep* putting it away, week after week, payday after payday. Here's what happens:

Before you know it, you get so you hardly miss that money. And if you do miss it, you've got something better to replace it: the knowledge that you, personally, are helping to insure a steady flow of planes and tanks and guns to the men who fight. The knowledge that you, personally, have toed the mark and are helping to win the war.

Then, one of these days, when peace has come again, the money you've put away starts coming back to you. And bringing *more* money with it—you get *four* dollars for every three you put in!

When that day comes, *you* can get out your pencil and start figuring just what kind of house you'll put on the river bend.

But to make sure that day *does* come, you'd better do this: get out your pencil right now and start figuring, not how *little* you can save in War Bonds, but *how much.* Chances are, you've done your bit and are doing it right now. But don't stop there! Raise your sights *—do your best!*

YOU'VE DONE YOUR BIT... NOW DO YOUR BEST

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

This advertisement is a contribution to America's all-out war effort by

Liberty Magazine

Here is America's new pipe success—from the Great Smoky Mountains!

What a wonderful break for American pipe smokers—this Breezewood pipe that comes from a virgin forest deep in the Great Smoky Mountains! Breezewood is amazingly light in weight, and what a grand *sweet* smoke it gives you! Go to your dealer's, hold a Breezewood pipe in your hand, feel its zephyr-weight. It's America's new pipe success: buy one, enjoy America's gift to pipe-smokers' pleasure!

No wonder they were astonished! They all guessed too high! Actually the astounding new Breezewood pipe weighs, on an average, less than 1¼ ounces.

Free your Hands for Other Tasks

The new Breezewood pipe is so light, it's pleasant to keep it in your mouth. Breezewood doesn't fatigue you when working, driving, or whenever your hands are busy.

Copr. 1943, The Breezewood Pipe Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

MAYBE WE DID MEAN THAT

CHAMBERSBURG, PA.—In Liberty's editorial for July 24, the second paragraph reads: "It cannot be denied that many people on the federal pay roll don't belong there, particularly now, when the man-power shortage is felt everywhere." . . . You don't by any chance mean senators or congressmen, do you? Sure we could spare some!—*M. E. Kuhn.*

ADJUSTMENTS MUST BE MADE

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The article in July 17 Liberty entitled Selective Service in Reverse rather passes up one angle.

Do you think it would be entirely fair for the men to return at their old salaries, when the present men occupying the jobs are making from 20 to 50 per cent more? The cost of living has increased to such an extent that many of us who just got along nicely in peacetime could never meet a future on prewar salaries.

After all, the employers will be glad to take the servicemen back. They will be getting better men at less money. They must have been better to have had the jobs in the first place.

The only rightful solution is to take the servicemen back at the salaries being paid men holding the jobs at the time the servicemen are released from the armed forces.—*Arthur Banker, RM 1/c, U. S. N. R.*

YOU ARE RIGHT—WE WERE WRONG

KINGSTREE, S. C.—I noticed that John Wells, in Square It, Sailor (May 15 Liberty) referred to Charlestown Navy Yard. If I am not mistaken, you will find that Charlestown, as it was centuries ago, was changed to Charleston. Please correct me if I am wrong.—*Howard Poston, Jr.*

On the authority of the office of Chief of Naval Operations, Charleston is correct.

YOUR IDEA IS A GOOD IDEA

WEST BEND, WIS.—I don't like stories of real battle fronts with a romance cooked up around that setting. My idea of a good war story is Johnny Doesn't Live Here Any More, by Alice Means Reeve (June 26 Liberty).—*Verna Johnson.*

MR. MULLIN IS A CITY MAN

CHICAGO, ILL.—The editorial, Victory Through Triviality (July 24 Liberty), by Paul Hunter, is excellent, but the sketch by Willard Mullin is regrettable. I feel sure there will be many a farmer who will resent the picture of what would be "Mrs. Farm Woman of 1943."

Perhaps Mr. Mullin has never seen our American farm wives, so better luck next time.—*Mrs. R. M. Long.*

UNDERSTANDING RUSSIA

ALBANY, GA.—One of Liberty's greatest attractions for me is its wholehearted appreciation and understanding of our great fighting ally, the Soviet Union. It is comforting, in our fight for a free America—for a free world—to see one of our leading American magazines take up the gloves for Russo-American friendship and understanding. In this respect Liberty is striking a great blow for lasting peace.—*Edith Wortman.*

NOT MUCH U. S. FOR HIM

U. S. S. CHANDLER DMS9, c/o FLEET POST OFFICE—In different magazines and papers I see there is another squabble as to who should be in command.

Why is there any need to change horses in the middle of the pull? As long as the present commander in chief is doing his best and is pulling us out, why do you civilians have to gripe?

The armed services are satisfied and carrying out F. D. R.'s orders because he is a capable leader.

All we ask of you high-minded and power-hungry civilians is to be patient and we will bring home the bacon.

No one would like to see a little of the U. S. any better than myself and shipmates, as I have had my feet on United States soil only 47 days out of the last 1,095.—*E. H. Maxeiner, C. M. M.*

"Not if you were Beethoven, personally!"

CONDUCTOR: Camel, let us understand each other. I would not let you appear with my orchestra if you were Ludwig van Beethoven himself, personally!

CAMEL: *No,* Maestro?

CONDUCTOR: No, Camel. No. No, *NO!*

CAMEL: Not even if I told you that I was the Paul Jones Camel? The living symbol of the *dryness* in *dry* Paul Jones Whiskey?

CONDUCTOR: Not even if you told me you were the—Hey! Did you say a *dry* whiskey? Like a dry Champagne?

CAMEL: But assuredly, Effendi. Do you not know that this jewel among whiskies, this superlative Paul Jones, possesses the quality of *dryness?* Sahib, it is this *dryness,* or lack of sweetness, which brings out all that rich, peerless flavor which has made Paul Jones so justly famous.

CONDUCTOR: And this, Camel, was what you wished to say here tonight?

CAMEL: But what else, Effendi? For am I not the living symbol and chief prophet of the *dryness* in the wondrous and modestly priced Paul Jones?

CONDUCTOR: My friend, you will not only speak here tonight . . . but I, Myself, personally will set your speech to music!

The very best buy is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones

An Explanation to Our Friends

IF YOUR BAR or package store is sometimes out of Paul Jones, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our prewar stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other vital war products. (Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.)

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

Elmer Sutherland has been elected vice-president of the Aeronca Aircraft Corp., first manufacturers of the light plane and builders of the Army's Grasshopper.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Air Picture Looks Good

Here's some inside stuff on the dwindling Nazi air power. (Italy's air power is so ineffective it isn't counted as a major factor.)

In mid-June the Germans were estimated to have between 4,000 and 4,500 first-line combat airplanes. If all those airplanes were used in *one* theater of war they would constitute a very impressive and potent force. But the Allies have succeeded in forcing the Nazis to split this over-all total into three separate and distinct theaters (Russia, Occupied Europe, and the Mediterranean), so the average in each theater is between 1,000 and 1,500 airplanes.

Now, 1,500 airplanes in a single theater is meat for growing Allied air power, because the Germans are unable to replace their losses with any rapidity or efficiency. When you consider that the Allies can knock out from fifty to a hundred Nazi planes in a single day of hard aerial fighting, and have plenty of reserves to keep their own aerial strength at a high level, you can see what is happening to Nazi air power.

The Allies have the enemy licked in the air. It is only a matter of a short time until attrition will have eliminated the Axis as a major factor in the air—and with Allied aerial supremacy attained in all theaters of war, the Axis will have to fight on the ground against a *combination of Allied air and ground forces*—an unbeatable team.

Every time a new theater is opened, Axis airplanes are spread more thinly. The same thing is occurring in the Pacific against the Japs.

Automatic Sight

Another closely guarded military secret was unveiled recently to the Aviation Writers Association by the Sperry Gyroscope Company. This secret is an automatic computing sight that makes sharpshooting aerial gunners out of untrained men in three weeks. It is one reason why American gunners have been so successful in knocking Axis planes out of the skies.

"A duck hunter learns that to hit a moving object he cannot sight directly on the target, because if he does the bird will be out of the line of fire by the time the bullet reaches its intended objective," a Sperry official explained. "Similarly, experience will teach the same man, operating a hand-held gun, how to estimate the speed of flight and wind velocities to make direct hits.

"But now we have an automatic computing sight that not only does all that calculating automatically and quickly, but does it with such exactitude that any enemy plane caught properly in the sight is as good as a dead duck."

The device is enclosed in a small black box the size of a news camera, and is now an integral part of the Sperry-designed upper local and lower ball turrets, and makes the .50-caliber machine guns effective at ranges considerably greater than those of enemy fighter planes.

Helicopter Milestone

Although large quantities of helicopters will not be available very soon, since production has been under way only a short time, the War Department has officially endorsed this many-featured air vehicle as an anti-submarine weapon. Plans are going forward for the installation of small decks on Liberty ships in order to put the rotary wing craft into operation as standard war equipment.

A few months ago secret tests were conducted in Long Island Sound, with a helicopter making twenty-four landings and take-offs from the deck of a tanker traveling at various speeds, thus marking the first time a helicopter had ever been landed or flown from a ship's deck. The craft also made the first ship-to-shore flight in aerial history.

Winged Beef

Carry 200 cattle in an airplane? Sounds a little fantastic, doesn't it? But it can be done—with slight modification.

The beef from 200 cattle in Argentina was recently dehydrated into a neat five tons, and this five tons of meat was carried in an ordinary standard twenty-one-passenger Douglas DC-3 transport plane. If the cattle had been shipped alive the weight would have been forty tons, too much for an airplane.

Dehydration of foods is receiving much attention from aviation people these days, because it will play a big role in eliminating the difference in cost of transportation in a plane as against a railroad car or boat. Dehydration merely takes the water out of raw foods, and when the food reaches its destination water is added, and the food is just as good as ever.

It would not be economical to fly raw materials to market in today's airplanes, but dehydrated potatoes are a different story; for a sixty-pound bushel of spuds becomes a mere eight pounds when dehydrated. Thirty crates of oranges become six one-gallon cans, and a 145-pound pile of raw carrots becomes a mere 14 pounds.

After the war you will become accustomed to dehydrated foods in a big way—that is, if you can tell the difference at all. It has been a great success with the Army, for dehydration saves a vast amount of shipping space. And you may be sure that people in many parts of the world will be getting food by air after the war.

Odds and Ends

A 4,000-pound bomb dropped into an industrial city will lay flat buildings within a radius of thirty-five yards.

The British estimate that one 2,000-ton bombing raid causes damage equal to the work of at least 75,000 Germans for one month; while the cost of such a raid to the Allies is the work of some 18,500 men and women for the same period.

NEXT WEEK

BROKEN RIVER
By John and Ward Hawkins

A new Liberty serial. A story of love and high adventure in a logging camp in the Northwest—of Rack Tinker, who thought he could escape the past; and Sara Bishop, to whom the legend of Broken River was a challenge.

WILLKIE GOES A-WOOING
By Thomas L. Stokes

Wendell Willkie knows he can't win the Presidential nomination without the support of the Republican Party leaders. Here's the inside story on how he's trying to get it—and how he's making out.

WEATHER IS A WEAPON
By Leonard Engel

Our armed forces don't cuss the weather—they make it work for victory. This fascinating article tells how.

PRESSURE IN THE PINCHES
By Bill Stern

With two men out, three men on base, and two strikes on the batter, can the pitcher come through? Unforgettable stories of players who *have* come through when the heat was on.

ROYAL FAMILY OF THE BIG TOP
By Bill Davidson

More amazing even than the circus press agent's stories about them are the Cristianis themselves—the fabulous family of bareback riders you'll meet in this candid close-up.

THE CROSS-UP
By Ben Merson

The cockeyed story of a cross-eyed prize fighter who met his match in a girl who'd been brought up with boxing gloves.

TORPEDO 8
By Ira Wolfert

Liberty's Book Condensation. The story of Swede Larsen's Bomber Squadron. After Midway they changed their slogan from *Attack* to *Attack and Vengeance*—and made it stick. One of this war's most brilliant best sellers.

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

IN SERVICE ON EVERY FRONT

"Gran'maw—thar's someone a-knockin' at the door!"

"PLUG-CHEK" WAKES UP SPARK-WEARY ENGINES...

Today, opportunity is knocking at the garage doors of America's car owners. Here's the good news! If your car is "spark-weary" Auto-Lite Spark Plug dealers can help you make your gas coupons go further with "Plug-Chek" inspection service.

Actual tests by the American Automobile Association show this new kind of spark plug service can increase gas mileage as much as 12%. "Plug-Chek" is as simple as the ABC on the gas ration books.

Get more essential miles of transportation. Be sure to ask your nearest Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealer for "Plug-Chek" Inspection Service today.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO · *Merchandising Division* · SARNIA, ONTARIO

Color and condition tell if plugs are operating properly. Matching your plugs with those illustrated on the "Plug-Chek" is the first step in getting new life for "spark-weary" engines.

DOWN TO THE SEA IN BOXCARS

EVERY DAY enough freight cars to carry the daily food of half the people of the country roll into the seaports, loaded with war materials and other freight for export.

To do this part of the war job has, at times, meant rushing special trains of critical materials clear across the continent to catch convoys. It involves, every day, maintaining near each of the nation's ports of embarkation a sufficient "bank" of cars loaded with war freight to insure that no convoy shall be delayed, no ship shall fail to be loaded promptly.

And this is but one small, though most important, part of the day's work of the railroads. The total job means starting another freight train on its run every four seconds – starting a special troop movement somewhere in the United States about every six minutes, day and night.

Those are some of the reasons why coaches and Pullman cars are scarce for ordinary travel, why trains are sometimes crowded, why travel is not always up to the high standard which you expect and which the railroads try to maintain.

Other war needs have prevented railroads from obtaining the additional cars and engines they need, but they are using to the limit what they have and what they can get to meet the nation's demands for transportation.

Like other resourceful, self-reliant, American enterprises, the railroads are subordinating everything else to victory—to maintaining the freedom that has made America strong.

SWEDEN FOILS THE NAZIS

Why has Sweden escaped the fate of Norway and Denmark? An account of the crafty neutrality policy which has so far stood off Hitler

BY BLAIR BOLLES

Wirelessed from Stockholm.

A SHARP-EARED Swedish sentry patrolling the deep spruce forest along Norway's wild border one evening last May heard footsteps in the gloom and cried out his challenge. In a moment ten unarmed German soldiers, dirty-faced and tired, stood before him.

"Let us into Sweden. We've run away from the German Army. We've had enough war."

Their leader pleaded urgently with the sentry while the rest of them watched him anxiously and hopefully. But an hour later all ten deserters were being escorted back to Norway. Sweden, generous haven for refugees from Europe's every quarter, refused to take the chance of letting in men like these.

Germany wants the rich plum of neutral Sweden added to its European possessions and is trying by the subtlest wiles to compromise this last stronghold of independence in Scandinavia. Sweden's natural wealth and great industrial capacity probably could keep Germany going in the war months beyond present expectations. The Swedes, however, happen to want Sweden for themselves. The result of this difference of opinion is what they call *feste kristider*—a time of crisis.

I have been spending five weeks in Sweden, which is separated from the Western World by the Danish and Norwegian walls of Hitler's fortress. Between me and the Allied strongholds lay the German sea blockade and the German aerial defenses. Behind this bulwark of war Stockholm is, on the surface, a city of peace. Far from being blacked out, its night lights gleam like diamonds in the waves of the mild body of water which lies in the center of it. From across the water the royal palace looks like a picture on a post card. Trains of baby-blue streetcars make their way along old streets. The world of war seems distant as the moon.

Sweden's guides on her tight rope of neutrality: King Gustav and Social-Democrat Prime Minister Per Albin Hansson

PHOTO EUROPEAN

The great struggle to outwit Germany—Tyskland, to the Swedes—goes on behind this calm façade. Sweden, guided by Social-Democrat Prime Minister Per Albin Hansson and the octogenarian king who likes to play bridge with him, balances on a delicate tight wire trying to save her national honor and at the same time preserve her neutrality.

The Nazis are relentless in their efforts to pull the Swedes off the neutral perch without actually forcing them at gun point into war. Taking advantage of the chronic indigestion of Foreign Minister Christian Gunther, the Berlin boys are forever telephoning outrageous demands to him after midnight, when he is taking refuge in sleep from pains that constantly assail him during waking hours. The idea is that this will end in his granting whatever they ask, even to turning over the country to them.

Nazi agents who give the Hitler salute before they touch their porridge ate breakfast next my table at the Grand Hotel. Deep chairs in the hotel lobby are often commandeered by squinting Germans noting the passing scene. Around the corner from the Grand lives Hans Thomsen, sent from Berlin last winter as German Minister Plenipotentiary with orders to make a success of the job of luring Sweden into the German camp.

Thomsen has a staff of two hundred at his legation to help him. His wife, "Baby," is on the job unofficially, sounding out the sentiments of Stockholm's socially elite with her disarming dinner-party line that she just loathes the Nazis herself—an old gag she wore smooth during Thomsen's pre-Pearl Harbor years as Minister in Washington.

Piled high in the street outside Thomsen's legation are blocks of birch wood cut from Swedish forests to be used during the coming winter to keep the Swedes warm. This woodpile symbolizes what the Nazis are after. They want the woods of Sweden, which is covered with a blanket of spruce, pine, birch, aspen, and oak. They want also Sweden's mineral wealth: iron, gold, zinc, copper. They want Sweden's factories—Bofors, SKF, the pulp mills at the mouths of subarctic rivers, and the plants that make the world's finest precision steels.

If Sweden could be had, it could go far toward offsetting the damage

(Continued on page 54)

"I realized I wasn't getting anywhere. In fact, he as much as called me a gremlin."

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT DORNE

A PLAN TO WIN THE WAR

Even behind the Pearly Gates there are military experts. The ghost of Grandpa Johansen appears with the heavenly strategy and inspires another hilarious letter to the President

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt
The White House
Washington, D. C.

Personal

DEAR Mr. President:

I will not register this letter. I'll send it just plain ordinary first-class mail. American ingenuity will triumph every time, you bet! Little will any spy or saboteur or fifth columnist suspect that the fate of the whole world depends upon your getting this epistle. And I'll wager that when you open the envelope you are going to be pleasantly surprised to learn that all your worries are over. Yes, sir. So far as the war is concerned, Mr. President, you can relax.

I have been on a little trip between editions. The editor of a country weekly must keep his finger on the pulse of the public, you know. Too, my wife had kept at me; so we made a trip to see her folks in Utah.

Little did I realize that in a little Utah town I was to learn of the most world-shaking event since your own election in 1932—the answer to the war question uppermost in the mind of every person in the entire world.

It all happened when we dropped over one evening to visit my wife's cousin, Baldwin Higgs. I would like to state here that Baldwin Higgs is not a man with imagination, nor given to jokes. He is teller of the local bank, a job he has held for eighteen years, and he runs a small farm in his spare time. He is active in church and town affairs, the steady plodding sort, always elected to committees when hard work is required. He eats well, sleeps well, works well, and rests well. Of implicit faith, he is untroubled by doubts, and he never has been known to have told a lie or exhibited any sign of a sense of humor.

Baldwin Higgs had just undergone an experience that may well change the course of world history. It was of such universal magnitude that I wrote it down that night just as he told it to me. And, Mr. President, here it is:

WELL, I was going out to do the milking [Baldwin said] when I seen this ghost. He was in the barn. I've got my garden stuff stored there and he was sitting on the pile of Hubbard squash, sort of thinking, like. An old fellow, he was, with white whiskers, dressed in a suit of black broadcloth, with a pleated shirt front and a heavy gold watch chain across his vest. I never thought nothing about it at first, except to wonder what the old guy was doing in my barn. The barn, you know, used to be old Grandfather Lehi Johansen's house. He built it back in '72. And this room where I keep my squash and potatoes and carrots and such like used to be the sitting room.

When I seen the old guy sitting there I cleared my throat. He paid no attention. So I said, "Hello. Did you want to see me?" He still didn't notice me. He was stroking his white whiskers with one hand, and thinking.

"Hey!" I said. "What's on your mind, mister?"

Then he looked at me, sort of surprised. "Oh, I forgot. Didn't mean for you to see me. You're Baldwin. Favor your father but got your mother's nose. This is a fine way to treat a man's house. What happened to that old Jonathan apple tree I planted by the front gate?"

"That great big old apple tree? Why, it died a few years back. Old age, I guess. Must of been about twelve years ago or so, because I remember Hoover was—"

And then I started to feel very funny all of a sudden, and I couldn't talk any more for a minute. If *he'd* planted that old apple tree— I gawped at him with my mouth open. And then I started in to shake. Because I knew I'd seen him before, and I knew I'd never seen him before. What I mean, Grandfather Lehi Johansen died before I was born, but we've got that old picture of him and Grandma Abigail, and this old guy sitting on the pile of squash was a dead ringer for grandfather's picture —whiskers, black broadcloth, pleated shirt, watch chain, and all. Well, *mister* . . .

"Ha-ha-ha!" I said. "You sort of give me a start there, old-timer! You look so much like the big old picture of Grandfather Lehi Johansen!"

"Well, why shouldn't I look like my picture?" he said. "Though I never did think it favored me. It's better of your grandmother, I think, than of me. Now—"

I guess I was shaking. I could hear the milk pail in my hand rattling on its bail. Something was squeezing at my chest and I was panting like a dog.

"Oh, I'm sorry," the old fellow said. "Didn't mean to give you a start. Forgot I was materialized in earthly garb, matter of fact, until I noticed you was talking to me. I've been so confounded upset about the war, Baldwin. I just drifted back to the old home absent-minded-like,

and I was figuring what to do. Well, I won't pester you more. Give my regards to Lottie."

And—*whick!*—he vanished. I mean, he just wasn't there no more. It was twilight, but I could see plain enough. Yes, sir. Too plain. Here was the big pile of squash, the cabbage and sugar beets and potatoes and apples in the bins. Everything was just as usual, except the man wasn't there any more.

Well, I moved, and I moved fast. I got out of there and across the yard and into the kitchen in less time than it takes to say it.

My wife, Lottie, was fixing supper at the range.

"Lottie, I seen a ghost!" I yelled.

"Did you clean your feet before you come in?" she said.

"Lottie, I just seen a ghost!"

"Well, I declare!" she said, turning from the range. "Baldwin Higgs, *look* at my clean linoleum! Now you go out and clean off those shoes!"

Well, there's no use talking to Lottie if your feet are muddy. I cleaned my shoes outside. Then I come in and told her again: "I seen a ghost, Lottie."

"Where's the milk?" she asked. "The bucket's empty. Ghost? Ghost, you say? Baldwin Higgs, you come here. Have you been into that cider again?" She grabbed my ear and sniffed at my breath.

"Lottie, it was a ghost. It was old Grandfather Lehi Johansen. Out in the barn, that used to be his house. He was sitting there in his old sitting room, on the squash—"

"Baldwin!" Lottie said. "You know you *never* can be funny! You shouldn't try. You're not the type. Now you go on out and do your milking before it gets dark."

"No, I ain't never going out there again," I said. "Not ever. He was out there. Old Lehi Johansen. Just like—" I opened the door to the back bedroom, flipped on the light, and looked across at the big old picture in the gimcrack gilt frame. There he was, old Lehi Johansen, with his wife Abigail, with the same white whiskers, same big watch chain, same pleated shirt and black broadcloth suit.

"Fiddlesticks!" Lottie said. "He was dead before you was born!"

"Yes, Lottie. And that's just it."

"Why would he want to come back here for?" Lottie asked. She is the practical sort. "We never done nothing for him to want to haunt us for."

"He said he was worried about the war."

"What's the war got to do with somebody dead and gone— Oh," she said. "So he talked to you!"

"Y-yes. He said he was worried—"

"Baldwin Higgs! It's one thing to say you seen a ghost, and quite another to go around claiming you had a visitation! Now don't you go claiming any heavenly visitations on me! You're not worthy!"

"But it was an accident. He forgot he was materialized in earthly form, he says, until I spoke to him."

(*Continued on page 61*)

"Yes, sir, Baldwin, you're the man who's going to win the war"

WALLS ARE MADE TO FLY OVER

Hitler has surrounded Europe with steel and concrete—but can these fortress walls withstand an air-borne attack? Here's how we are preparing to strike

BY KEITH AYLING

A paratrooper, trained—and tough!

A MAN blinked a lamp on a secret airfield in England shortly before dawn recently and instantly a number of big troop carrier planes roared into the air. Behind each a nylon cable snicked taut. Into the air leaped a number of big wooden gliders loaded with men and weapons of war. Behind came big planes carrying tanks and field guns. Overhead and on the flanks roared fighters and fighter bombers.

In long rows on each side of the fuselages of the big tow planes sat soldiers, their leather headdresses covered with green netted camouflage. They sang boisterously: "Oh, he flew through the air with the greatest of ease. His feet were together and so were his knees"—the jumping song of the British paratroops.

The song eased and some one asked, "How long to the dropping zone, sarge?"

The N. C. O. spoke to the pilot over the intercommunications phone: "How long to the dropping zone, skipper?"

Eighty-six minutes, sarge—after we are in formation and set our course."

"Take it easy, boys," said the sergeant who relayed the information. "But don't go to sleep!"

"O. K.," answered one of the paratroopers. To his mate he remarked, "Formation, huh! We've got the whole bleeding works with us this time. They don't trust us to go alone any more."

Underneath, the wary plane spotters noted the progress of the air fleet as it winged its way across the countryside. It was bigger than anything they had seen before, they remarked as they sent in their reports. Under a screen of fighters on each flank the tow planes flew in formation, each towing its glider train. Behind came big U. S.-manufactured troop carrier planes, and streaking underneath on its way ahead was a squadron of low-flying fighter bombers.

The spotters were witnessing what was an unheard-of thing a few months back—the transportation of a complete division of fighting men by air, a miracle of logistics.

Back at one of the airfields the machines had left, a senior red-tabbed staff officer looked at his watch. "They should be landing soon," he remarked to his assistant. "It's two hundred miles, isn't it?"

"They should be crossing the 'enemy' lines in five minutes," his aide answered.

A loud-speaker echoed suddenly, "Blue Division over the target, Blue Division over the target. Glider aircraft landing, glider aircraft landing." The officer smiled. "Thirty seconds too soon," he remarked. "Not bad at all." Two hundred miles away, the parachute men were dropping from the bombers—hundreds of little brown dots plummeting straight to earth under the ballooning parachutes. On the ground they dispersed and blended quickly with the scenery.

The pilots of the gliders soaring above waited tensely, their attention divided between their instruments and the earth below.

"O. K." The pilot of the leading power plane spoke into his telephone. "Away—on your mark."

"O. K. Away, on the mark," answered the glider pilot. He pulled the handle releasing him from the plane that had been towing him, and the heavily laden glider went down, banking sharply, the others following.

From the ground below, blobs of explosions began to flower like black and white mushrooms as the paratroops went into action. To the right, antiaircraft shells were bursting. The gliders went down in wide S turns, the soldiers tensed, their weapons at the ready. As each pilot brought his machine to land on the spot marked by an X on the map in front of him, the doors of the glider opened and the men leaped out.

While some dashed forward to join the paratroopers storming an "enemy" position ahead, others immediately busied themselves unloading the mortars and artillery from the gliders; still others established the field headquarters of the unit. The signalmen opened up radio communication, and the unloading marshals began to prepare for the arrival of the big cargo planes. A dozen arrived, escorted by fighters. Their sides opened, and down the ramps came tanks, which immediately headed toward the attacking point, while the ground crews systematically removed the remainder of the cargo the big planes had brought.

THE "battle" was warming up. A light battery brought by the glider train had opened fire on the "enemy" position, its sharp barking drowning out the harsh cracking of the grenades the paratroopers were using on the position.

Three fighter planes had landed to refuel from mechanical pumps that had come from the big transports, and three more big planes came in to land. To the north bombers were softening up the positions.

The signaler at the newly formed command post—a small sandbagged shack sheltering the brigadier general and his staff, which consisted of an air and tank officer—was sending a message. The senior officer back at headquarters read it with a smile: "Position taken in face of fierce opposition. Airfield suitable for landing all types of planes available. Send more Rover, Romulus, and Rightside." (Code words are used in such actions for ammunition, tanks, guns, etc.)

The operation was a full-dress test of an air-borne division, the newest unit of military power, now proving to Hitler and the Japanese that there are no islands and that walls are made to fly over.

An air-borne division is a complete striking force of tough specialist soldiers with wings, who can be flown to the limit of the range of its aircraft at 200 miles per hour or better. It consists of 1,000 well armed troops, paratroopers, glider-borne rifle and machine-gun men, artillery, mortar and tank regiments, with supply and medical units. It has its own air support, fighters to drive off air attack while the division is en route, heavy bombers and fighter bombers to soften up the enemy positions to be attacked.

THE Allied invasion of Sicily was spearheaded by the largest force of air-borne troops ever launched in war. The first landing on the Italian island was made by American and British paratroops dropped from transport planes. As they touched ground and dashed to their objectives, hundreds of gliders dropped out of the misty skies and landed on their objectives through a hail of antiaircraft fire. From their interiors dashed the heavily armed air-borne troops who had been training for more than a year for this particular invasion. Equipped with the heaviest fire power in the history of warfare, these tough hardy specialists joined up with the paratroopers, smashed through the enemy's communications, and demonstrated to the Axis defenders that Allied armies were capable of carrying through the boldest and most spectacular maneuver in modern warfare.

After a night of bitter fighting in which they captured blockhouses, destroyed barracks, and defeated enemy patrols, the air-borne troops joined with the main invasion forces for whom they had hacked a way through the island's defenses. One squad in particular covered itself with glory by fighting for fourteen hours surrounded by superior enemy forces. They surrendered only when their ammunition was exhausted, and later were rescued by a British reconnaissance unit.

The idea of the air-borne division came into the minds of the British Combined Operations Command after the Battle of Crete, where the Germans demonstrated the vulnerability of parachute troops unsupported by artillery, mortars, and tanks. The German paratroopers were wiped out as fast as they landed, mortality being as high as 100 per cent. Only when reinforcements were brought by troop carrier planes and glider trains did the tide of battle turn in favor of the attackers.

"Paratroops," commented a British expert, "are useless unless immediately supported by air-borne troops fully equipped and able to be reinforced by air."

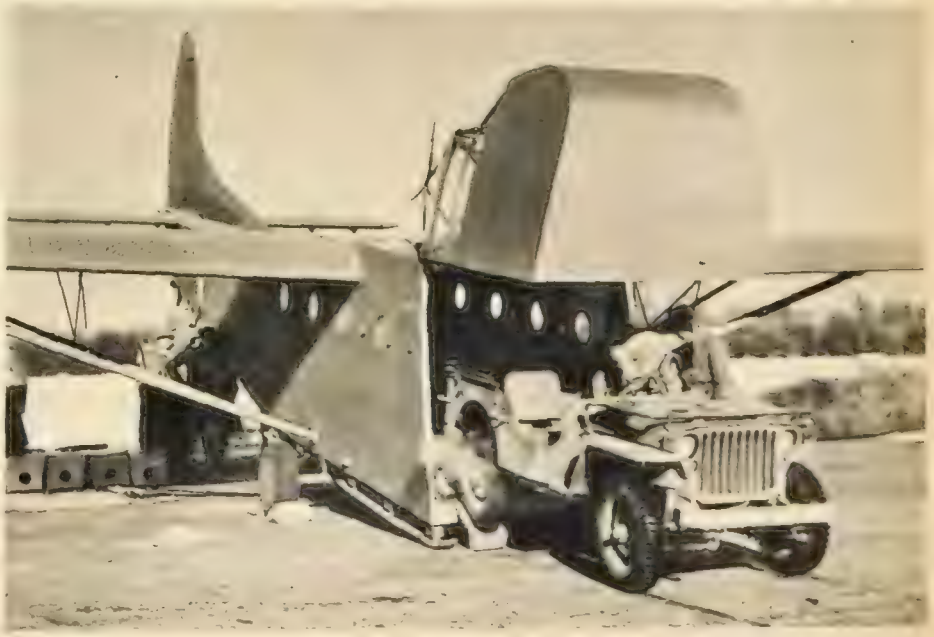
(Continued on page 72)

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

Before taking off, our Army paratroop units' commanders in Britain study their target, modeled for them in sand.

ACME PHOTO

A plane-loading demonstration at Fort Bragg. The planes are taking on several kinds of headaches for our enemies.



INT. PHOTO

And not only the planes but the gliders can transport heavy mechanized equipment—jeeps like this, for example.

TO KEEP HIS LAUGHTER

The moving story of a woman whose love for the past and faith in the future gave her the courage to live a noble lie

BY STEVE FISHER

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

HE telephoned long-distance from San Francisco when the ship got in, and that night (it was exactly three minutes past seven, when the night rates were in effect), she just held the phone numbly, choked up and not able to talk to him, although at first, before he had spoken, before she knew who it was, she had said "Hello." But now her whole body was numb, her throat clogged. "Darling," he said, "Pinky—what's the matter?" And finally, "Sally," and "Hello, operator!"

She sat down then, still holding the phone, suddenly sobbing, and trying to mumble, "Mart— Mart. It's really you!" She was laughing and crying now, but crying mostly. "I can *tell* it's you, Mart! I could tell your voice anywhere, through any phone." He broke in: "Pinky, baby, I can't understand a word you say. Listen. I'm getting leave. I'll be in L. A. tomorrow morning."

She was still sobbing. Over and over, incoherently, she kept saying, "It's really you, Mart! It's really you. I could tell anywhere."

SHE was at the station at 6 A. M. She met all the trains from San Francisco; and in between trains she sat on a bench in the terminal. She hadn't slept at all, but even now she wasn't sleepy: just dazed and numb and crazy, her stomach funny and hollow. At ten he still hadn't come, and she ate breakfast. She drank a cup of black coffee. At noon she was so worn out she could scarcely think or see straight, and she went home, to the apartment on the second floor facing Temple Street. She opened the door, and he was sitting there in the overstuffed chair, his shoes and neckerchief off and the cuffs of his navy jumper folded back. He had fallen asleep.

He looked very peaceful and very asleep. There were tears in her eyes, so that at first she could scarcely see him. Quietly she closed the door. She dabbed at the tears. He looked the same. Florid, ruddy face; his dark brown hair combed back, the way he always combed it; his jaw square and hard. He was chunky, hard-built, the blue jumper tight across his chest. Now she saw the framed picture of Susie resting in his lap. As her eyes lifted from Susie's picture she suddenly became aware that he was looking at her.

For a moment neither of them spoke. He began a slow crinkly smile. A warm delicious smile. Then he laid the picture aside and got up from the chair. She ran into his arms. He held her so tightly, and so long, she thought she'd never breathe again. And she didn't care! Now he began kissing her. He kissed her blondish-red hair, and her ears, and ran his hands through her hair, and looked at her.

"You look wonderful!"

"Oh, you liar, darling," she said.

It wasn't until a long time later, when they were in the kitchenette, sipping coffee, that either of them even remembered. Then, suddenly, she remembered, and said:

"But how in the world did you get here? I was waiting at the station —since six this morning!"

He threw back his head and laughed uproariously. (He had such infectious laughter. After she had been with him for a while she would unconsciously find herself laughing exactly the way he laughed. Even weeks and months after he was gone the laughter was the one thing she'd remember more than anything else. She would have given the world to really own that laughter. All of the charm and delight of the earth was in it.)

"I bummed rides," he said. "Hitchhiked. We have to save the company's money, don't we?"

"Company?"

"You and me— you and me and Susie. We're a company, aren't we? A corporation. Greatest in the land." He glanced around. "Where is Susie anyhow—in school?"

"No. She's in Arizona. Visiting mother."

"Oh."

"Mart— if I'd *known* you were coming— if I'd had any inkling—"

"That's O. K. We'll have more fun by ourselves. Why drag the brat around?" It was unconvincing.

"Mart—"

"She's a nuisance," he insisted. His eyes shone. "Why, I'd never get a minute's rest! And I've got plenty of shut-eye to catch up on, believe me!" He paused. "But how is she?"

"Oh, fine! Big for six, and—"

"And the pride of my life," he said proudly. His voice fairly boomed adoration. "Red hair, like yours. Going to grow up to be just like her mommy."

"You always say that."

"It's true. And what could be finer?" He laughed wonderfully and pinched her cheek.

"Mart," she said, "I'm working now."

"Oh."

"But I have time off," she added hastily, "for as long as you're here."

"That's better." He sipped the coffee. "But I send you money, Pinky. You don't have to work."

"A lot of people are working," she said quietly.

"Sure, I guess so!" He laughed for no reason at all except that he was glad to be home.

IT was two in the afternoon, but he went to bed and he didn't wake up until ten the next morning. She had awakened an hour earlier and had breakfast ready. He put on his navy trousers and his undershirt, and straddled a chair. She smiled at him as he started to eat.

"How's life on a cruiser?"

"Fine. But nothing beats this, Pinky. Nothing's like life at home."

He didn't talk about it any more. After breakfast he looked around and decided the apartment could stand vast improvement. "The living room's crumby. It needs a paint job. Top to bottom And waxed decks. Why, you might get slivers from floor boards like these!" He dressed and made a trip to the store. When he returned he had two buckets of paint. He stripped down to his shorts and undershirt and went to work. She tried to help, but mostly she sat perched atop the overstuffed chair, watching. He worked doggedly until dark. Then, suddenly, waxing the floor, he stopped and looked up. He wiped his face with the back of his hand.

"We got a hit forward. That's how come I'm back for a while. We're in for repairs. We're all right, though. Just a hit forward."

"Is that all?"

"A few guys got killed."

"And quite a few Japs," she said.

"Oh—them. The slope-heads!" He laughed.

His laughter warmed her. "I hadn't heard from you for a while."

"That's the trouble with the Solomons," he said. "The mail service is no good." He laughed again. He was in very good humor.

"I was worried. I—" She bit her lip and didn't say the rest.

He stood up, his arms and legs and underwear speckled with paint.

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She flung her arms around his neck. She kissed him again and didn't cry.

Merchant Marine seamen and cadets rig a lifeboat on a Liberty ship just after clearing port.

THE SEA LOSES ITS TERROR

No longer need men be trapped below decks, thrown helpless in deathly cold waters, or be left to drift and die. Ingenious gadgets on new Liberty ships counter perils of the deep

BY LOWELL BRENTANO

LET'S imagine ourselves on board one of the latest model Liberty ships, bound for Australia. She has left port suddenly, on emergency orders, without waiting for a convoy. Thousands of miles out, a lurking U-boat stalks her. In the middle of the night the U-boat maneuvers herself into position to release a murderous projectile. It just grazes the bow, rousing the watch to sound an alarm. The guns are hastily swung into position. As the ship's crew are tumbling from their berths, a second torpedo goes directly through the engine room.

The men are thrown off their feet by the tremendous detonation. Instantly every light on the ship goes out: the torpedo has wrecked the power dynamo. Groping in the dark, the men locate their life-saving suits and in less than a minute have put them on.

These outfits are not tailored for style but resemble creations from some horror picture. They are of sturdy rubber construction, built into a single unit, from the mittens and close-fitting hood to heavy built-in boots, and fastened by a watertight slide fastener down the front. A kapok vest, stitched or buttoned inside, is designed to support the wearer's chest high in the water. A waterproof pocket on the upper chest can be used for a knife, a whistle, and concentrated food. The buoyancy of the rubber lined with kapok keeps a man afloat, even though the suit itself is punctured with bullet holes or filled with water.

The crew will be as snug as bugs in a rug. Even in ice-cold water they would stay warm. And in the tropics protection is equally necessary. Sharks are a menace. The black suit with its faint ammonia odor definitely repels them. But the men need their suits not only in the water but also on lifeboats or rafts, to maintain endurance, to protect their bodies against blistering sun, wind, waves, and cold nights.

Some of the boys are smart. They definitely do not intend to be among those "survivors" who arrive home naked and destitute because they have lost their possessions. Out of their own funds they have purchased safety bags. These look like the inexpensive striped canvas affairs for sale in every drugstore. Really they are watertight combination floating kit bags. In one of them a man keeps his bank roll, his passport, and seaman's papers, cigarettes, a change of clothing, and his girl's picture. Even filled with these, the bag is still sufficiently buoyant to keep him afloat for hours.

The ship shudders convulsively. The crew starts off on the run for their boat stations. A few years ago lives were occasionally lost when seamen were trapped in the hold of a suddenly darkened ship and could not find their way out. Now signs made of luminous tape point the path to doors, ports, ladders, and companionways.

When the men reach the upper deck, the ship is already listing at an angle of thirty degrees. An officer hurries past and gives orders to turn the remote-control stop valves, conveniently located on the boat deck. Evidently the engine-room crew are badly injured or dead—at any rate, they are out of touch with the bridge, and the ship must be brought to a standstill. Fortunately the engines can be stopped and the pumps shut down by a few simple turns of the wrist.

The submarine has come to the surface only a mile away and is

shelling them steadily—a few lucky shots have already put the Liberty ship's guns out of commission. With tons of water pouring into the hold, the captain gives the order to abandon ship. Some of the men throw an emergency life-saving net over the side, a continuous rope-ladder effect made of fireproofed hemp or steel, wide enough so that fifteen or twenty can clamber overboard at one time.

Despite the extreme list and the heavy seas, the lifeboats begin to slide down easily toward the sea. This smooth descent is due to vertical steel skates or fenders clamped to the gunwale and the farther side of the keel. Now one hits the water. Instantly the automatic releasing gear frees the fall at both ends simultaneously, saving precious moments in casting off the lines.

There is a flurry of activity as the men row away from the sinking ship. But at least they have plenty of elbow room. Instead of the cramped ten cubic feet of space previously allotted each man, the new regulations provide for fifteen cubic feet.

The boat leaks badly from bullet holes received in the bombardment before launching. But no more back-breaking over the old-style hand pump. Lifeboats are now equipped with a semi-rotary bilge pump, which can be operated without fatigue by a child. Then the repair crew gets down to business, using wooden plugs of assorted sizes—like corks—adhesive tape, and toggle bolts. These are ingenious contrivances which enable holes on the bottom to be repaired without a man diving overboard. The bolts, filled with accessory leather washers, are on jointed shafts. As they are stuck through the hole and then pulled back, the shaft straightens out automatically, holding the washer in position.

IT is raining heavily and the waves are slapping on the aft side of the boat. Several of the crew—wounded—are lying on the floor between the seats. They must be made more comfortable. So two of the seamen crawl forward and put up the spray hood, a heavy awning which stretches over the front part of the boat and gives protection both from heavy weather and excessive sunlight. They also adjust the side curtains on the aft side to repel the waves. From a locker they unpack blankets in waterproof covers and the first-aid kit, containing bandages, scissors, adhesive tape, tourniquets, splints, and medical supplies for accidents.

A giant wave engulfs another lifeboat near by and overturns it. In the past this might have been a calamity, for nothing is more elusive in a stormy sea than the slippery bottom of a capsized boat. But modern lifeboats have a grab rail—a metal rod fastened securely below the turn of the bilge and extending approximately two thirds of the length. Consequently the men struggling in the water can not only cling to it to avoid being swept away but also use it as a grip by which they can right the boat.

Suppose a combination U-boat attack and overhead bombing had shattered the lifeboats before they were even launched. Would the crew then be compelled to jump overboard and float until they were rescued or drowned? No! Our boys today have a 200-per-cent margin of safety in this respect. The 1942 regulations compel a vessel to carry enough life rafts for the entire crew—in the event that every single lifeboat is destroyed!

And these streamlined life rafts are tops. Built of steel and a good grade of lumber, they are suspended on skids. A touch of the finger releases a pelican hook, or some other type of tripping device, and they slide overboard into the water. Life rafts carry almost the same equipment as lifeboats, packed in watertight lockers, which can be opened from either end. No matter how the raft lands in the water, it can never be upside down—it is reversible and either side is the right side.

For towing and rescue work, all ships of 3,000 gross tons or over are compelled to carry one motor-propelled lifeboat on each side, with sufficient gas for twenty-four hours' continuous operation. These motor lifeboats are invaluable in a quick getaway from a rapidly sinking vessel—especially in case of fire.

In addition, every ship carries three or four emergency rafts known as "doughnut floats"—huge rope baskets suspended from a balsa-wood cylindrical or rectangular ring around the basket. Attached to the rim are safety ropes, to which men floating in the water can lash themselves. Wounded or exhausted men are placed inside the basket, which is fitted at the bottom with a wooden platform. The doughnuts temporarily serve the gun crew and the radio operator—who are somewhat isolated from the lifeboats—until they can be picked up.

BUT a lifeboat need not depend on picking up a radio operator. Between the seats is what appears to be a small packing case. Really it is a portable waterproof two-way radio. Every vessel must carry two, one on each side. In case of emergency they can be thrown into the water, where they will float until picked up. Although the submarine has apparently disappeared, common sense warns the occupants to get a reasonable distance away before signaling. Meanwhile one of the men puts up a twenty-six-foot antennae mast and connects the machine.

Ignorance of the Morse code is no handicap. A special feature of this radio is an automatic S O S lever. Pull down the lever, and the radio automatically ticks out a continuous stream of S O S signals. Other ships hundreds of miles away can hear them, and by using their beam finders they can get the position line of the lifeboat.

Now various red and white lights gleam on the water. The men steer the lifeboat toward one of the red lights, which proves to be a tiny signal bulb attached to a safety suit or a life preserver supporting a man. Pulling the wearer on board, they start out to pick up another swimmer who is blowing on his police whistle to make sure he will not be overlooked. Today loss of either equipment or men in the darkness is minimized by signal lights, white for

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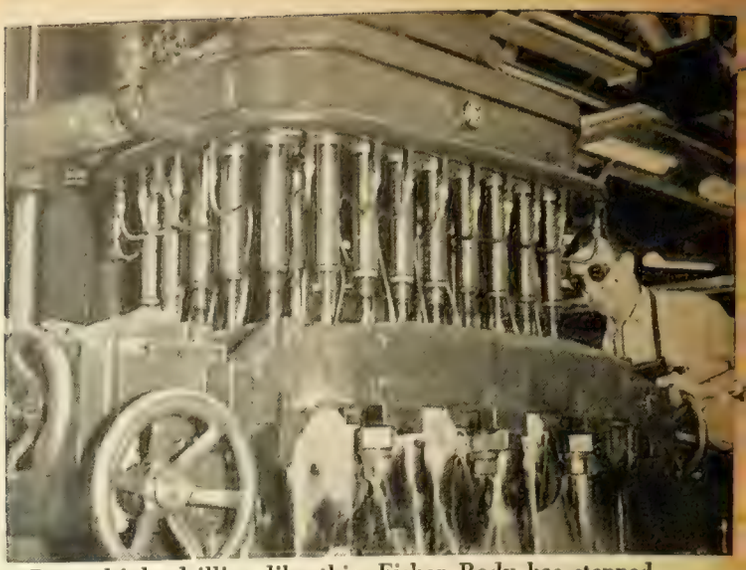
Captain Irving Baker, master of a merchant ship in the Pacific, explains how a rubber lifesuit can keep a man bone dry and afloat indefinitely.

THE MEN BEHIND THE MEN BEHIND THE GUNS

BY DONALD WILHELM



By multiple drilling like this, Fisher Body has stepped up tank production—saved five hours' time per M-4 tank.

IT seems only a short time, and as a matter of fact it is barely eighteen months, since F. D. R., Donald Nelson, and other Washington bigwigs were on the air and in the papers day after day emphasizing how victory depended on American production efforts. In response, American workers and American managers turned to with a will, and as the weeks lengthened into months it became evident that the first great battle of production—the one to convert our mighty peacetime industrial machine into a gigantic arsenal for the United Nations—was one we were going to win handily.

We all know now it has been won and incredible feats have been accomplished in turning out weapons. However, it would be dangerous to rest on our laurels and assume we have won the war. Only sustained production will assure victory. We must follow through on our initial production miracle. Exact figures on it are still secret, but the record of American manufacturing ability is being written in the skies and on the beaches of both hemispheres for all the world to see.

It is now possible to tell some small part of the story of that production effort. No one article can encompass the entire scope of it. As a fair sample of the whole, let's take a look at the biggest single unit in the vast panorama of war production.

Most of us know the General Motors Corporation. Few have never been in a car bearing this famed insignia. Before war came, we knew it in the persons of local automobile dealers and in their service stations around practically every corner in the country. Now our boys in uniform are meeting GM in different circumstances wherever Uncle Sam's guns are firing or his planes flying. They see the GM label on item after item of their equipment. They see GM-produced munitions flowing to them in an ever swelling torrent. For General Motors is No. 1 the world over in the production of cer-

GM has 107 plants in thirteen states. Its employees number nearly a half million. Aiding it are 19,000 subcontractors and suppliers employing more than 300,000. This year alone it will put into the hands of our fighting men munitions worth three, perhaps four billion dollars.

In June, 1940, at the time of Dunkirk, GM was almost solely concerned with peacetime production. But fortunately the Ordnance Department of the Army had given it some "educational" orders, and Canada did likewise. Fortunately, too, it was well along in developing the Allison,

America's first victory was in the battle of production. Liberty's reporter tells of the toil, sweat, and ingenuity which made possible our vast flow of arms

our only liquid-cooled airplane motor. It was making a few Army trucks. But it decidedly was not in "defense" business in any big way at that time.

December 7, 1941, came Pearl Harbor. GM went to war.

Seven months after the Japs struck, Oliver Lyttelton, British Minister of Production, visited Detroit and asked how GM was getting on, how much war stuff it would produce in 1942.

Mr. Lyttelton nearly swallowed his cigarette when he got the answer —upward of two billion dollars' worth.

He was so staggered by the good news that he said, a bit doubtfully, "That would be about the equivalent of *five* times the total cost of building the Panama Canal, which took ten years!"

He had no doubt of America's industrial might, he explained, *once it got rolling.* But he found it hard to believe that GM could so quickly "convert"—get its war production rolling so quickly

This, to him, was "a bit of a miracle."

It was different with British production. British manufacturers could convert quickly because they had always, with few exceptions, held to batch production, had never gone in for mass production in the American manner. In batch production, the work is brought in batches to standard machines, as in a machine shop. In mass production, machines are brought to the work; they are designed, built, and arranged, each for a special job or jobs, to do whatever is to be done to the work while it is moved along from machine to machine and on to a final assembly line.

Batch production saved Britain. In many British plants I visited, machines and men were picked up, put on trucks, moved from danger areas got going again in a few hours. But to plan and put up a building for a mass-production plant usually takes most of a year. To plan, design, build, and install the machine tools required, and get them and the workers attending them clicking, usually takes longer. Just to retool and make the changes necessary for the mass production of new automobile models, themselves requiring a year of engineering preparation, meant that our automobile plants shut down a month or more.

Knowing all this, Mr. Lyttelton naturally wondered how in the world GM so quickly managed to do these three things:

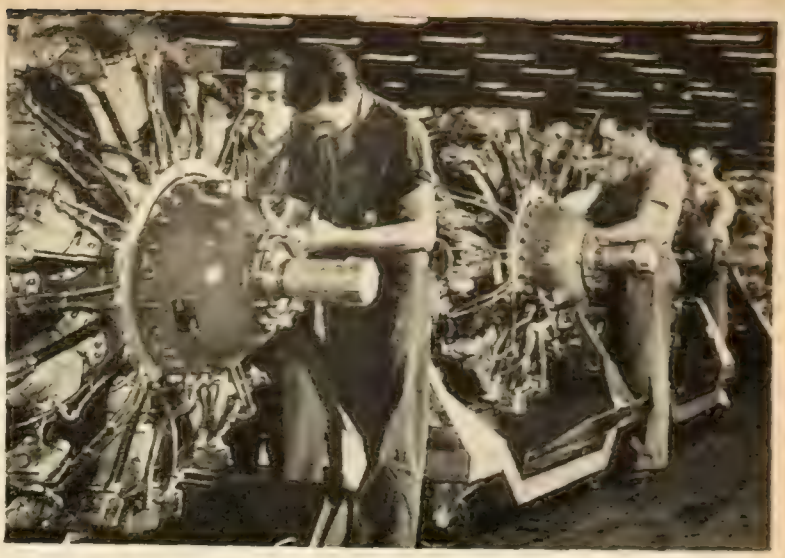
1. Maintain its *total* production straight through 1941 and 1942.

2. Swing over from 1941 production—which was all for peace, except around 400,000,000—to 1942 production, all for war except about 300,000,000.

3. Step up 1942 production so fast that in the fourth quarter it was three times that of the first quarter, and in 1943 it promises perhaps to double the 1942 figures.

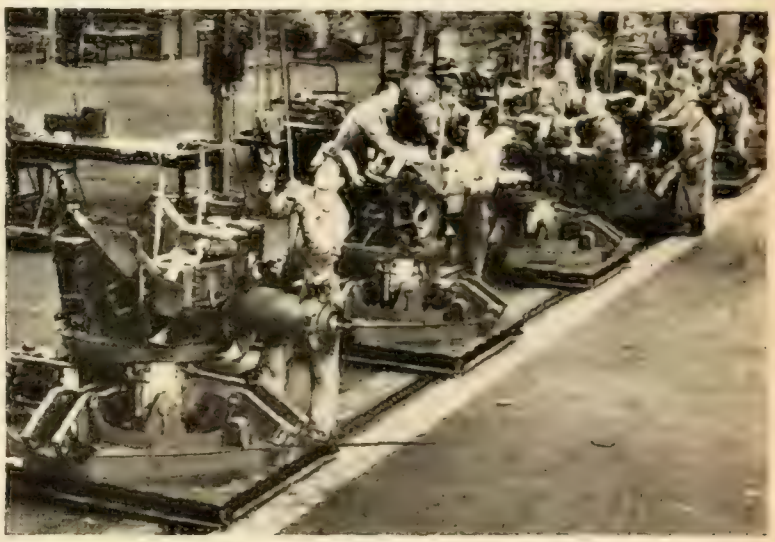
Theoretically, GM couldn't do this. But—it did!

M-4 tanks and M-10 tank destroyers roll off a production line within six months after ground was broken to build the plant.



Radial aircraft engines are in phenomenal production by both the Buick and the Chevrolet divisions of the GM Corporation.

These are bomber nacelles in assembly at the Fisher aircraft plant. Parts for them are made at several Fisher Body plants.



Mass production "know-how"! This moving conveyor line is the first for assembly of gun mounts for large antiaircraft guns.

Think of it as a big ocean liner traveling at full speed with a full cargo and passenger list, which without even slowing down somehow managed to strip out and replace or rearrange its mechanical equipment, make countless changes in its crew and increase it to the all-time peak, yet race through ahead of schedule.

More than 60,000 employees—the equivalent of four Army divisions—were given leaves of absence to serve in our armed forces. More than 200,000, a third of them women, had to be trained, worked in.

Approximately three square miles of factory space—miles of mechanical conveyors and nearly 90,000 machine tools—had to be rearranged, reorganized, and re-set-up to manufacture fast the new and strange devices coming through on the blueprints.

What, for example?

M-4 tanks by Fisher. M-5 tanks, best-by-battle-test of their kind in the world (thanks to two Cadillac contributions); armored cars; trucks; self-propelled guns; carbines, machine guns, tank guns, Oerlikon and other antiaircraft guns; trainloads of shell cases, shiploads of shells; microscopic ball bearings; automatic airplane pilots; fire-control, airplane, and other instruments; radio sets; millions of fuses for bombs and mines; airplane propellers; Allison liquid-cooled, Pratt & Whitney air-cooled aircraft engines; most of the Diesels for U. S. submarines, destroyers of certain types, landing barges, tanks, and trucks; torpedoes; many parts of the B-25 bomber; Grumman Wildcat and Avenger airplanes, with another important plane on the way; generators, regulators, electric motors, ambulances, parachute flares, naval gun housing, oil coolers and radiators, castings, forgings, blackout lamps.

Add 'em up, add a lot more, many of which may not be mentioned, multiply each by hundreds, thousands, or millions.

How many acres of blueprints do you suppose GM divisions and plants have had to make on war orders? "Cripes," an engineer told me, "you could wall-paper the sky with 'em!"

In the nature of mass production, countless changes were required to produce all these things, few of which GM had ever made. It had mastered all the tricks of shaping steel sheet, with huge presses shaping an automobile fender at one stroke, but practically no steel sheet is used in making munitions; even steel shell cases are drawn from forgings. GM now had to help in finding ways and means to weld armor plate, with which it had never worked. It needed thousands of machine tools, and so did its subcontractors. In a time when a grave machine-tool bottleneck existed, it sent out scouts with cash in their jeans to comb over the stocks of suppliers, junk yards, old factories. It set to work to make the most of their findings, built many new machines, passed along to other manufacturers those it did not need, borrowed thousands from Uncle Sam. Today it is using 102,000.

Some plants had to be stripped completely and be entirely re-equipped. In some I visited, ponderous machine tools were moved aside or, covered with grease, outdoors, against the day when GM will convert back to making commercial products. In some, conveyors and other gear stood idle while all about war work throbbed. And often, even when, in the race against time, one item after another was put into mass production, special problems bobbed up not only in the GM plants but in the many plants of its subcontractors, although from the start GM took on the toughest jobs itself

(*Continued on page 59*)

Soon nine in ten of these men will no longer be illiterate. They'll get the hang of two of the three R's. U. S. ARMY OFFICIAL PHOTOS

THE ARMY REACHES FOR THE ILLITERATES

Do you know how many Americans can't read or write? Ask the Army—now teaching readin', writin', as well as fightin' to nearly one million young men

BY BENJAMIN FINE

TOUGH, weather-beaten, raw-boned men from the mountains of Kentucky, the cotton fields of Georgia, the coal mines of Pennsylvania, and the rocky hills of Maine sit hunched over crude makeshift desks and tables, pencils held clumsily in hand, tracing large letters in tattered notebooks. Beads of sweat drip from these hardy frontiersmen or husky farmers as they struggle with the alphabet. The bayonet and rifle have been temporarily stacked away, to be taken up again when the reading and writing lessons are finished.

Uncle Sam has undertaken one of the most important salvage jobs in history—that of making nearly a million young American illiterates, most of them native born, suitable Army material. It may be hard to believe, but the Army has had to reject more than 750,000 physically competent men because they were unable to read or write. Perhaps that [illegible] by General Brehon B. Somervell, Commanding General, Army Service Forces, warned that "We can lose this total war on the battle front as a direct result of losing it on the educational front. Education is the backbone of an Army."

In this mechanized war the soldiers must have some learning. Tests have shown that a man who is "functionally illiterate"—that is, has had less than a fourth-grade schooling—is more of a hindrance than a help to the Army. Until recently these hundreds of thousands of illiterate Americans were disregarded. No plans were made for their future.

With the man-power shortage becoming more acute, the Army officials decided that something should be done about them. Here were enough men to open a second front, to mean the difference between victory or defeat. What couldn't General MacArthur do with three quarters of a million more men? Or General Eisenhower? Think of it! Fifty divisions of able-bodied men, all potentially good soldiers!

For that reason, the Army has turned schoolmaster. In hundreds of camps throughout the country future soldiers are learning to read and write. Schoolhouses have been established. In many instances they are barracks—one large room divided into sections containing little more than blackboards and benches. The instructors are soldiers assigned to this job. In civilian life most of them were teachers. During the coming year, it is estimated, 200,000 men will be taught to read and write. They will learn enough in thirteen weeks to enable them to pass the equivalent of a fourth-grade test. And then they will be absorbed by the Army, ready to take their places on the battle fronts.

Under the direction of the Adjutant General's office in Washington, instructional materials have been prepared. Basic is the Soldier's Reader, containing simple lessons in reading, writing, arithmetic, and spelling. Beyond this, the various camps are building their own material. They prepare bulletins of an

elementary nature and give the soldiers the type of program that they can best assimilate. Nothing like this has ever been attempted before. The soldier-teachers must find their way as they go along.

Reading is made easier for the students through use of illustrative materials. A pamphlet called Our War describes in easily understood terms the important events of the week. On the front page of the March issue is a picture of a beautiful Wave. Under the headline, Women Are in the Navy Now, is this:

"The Waves are women on duty in the Navy. They are working hard in men's jobs Now many more sailors are placed in fighting jobs."

PROBABLY the most widely read comic strip in the Army is Private Pete, a two-page comic picturing the antics of Pete, who, like the men in the classes, doesn't know too much about soldier ways or modern gadgets. One issue shows how he saves his pal Pedro from going A. W. O. L. Pedro doesn't know that a soldier can't go home until he gets a furlough or a leave. In the nick of time Pete prevents him from leaving camp.

In another issue Private Pete learns the general orders; he also learns how to keep neat. The student-soldiers identify themselves with him and eagerly follow his adventures.

At present the Army permits 5 per cent of its inductees to be of the "illiterate" class. This number can be absorbed by the individual camps without upsetting the regular routine. After all, the Army's primary task is to teach men how to fight, not how to write.

A typical program can be found at Camp Lee, Virginia. Here four schools have been established—three for whites and one for colored—where men in uniform spend three months trying to master the rudiments of learning. They have been accepted in the Army on trial only. If at the end of the thirteen-week period they cannot pass the fourth-grade achievement test, they are discharged from service. Yet so successful has this program been to date that 95 per cent of them are salvaged. Sixty per cent gain enough education to enter trade schools and continue to increase their usefulness to the government.

Men who cannot read or write are thus able, within the thirteen-week period, to take their places, heads high, as soldiers among soldiers. And are they happy about it! From eight thirty in the morning, when classes begin, to four in the afternoon, when their day's work is done, they sit, heads bent low, eyes glued on their lessons, attentive, responsive.

Many of them confess that in their younger days they never wanted to go to school. Others never had a chance. They were needed to help make a meager living for their families. One twenty-three-year-old lad from Mississippi explained that he lived ten miles from school. He attended for three months the first year, but after that he hid when the bus driver called. "I had to raise cotton, so naturally I stayed at home," he said simply.

A strapping youngster from Tennessee confided, "Paw didn't want me to go to school none."

Outside their schoolroom the sound of marching men fills the air. Convoys of motors chug by. The Army band plays Let Me Call You Sweetheart. A prisoner, with the humiliating P scrawled on his back, paces to and fro, closely guarded. A squadron of soldiers finishing a three-mile hike sing lustily I've Been Working on the Railroad.

To all of this the men huddled over their books and papers are oblivious. They have ears only for the sympathetic words of their teacher. They try to distinguish between a printed a and a written *a*, between adding and subtracting. They stumble through sentences printed on the blackboard:

The gun shoots big shells.
Airplanes go fast.
I must keep my rifle clean.
I must learn to use a bayonet.

They pick up their pencils and these are the first words they are taught to write:

I am a soldier.
I live in a camp.
I am in the Army.

"Whom are we fighting against?" Corporal Sherman asks his pupils.

You can see the men groping for the answer. Finally a husky lad says, "The enemy."

"And who is our enemy?"

It takes a half hour sometimes, but they learn that Germany, Italy, and Japan are lined up against us and that Great Britain, Russia, and China are our friends. To many, these are but meaningless names. They have no idea of the outside world, no idea of what this war means. Unable to read, they must gather information through word of mouth.

The instructor mentions a name: "Montgomery, who was Abraham Lincoln?"

The farmer from Tennessee scratches his head hopefully. "Is he captain of this company?" he guesses.

With commendable patience Corporal Sherman describes Lincoln's place in American history. The others listen intently, showing plainly that a new horizon is opening for them.

On the blackboard the instructor has printed:

I CARRY MY LUNCH

Private Jackson of Georgia stammers along. Finally his eyes brighten as he reads in his delightful drawl: "I tote my lunch!"

SOME of the men stay up half the night, even after lights are out in their barracks, tracing words, mumbling lessons they have been taught. For the first time they are seeing the usefulness of reading and writing. In their homes among the hills they lived with their own kin and had no need for any but word-of-mouth communication. Now they want to keep in touch with their wives, sweethearts, or parents, and they find themselves handicapped.

The first thing one of them does after he learns a few words is to write a letter home. Almost without exception they turn to the teacher and plead, "Won't you help me write home? My kin will be awful proud of me."

As a matter of fact, they learn to write sample letters. One goes like this:

Dear John:

I am going to school to learn reading, writing, and arithmetic. I was happy to

Many of the Army's schools are just barracks with blackboards and benches.

hear from you. I am well. How is your girl friend?

I know how to shoot the rifle and pistol. We go on many hikes. We sleep in the Army barracks and eat in the company mess hall. Please write to me soon.

Your friend,

BILL.

"Do you know why I study day and night?" young Roberts said. "It's on account of my girl friend back home. I want to write to her. Some day we'll be married."

Writing letters becomes a pastime, a thriller for them. Gus exhibited his first letter, ready to be sent home. He comes from Maine and somehow never went to school during his twenty-six years of civilian life.

Dear Ma—I have just a few words to tell you I am writing my first letter. Well I'm still feeling fine and I hope you are all the same. I'm still going to school. I am picking up more and more in my reade and spelling. Well that's all I can say.

God bless you all.

Your loven sun,

GUS.

BILL, a former elephant trainer in Ringling Brothers circus, from Fall River, Massachusetts, went as far as the second grade, but then quit. "I thought I knew more than the teacher," he explained simply. He wants to be a truck driver.

"When I sent my first letter home," he said, "my kid sister wrote back that Mom was so excited she crumpled the letter in her hand. I write a letter home every other day now."

"I couldn't read or write a word," Private Ed Blair broke in. "Now I can read good and write too."

Ed holds the writing record at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey. Prodded by his classmates to "confess," he admitted, "I wrote six letters today to six different girls. They won't believe it's from me." He paused a moment, and then added, "It's not because I like the girls very much, but it's good practice for me."

He comes from the northern tip of Maine; never cared much for school. "My father said I couldn't learn nothin' anyhow, so he kept me home," he volunteered. "The truant officer came after me once, but my father threw him out!"

St. Pierre has a sister Adrien in Vermont. His Army buddy, Matty, who is also in the illiteracy class, expressed an interest in beautiful Adrien. After five weeks St. Pierre and Matty were able to write a letter. Together they labored over it:

Dear Adrien—I am in school and can now write. My buddy Matty wants your picture. I am sending you his. He wants to come down some time after the war and see you. He is good looking.

ST. PIERRE.

[illegible] two young soldiers waited patiently for a reply. Here was true romance abudding. Then came the postman.

"Don't bring Matty to Vermont," Adrien wrote, "or we'll put him in the pasture to use as a scarecrow."

"She sent back my picture," Matty said ruefully. "And all the time I thought I had a brother-in-law. Me a scarecrow! I'll have to find some other girl."

"When I write a letter to my wife, the teacher corrects it," Private Joe said. "Then I make a few mistakes, because I know she wouldn't believe I wrote a letter with no mistakes."

A pro baseball player from Salem, Massachusetts, said, "I wrote five cards and four letters yesterday. I don't have to go to nobody now to ask them to read my mail."

"Pronunciation is the hardest," another student admitted. "I know a word, but I put a letter before it and it doesn't make sense." And he pointed to WRONG, KNEE, and KNOW. "Why do we need those first letters?" he asked. "When you say 'are' why can't you just write 'r'—it's the same thing, isn't it? It's just a puzzle to me. I can't see the background to it. The words don't come out right."

But Edward had written a letter to his girl friend. He felt proud as he showed it to the visitors:

Dear Clair—

Well sweetheart just a hello and I like you Claire. Well just a few lines to let you know that I am well hope you are well too. Well I am a good boy, am a good soldier. I know you are a good girl.

Your fellar,

ED.

A rawboned farmer from Missouri struggled through a short paragraph in his Reader about China. Timidly he approached his instructor. "This is the first time in my life that I've ever read anything," he said. "Would you write to my paw? He'll sure be mighty proud."

A Brooklyn barber, who had his own shop in civilian life and made $125 a week, is an attentive student. He had never gone to school before, but now he realizes the importance of an elementary education. "I'll be a better barber when I can read," he observed.

Beside him sat a Kentucky farmer who made coffins on the side for his friends. He carries pictures of his friends with him. Taking out one of a girl, he said, "Isn't she pretty? I made a coffin for her pappy."

"Do you charge money for making the coffins?" he was asked.

He became highly indignant. "I should say not! It's about the last thing I can do for a fellow, isn't it?"

The discussion turned to submarines. "Does any one here know what a submarine is?" the instructor asked.

"Sub—sub what?" a soldier from Arkansas said dubiously.

"Oh, sure, a submarine," another lad broke in. "It's the same thing as an airplane, but it goes under water."

A factory hand from Troy stays awake most of the night scribbling words in a dog-eared book. He wants to get out of the glue factory when he returns to civilian life. Turning to his instructor, he said eagerly, "Teacher, when I am able to read and write, will I be as smart as you?"

Another student asked with a trace of awe, "After I can read, will I be able to wear specs like yours?"

To the uninitiated, the English language is difficult as well as replete with contradictions. The instructor wrote on the blackboard such similar-looking words as *laugh* and *plough, done* and *tone, wind* and *mind,* explaining that the pronunciations were different in each instance. With evident disgust, one of the soldier-students said, "What a crazy language! Why don't we change it so it will be easier to learn?"

BUT despite the difficulties they do learn, and learn fast. As one of them came into his first class, the instructor said, "Sign your name here."

In some embarrassment the future soldier affixed an X. Three weeks later the teacher again asked, "Smith, would you please sign your name on this card?"

A grin breaking from ear to ear, Private Smith sang out, "Okey-doke!" and scrawled his name, in big flourishes, for the first time in his life. "Boy, I sure feel good!" he crowed in pride and joy to no one in particular.

Word combinations frequently stump these illiterates. The word "pineapple" came up for discussion. The class couldn't grasp its meaning. They had never seen a pineapple.

"What do the first four letters say?" the instructor asked.

Together they spelled it out—*p i n e.*

"I got it," an alert soldier from Oklahoma volunteered. "It's a forest of apples."

The teacher shook his head. Private Dalton of West Virginia spoke up: "Smith here is wrong. A pineapple means apples that grow on pine trees."

One Southern lad seemed unable

(*Continued on page 71*)

Coming Next Week!

TORPEDO 8

The Story of Steve Larsen's Bomber Squadron

By Ira Wolfert

If you thrill to courage and daring, to the deeds of men who, loving life, can still jest in the face of danger and death, then don't miss this biography of a United States Navy Torpedo Squadron based in the far Pacific. It's dramatic and authentic!

Abridged to an evening's reading time.

A PULITZER PRIZE WINNER

DRAGON'S TEETH

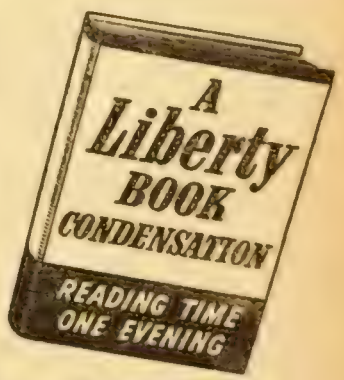
A Condensation of the Novel by

UPTON SINCLAIR

This book is the latest Pulitzer Prize novel.

It is the story of Lanny Budd, Franco-American playboy, and his rich glamorous wife, Irma, who came to grips with the Nazis to help their friends, the Robin family — and of how the turn of history affects each of them differently, influences their love for each other.

It is a readable combination of current history, romance, and international intrigue.



ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK CHAPMAN

LANNY BUDD was summoned to the telephone. It was Pietro Corsatti, Italian-born American who represented a New York newspaper in Rome and was having a vacation on the Riviera. He had once done Lanny a favor, and now had been promised one in return. "Pete" was to have the news the moment it happened.

"It's been four hours!" exclaimed the outraged young husband.

"It may be four more, and it may be twenty-four. I know how you feel. I've been through it."

Pietro was an Italian-American with a strong Brooklyn accent who had pushed his way to an important newspaper position, and had many funny stories to tell about the *regime fascista* and its leaders, whom, oddly enough, he called "wops." One of his best stories was about how he had become the guide, philosopher, and friend of a New York "glamour girl" who had got herself engaged to a fascinating aristocrat in Rome and had then made the discovery that he was living with a ballerina of the opera and had no idea of giving her up. The American girl had broken down and wept in Pete's presence, asking him what to do, and he had told her: "Take a plane and fly straight to Lanny Budd, and ask him to marry you in spite of the fact that you are too rich!"

It is tough luck when a journalist cannot publish his best story. Pete hadn't been asked not to, but all the same, he hadn't. Only a few of Lanny's friends knew that Irma had done exactly what Pete had said, and she and Lanny had been married on the day she had found him in London. And here was the result nine months later: Lanny sitting in a reception room of an *hospice de la maternité*, awaiting the arrival of Sir Stork, the little bundle from heaven—he knew the phrases, because he and Irma had been in New York and had read the "tabs" and listened to "radio reporters" shooting out gossip and

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slang with the rapid-fire effect of a Budd machine gun.

Doubtless readers of that morning's newspapers were learning that Mrs. Lanny Budd, who was Irma Barnes, the glamour girl of last season, was in a private hospital in Cannes awaiting the blessed event. The papers would supply the apposite details: that Irma was the only daughter of J. Paramount Barnes, recently deceased utilities magnate, who had left her the net sum of twenty-three million dollars; that her mother was one of the New York Vandringhams, and her uncle was Horace Vandringham, Wall Street manipulator cleaned out in the recent market collapse; that Irma's own fortune was said to have been cut in half, but she still owned a palatial estate on Long Island, to which she was expected to return. The papers would add that the expectant father, a prominent young art dealer, was the son of Robert Budd of Budd Gunmakers Corporation of Newcastle, Connecticut; that his mother was the famous international beauty, Beauty Budd, now widow of Marcel Detaze, the French

painter whose work had created a sensation in New York last fall.

As Lanny returned to his seat a nurse came in beaming with smiles. *"Oh, monsieur!"* she exclaimed. *"C'est une fille! Une très belle fille!"*

Happy enough, Lanny put through the promised call to Pietro. He could still make the night editions of the New York papers.

"Merci, merci," Lanny said mechanically to Pete's congratulations, meanwhile thinking: A girl! Beauty will be disappointed. But he himself had no complaint. He had been a ladies' man from childhood, seeing his father only at long intervals, cared for by his mother and by women servants.

There had been, after Beauty and Robbie Budd divorced and each remarried, the stepmother, who was now with Robbie in Newcastle, and their daughter, Bess; then a half sister, Marceline Detaze; then a succession of sweethearts, and last of all a wife. A daughter would be no end of fun.

Beauty and her new husband, Mr. Parsifal Dingle, and Marceline now made their home at Bienvenu, an estate that included a villa and a cottage. The cottage, which Lanny and Irma occupied, and to which Irma presently returned bringing little Miss Frances Barnes Budd, was built around a central patio, or court. The walls were of pink stucco with window shutters of pale blue, and a red-tiled roof over its single story. It looked out over the ever-changing Golfe Juan, and beyond to the mountains behind which the sun went down. Early April was the loveliest time of the year, and the patio was a little paradise, with blossoms of every hue exulting in the floods of sunshine. The young mother might lie on a chaise longue in sun or shade, and read in a New York paper about March weather, with icy gales wrecking the seashore cottages.

In the most exquisite of silk-lined bassinets lay the most precious of female infants, with a veil to protect her from overcurious insects. Near by sat a trained nurse, a mature and conscientious Church of England woman. She had two nursemaids under her orders, which were based on the latest discoveries in the physiology and psychology of infants.

One of the baby's first visitors was Lanny's Uncle Jesse Blackless, the "Red sheep" of Lanny's mother's family. He peered into the bassinet, remarking, "Watch out for her—she'd be worth a lot to kidnapers."

His glance wandered from the young wife to the young husband and back again, and he said, "You made a lucky choice, Irma. A lot of people have tried to ruin him, but they haven't succeeded. I know, because I tried to ruin him myself."

"Have you given up hope?" Irma asked.

"There'd be no use in trying now, since he's married to you. I am a believer in economic determinism."

Lanny explained: "Uncle Jesse thinks he believes that everybody's behavior is conditioned by the state of his pocketbook."

The men took to arguing. Irma listened. He wants to take my money and divide it up among the poor, she thought. How far would it go, and how long would it take them to get rid of it? She had heard her father say this, and it sounded convincing.

Irma's own family consisted of Wall Street people. But her marriage had introduced her to Reds and Pinks of all shades, munitions makers and Jewish money-makers, musicians and painters and art dealers—you never knew when you opened your eyes in the morning what strange new creatures you were going to encounter before night. Even Lanny, who was so dear and sweet, even he became suddenly a stranger when he got stirred up and began pouring out his schemes for making the world over—schemes which clearly involved his giving up his own property, and Irma's giving up hers, and wiping out the hereditary rights of the long-awaited and closely guarded Frances Barnes Budd! For years he had been teaching his ideas in a nonreligious Sunday school in the Old Town of Cannes, down near the harbor, helping with his money to found a workers' education center.

Uncle Jesse stayed to lunch, then went his way. After he had left, there came a telegram from Berlin: "Yacht due at Cannes we are leaving by train tonight. Bess." And just before sundown Lanny and Irma sat on the loggia of their home and watched the trim white Bessie Budd glide into the harbor of Cannes. They knew her a long way off, for she had been their home the previous summer, and Lanny and her family had taken two other cruises in her. Next morning but one he drove into the city, with his twelve-year-old half-sister Marceline at his side and Irma's chauffeur following with another car. The long blue express rolled in and delivered the Robin family, plus a secretary and a nursemaid carrying a baby boy, a month older than little Frances. It was on his account that the cruise was being taken so early in the year; the two lactant mothers would combine their dairy farms.

JUST prior to the World War, Lanny Budd, a small boy traveling on a train, had met a Jewish salesman of electrical gadgets; they had liked each other, and the stranger had given Lanny his card. If, later on, Lanny hadn't happened to come across it he wouldn't have written to Johannes Robin, and Johannes wouldn't have come to call on him in Paris and met Lanny's father, and with the father's money become one of the richest men in Germany. Lanny's half-sister Bess wouldn't have met Hansi Robin and shocked her family by marrying the Jewish violinist. The yacht wouldn't have been called the Bessie Budd and wouldn't have taken Lanny and his family on three cruises.

Johannes Robin was the perfect picture of a man who has known how to make use of his opportunities in this world: black overcoat of the finest cloth, lined with silk; neatly trimmed little black mustache and imperial; his manner of quiet self-possession; his voice that seemed to be caressing you. As for Mama Robin, you could employ the most skillful *couturier* and give him *carte blanche* as to price, but Leah, wife of Jascha Rabinowich, would remain a Yiddish mother, now a grandmother. All she

had was kindness and devotion, and if that wasn't enough you would move on to some other part of the room.

Lanny had grown tired of explaining about his two half sisters, and had taken to calling them sisters, and letting people figure it out. The name of Marceline Detaze made it plain that she was the daughter of the painter who had been killed in the last months of the war; also it was possible to guess that Bessie Budd Robin was the daughter of Lanny's father in New England. Bess was tall and her features were thin and had conscientiousness written all over them. Her straight brown hair was bobbed, and she wore the simplest clothes which the style-makers would allow to come into the shops. She was twenty-two and had been married four years, but had put off having children because of her determination to play accompaniments for Hansi in exactly the way he wanted them. She watched every step he took, and she carried his violin case.

FREDDI ROBIN was at the University of Berlin, hoping to get a degree in economics. His wife, Rahel, a serious, gentle girl, contributed a mezzo-soprano voice to the choir of the yacht. With two pianos, a violin, a clarinet, they could sail the Mediterranean in safety, being able to drown out the voices of any sirens who might still be sitting on its rocky shores.

Now for several months the yacht was to be the home of five members and a small fraction of the Robin family —if that be the way to count an infant—and Lanny, his wife, and their baby; Beauty and her daughter. This was Marceline's first yacht trip.

When you live on a yacht, in close contact with your fellow guests, there isn't much they can hide from you. It was Lanny's fourth cruise with Johannes Robin, but still he did not tire of studying this subtle and complex personality. Johannes Robin was not merely an individual; he was a race and a culture, a religion and a history of a large part of human society for several thousand years. To understand him fully was a problem not merely in psychology, but in business and finance, in literature and language, ethnology, archaeology—a list of subjects about which Lanny was curious.

This man of many affairs could be tender-hearted as a child, and again could state flatly that he was not in business for his health. He could be frank to the point of dubious taste, or he could be devious as any diplomat. He would drive a hard bargain, and then turn around and spend a fortune upon hospitality to that same person. He was bold, yet haunted by fears. He desired the approval of his fellows, yet he would study them and pass judgments indicating that their opinion was not worth much. Finally, with his keen mind he observed these conflicts in himself, and to Lanny, whom he trusted, he would blurt them out in disconcerting fashion.

They were sitting on deck after the others had gone to bed; a still night, and the yacht gliding through the water with scarcely a sound. Suddenly the host remarked, "Do you know what this show costs every hour?"

"I never tried to estimate," said the guest, taken aback.

"You wouldn't, because you've always had money. I figured it up last night—about a hundred dollars every hour of the day or night. I can't escape the fear of spending so much!"

"Why do you do it, then?"

"I force myself to be rational. What good is money if you hoard it? My children don't want it, and their children won't know how to use it; and, anyhow, it mayn't last. I assume that I give my friends some pleasure, and I don't do any harm that I can think of. Can you?"

"No," replied the other.

"Of course I shouldn't mention it," said the host, "but you like to understand people."

"We'd all be happier if we did," replied Lanny. "I, too, am conscious of weaknesses. If I happened to be in your position, I would be trying to make up my mind whether I had a right to own a yacht."

"Now you sound like Freddi and Hansi—and your sister. But I keep forgetting you have Red ideas too. You have so much money yourself."

For a moment he looked displeased, and Lanny was reminded of the situation which had been developing in the Robin family for many years, ever since Jesse Blackless had explained the ideals of proletarian revolution to the young Robins in Lanny's home: an intellectual vaccination which had taken with unexpected virulence. Lanny had watched with both curiosity and concern the latter unfoldment of events. He knew how Papa and Mama Robin adored their two boys. Hansi wanted to play the fiddle; very well, he should be a great musician, with the best teachers, everything to make smooth his path. Freddi wished to be a scholar, a learned person: very well, papa would pay for everything.

It had seemed not surprising that young people should be set afire with hopes of justice for the poor, and the ending of oppression and war. If Hansi and Freddi were excessive in their fervor, well, as they grew older they would acquire discretion and learn what was possible in these days. The good mother and the hard-driving father waited for this, but waited in vain. Here was Hansi, twenty-five, and his brother only two years younger, and instead of calming down they appeared to be acquiring a mature determination, with a set of theories, or dogmas, or whatever you chose to call them, serving as a sort of backbone for their dreams.

To the Jewish couple out of the ghetto the marriage of Hansi to Robbie Budd's daughter had appeared a great triumph, but in the course of time they had discovered there was a cloud to this silver lining. Bess had caught the Red contagion from Hansi, and become the Reddest of them all, and the most uncompromising.

Lanny knew that Johannes had been selling Budd machine guns to Nazi agents, to be used in the open warfare these people carried on with the Communists in the streets of Berlin. Johannes had asked Lanny never to mention this to the boys, and Lanny had obliged him. If they found it out they might refuse to live any longer in the Berlin palace, or to travel in the hundred-dollar-an-hour yacht.

After the first part of the trip, the Bessie Budd came back to the harbor of Cannes, and the company returned to Bienvenu for a few days. Johannes, however, was obliged to fly to Berlin immediately—he had made a mistake to leave his business in such unsettled times. The cruise must continue without waiting for him. There were stacks of magazines which had been coming in, and letters with news of friends. Lanny opened one from his father, and exclaimed, "Robbie's coming to Paris! He's due there now!"

"OH, dear!" said his wife. She knew what was coming next.

"I really ought to see him, Irma. It's been eight months."

"It's been exactly as long since I've seen my mother."

"Surely if your mother were in Paris, I'd be offering to take you."

"It'll be so dreadfully lonesome on the yacht, Lanny!"

"I'll take a plane and join you at Lisbon in three or four days." He added, "Zoltan Kertezsi should be in Paris and might help me to sell a picture or two."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the wife. "Do you still want to fool with that business?"

"A little cash would come in handy to both Beauty and me."

"I don't think it's kind of you, Lanny. There's no sense in your bothering to make money when I have it. If you have any time to sell, do please let me buy it!"

They had talked about this many times. Since the Wall Street crisis Robbie hadn't been able to send Beauty her thousand dollars a month. Irma insisted upon putting it up. She wanted the life of Bienvenu to go on exactly as before. The cost was nothing to her, and she liked the people around her to be happy. That her husband might actually enjoy earning a few thousand dollars by selling Marcel's paintings, or those of old masters, was something hard for her to make real to herself. It was harder still for Lanny to explain that he sometimes wanted to do other things than entertain an adored young wife! She let him go to Paris, but not without inner revolt.

Lanny found his father comfortably ensconced in a suite at the Crillon with a spare room for Lanny, his whisky-and-soda and ice, his little portable typewriter

and papers spread out on a table. He was in his middle fifties, but looked younger. Already he was in the midst of affairs. There was a Rumanian purchasing commission in town, and a couple of Soviet agents—Robbie grinned as he said that he was becoming quite chummy with the "comrades"; he knew how to "talk their language," thanks to Lanny's help.

Lanny told the family news, and Robbie in turn reported on the family in Newcastle. Esther, Lanny's stepmother, was well. "I really think she's happier since the crash," said the husband. He didn't add, "I have kept my promise to stay out of the market." Lanny knew he didn't break promises.

They discussed Johannes Robin and his affairs, in which Robbie was deeply interested. He was going to Berlin on this trip. In the old days it had been Johannes who came to Paris to see Robbie. The Jewish trader was on top now; he hadn't lost any part of his fortune, and wasn't going to. He would never make Robbie Budd's mistake of being too optimistic about this world, for he had made most of his money by expecting trouble. Now he had sent a message, by Lanny, that he considered Germany was approaching the end of her rope; she couldn't make any more reparations payments, even if she wished. Elections were scheduled for the end of the summer, and there would be a bitter campaign. Johannes was getting ready for rough weather. He was taking some of his investments out of the country and was ready to place them elsewhere at Robbie's suggestion. He would be pleased if by so doing he could help Robbie.

Robbie wanted to know about Irma, and how she and Lanny were making out. Very important, that; the father had found out last October what a convenient thing it was to have the Barnes fortune back of you. He hoped that Lanny wasn't going to fail to make a success of it. Lanny reported that he and Irma were getting along as well as most young couples he had known; better than some. Irma wanted a lot, and most of the things he was interested in didn't mean much to her, but they were in love with each other, and they found the baby a source of satisfaction. Robbie said you never got everything you wanted out of a marriage, but you could put up with a lot when it included a thumping big fortune. Lanny knew that wasn't the noblest view to take of the holy bonds of matrimony, but all he said was, "Don't worry. We'll make out."

ONE of Robbie's purposes was to see Zaharoff. The New England-Arabian Oil Company had managed to survive the panic, but Robbie and his associates at home needed cash and must find a buyer for their shares. Doubtless the old spider knew all about their plight, but Robbie would put up a bold front. As usual, he asked if his son would like to go along, and as usual the son wouldn't have missed it for anything. He enjoyed enormously the sparring of the two shrewd money-makers, ending in Sir Basil's promising to give his decision in a few days.

"It looks," said Robbie, driving back to the hotel, "as if I should be able to pay off the notes that I gave you and Beauty and Marceline."

"You don't have to worry about those notes, Robbie. We aren't suffering."

"All the same, it's not pleasant to know that I took the money which you had got by selling Marcel's paintings," said Robbie. "I came over here to sell those shares. Let's get as much of the old rascal's money as we can."

A young Pink wouldn't come to Paris without calling at the office of Le Populaire and exchanging ideas with Jean Longuet and Léon Blum. Lanny knew what they thought, because he read their paper, but they would want to hear how the workers' education movement was going in the Midi. From a luncheon with Longuet, Lanny strolled to look at picture exhibitions, and then climbed the Butte de Montmartre to the unpretentious apartment where Jesse Blackless was in the midst of composing a manifesto to be published in L'Humanité denouncing Longuet and his paper as tools of capitalist reactions.

When Lanny rejoined the Bessie Budd at Lisbon, they sailed again and put in at the yacht basin of Cowes. Awaiting them was a letter from Johannes, saying that he was tied up, so no use hurrying to Bremen. They continued the cruise without him and were in the North Sea when the autumn storms began to threaten. The two nursing mothers must not be exposed to them, and Hansi and Bess had a concert tour. Freddi was going to organize a school, and Lanny wanted to examine some pictures which might come on the market. So Lanny, his wife, his mother, and her husband were urged to visit the oversized Berlin palace of Johannes Robin.

To Lanny the young wife said privately, "Do you think it is a good thing for us to be associating with Jews all the time?"

The husband smiled. "You can meet anybody you want in that house. I assure you they will come."

"Maybe so; but won't they think there must be something wrong with us?"

"I assure you, my dear, they all know exactly what you are worth."

"Lanny, that's a horrid view to take of people!"

"You can save yourself a lot of unhappiness by taking my word about Europe. I have lived here most of my life." Lanny might have added: "Remember Ettore!" But he rarely permitted himself to mention the dashing Italian duca with whom she had once fancied herself in love.

THE party arrived in Berlin a week or so before the national elections in September, 1930. The city was in an uproar, with posters and placards everywhere, hundreds of meetings each night, parades with bands and banners, crowds shouting and often fighting. Hansi and Bess must attend a big Communist gathering the very night of their arrival, and the others went along out of curiosity. The Social Democrats also were holding great meetings. They were by far the largest party in the republic, but had never had an outright majority, either of votes or of representation; therefore they had not been able to have their way. Lanny, yearning after the orderly methods of democracy, considered that it was up to him to help this party. Now he went to renew old acquaintanceships, made a contribution to the party's campaign chest. He took his family to one of the mass meetings. These men didn't threaten as the Communists did; they discussed the problems confronting the German workers, and denounced both groups of extremists. It was a dignified meeting, and Irma felt more comfortable; there didn't seem to be anything to start a fight about.

Lanny wanted to hear all sides; he wanted to know what the Nazis were doing and saying. Among his acquaintances in Berlin was Heinrich Jung, blue-eyed "Aryan" enthusiast from Upper Silesia, an official of the National Socialist German Workingmen's Party, high up in what they called the Hitler Youth. Lanny called him on the telephone, and Heinrich was delighted. He arranged to take Lanny to the mighty *Versammlung* in the Sportpalast which was to climax the Nazi campaign. Here the Führer himself would appeal to the German voters; and it would be like nothing ever seen in the world before.

Well in advance of eight o'clock Lanny and his wife and Beauty and her husband were in their seats. Twenty or thirty thousand people singing with fervor were impressive, and Irma didn't know that the songs were full of hatred for Frenchmen and Poles. She knew that the Nazis hated the Jews, and this she deplored. She had learned to be very fond of one Jewish family, but she feared there must be something wrong with the others—so many people said it. In any case, the Germans had to decide about their own country.

Lanny had seen Hitler perform before. This was the same old ranting, but the display, the music, the spectacle moved the audience profoundly. Their belief in Hitler was almost religious.

The results of the election were that the Social Democrats lost more than half a million votes; the Communists gained more than a million and a quarter; while the Nazis increased their vote from eight hundred thousand to nearly six and a half million: a gain of seven hundred per cent in twenty-eight months. The score in millions stood roughly: Social Democrats eight and a half, Nazis six and a half, and Communists four and a half.

Johannes was unpleasantly surprised by those returns,

but, after thinking matters over, he decided not to worry too much. He said that no soup is ever eaten as hot as it is cooked. He said that the wild talk of the Nazis was perhaps the only way to get votes just now. All the same, he decided to move more funds to Amsterdam and London, and to consult Robbie Budd about making more investments in America.

Heinrich Jung was now in a seat of authority. He called Lanny on the telephone and poured out his exultation. Would Lanny come to his home some evening and meet his wife and one of his friends? Lanny said he would be happy to do so. Heinrich's friend was Hugo Behr, a sports director of one of the youth groups in Berlin. He had until recently been an ardent Social Democrat, a worker in the youth movement in that party; not only could he tell all its scandals, but he knew how to present National Socialism as the only true and real Socialism by which the German workers were to win freedom for themselves and later for the workers of the world.

The human mind is a strange thing. Both this pair had read Mein Kampf as their holy book, and had picked out what they wanted from it. They knew that Lanny had also read the book, and assumed that he would have picked out the same things. But Lanny had noted other passages in which the Führer had made it clear that he hadn't the slightest interest in giving freedom to the workers of other nations or races. However, Lanny wasn't there to convert two Nazi officials. He permitted Hugo Behr to speak to him as one comrade to another. Lanny was interested in learning all he could about these people and their party.

NOT long after this there came a letter from Irma's Uncle Joseph, one of the trustees who managed her estate. He explained that during the past year her blue-chip stocks had lost another thirty points, below the lowest mark of the great panic. It appeared to be a vicious circle, the slump caused fear, and fear caused another slump. The elections in Germany had had a bad reaction in Wall Street; everybody decided there wouldn't be any more reparations payments. One thing Mr. Joseph Barnes made plain: Irma must be careful how she spent money!

Her answer was obvious: she had been living on the Robins for half a year, and when she went back to Bienvenu they would resume that ridiculously simple life. You just couldn't spend money when you lived in a small villa; you had no place to put things, and no way to entertain on a large scale. Lanny and his mother had lived on thirteen hundred dollars a month, whereas Irma had been accustomed to spend fifty times that. So she had no trouble in assuring her conscientious uncle that she would give heed to his advice. Her mother had decided not to come to Europe that winter; she was busy cutting down the expenses of the Long Island estate. Lanny read the letter and experienced the normal feelings of a man who learns that his mother-in-law is not coming to visit him.

One day Heinrich Jung called him on the telephone. "Would you like to meet the Führer?" he inquired.

"Oh, my gosh!" exclaimed Lanny, taken aback. "He wouldn't be interested in me."

"He says he would."

"What did you tell him about me? Did you say that I might become a convert?"

"I said it might be worth while to try."

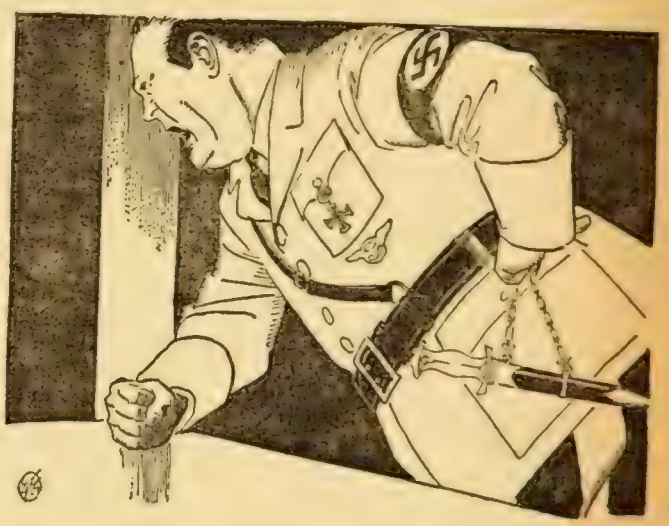
Lanny laughed. "Of course he's an interesting man, and I'll enjoy meeting him."

What the Führer of all the Nazis planned was for this elegant and extremely wealthy young foreigner to go out to the world as a convert to the National Socialist ideas. To that end he laid himself out to be charming, for which he had no small endowment. He had evidently inquired as to Lanny's point of view, for everything he said was subtly directed to meeting that. Lanny was a Socialist, and Hitler, too, was a Socialist, the only true, practical kind of Socialist.

Long afterward Lanny learned what the Führer thought about that meeting. He said that young Mr. Budd was a perfect type of the American privileged classes: good-looking, easy-going, and perfectly worthless. It would be a very simple task to cause that nation to split itself to pieces, and the National Socialist movement would take it in charge.

In December, farewells were said to the Robin family, and Beauty and her husband, with baby Frances, Miss Severne, the nursemaid, and Madame left by train for Bienvenu where Marceline had already gone with her governess. Irma and Lanny drove, for they were going to pay some visits before returning. For the next twenty months they skipped—with the agility conferred by railroads and motorcars, airplanes, steamships, and private yachts—over most of western Europe, England, and New England and back finally to Bienvenu. Lanny read books on many subjects, played thousands of musical compositions, looked at as many paintings, went to theaters, danced in ballrooms, and swam in many seas; he chatted with his friends, ate the choicest of foods, drank the best wines, and enjoyed the love of a beautiful and fashionable wife. In short, he had the most delightful sort of life that the average man could imagine.

During these months the customs official's son from



Austria, Adi Schicklgruber, had been skipping about even more than Lanny Budd, using the same facilities. But he hadn't been seeking pleasure; he had been devoting his fanatical energies to the task of convincing the German masses that their troubles were due to the Versailles *Diktat*, to the envious foreigners who were strangling the fatherland, to the filthy and degraded Jews, and to their allies the international bankers and international Reds. Johannes Robin spent this time protecting his properties and keeping his factories running; and if, in order to get contracts and concessions it was necessary to make a present to some powerful politician, Johannes would bargain shrewdly and pay no more than he had to. That had been the way of the world since governments had first been invented. "Not very noble," he admitted sadly; "but when the nobler ones come to me for help, they get it."

Banks were failing all over the United States and unemployment was increasing steadily. A Presidential election was due in November. The Democrats nominated the Governor of New York, Franklin Roosevelt by name. Johannes asked if Lanny knew anything about this man, and Lanny said no; but when his next mail came from the United States, he got some information from Robbie's weekly letter, a cross between a business man's report and one of the lamentations of Jeremiah.

Nobody could look at an issue of a Nazi newspaper now without seeing that they were exploiting the fear of Red Russia to the limit. On the other hand, who could look at Hitler's Braune Haus with its costly equipment, or see the Storm Troopers marching with their shiny new uniforms and weapons—and not know that this movement was being financed by big money of some sort? *Gross Kapital* was afraid of Russia, just as the white-collar workers were; but *Gross Kapital* was exploiting all the workers, and these two groups couldn't agree on

any domestic policies. Sooner or later the Nazis would have to make up their minds which master they meant to serve. There lay the drama of the events in Germany.

Often Lanny worried because his life was too easy; he had worried about that for years—but how could he make it hard?

During Christmas week at Bienvenu, Irma said to him, "Maybe we'd better save money, so that we can take care of my mother and your father if we have to."

"Robbie isn't playing the market, and I don't suppose your mother is, so they can't be broke entirely."

Irma thought for a while, then remarked, "You know, Lanny, it's really wonderful the way you've turned out to be right about business affairs. All the important people have been wrong, while you've hit the nail on the head."

Said the young Pink, "It's worth going through a depression to hear that from one's wife!"

They were spending a season in Paris, in a palace which Irma had not been able to resist renting. It hadn't taken her long to become an accomplished hostess.

After January, 1933, when President von Hindenburg appointed Adolf Hitler Chancellor of the German Republic, Lanny worried about Hansi, who was not merely of the hated race but of the hated party, and had proclaimed it from public platforms. He wrote, begging Hansi to come to Paris. He wrote to Bess, who admitted that she was afraid; but she was a granddaughter of the Puritans, who hadn't run away from the Indians. She pointed out that she and her husband had helped to make Communists in Berlin, and now to desert them in the hour of trial wouldn't be exactly heroic, would it? But finally Lanny won them over and they came to Paris, and Hansi could continue his concerts.

They didn't return to Germany. Papa and mama forbade them to come, and Lanny forbade them to go; Robbie Budd cabled; forbidding Bess; and, more important yet, Adolf Hitler forbade them both. He did it by hunting down and jailing all prominent Communists and making it plain that they could no longer exert any influence or accomplish any purpose in Germany.

THE Nazi program of repression of the Jews was being carried out step by step. When Lanny wrote urging the Robins to come to Paris and witness Hansi's musical and Irma's social triumphs, Johannes replied that his business cares were beginning to wear on him and that his physicians advised a sea trip. He was getting the Bessie Budd ready for another cruise, this time a real one; he wanted Hansi and Bess to meet him at one of the northern French ports, and he hoped that Lanny and Irma, Baby Frances, with as many governesses and nurses as they pleased, would come along. Johannes suggested crossing the Atlantic and visiting Newcastle and Long Island; then, in the autumn, they might go down to the West Indies, and perhaps through the Panama Canal to California, and if they wished, to Honolulu and Japan, Bali, Java, India, Persia—all the romantic and scenic and historic places they could think of. A university under Diesel power!

"Lanny, do you suppose that Johannes can really afford to take all of us for so long a time?" Irma asked.

"He could go alone if he preferred," replied the son of Budd of Budd's Gunmakers Corporation. "As a matter of fact I suspect the rascal has more money now than ever before in his life. He makes it coming and going; whether times are good or bad; whether the market goes up or down."

"How does he manage it, Lanny?"

"He's watching all the time, and he keeps his money where he can shift it quickly. He's a bull in good times and a bear in bad."

"It's really quite wonderful," said Irma. "Do you suppose we could learn to do things that way?"

"Nothing would please him more than to teach us, but the trouble is you have to put your mind on it and keep it there."

"I suppose it *would* get to be a bore," admitted Irma, stretching her lovely arms and yawning.

Robbie Budd wrote to his son: "There is a bitter fight going on for control of industry in Germany. It is Thyssen and Krupp vs. the Otto Wolff group. The latter is part Jewish, and the present set-up is not so good for them. Johannes believes he has friends in both camps, and I hope he is not fooling himself. He is sailing a small ship in a stormy sea."

On the day set, Johannes Robin's guests were at Calais, where they were to board the yacht. But when night fell it had not arrived. They were beginning to be worried. Johannes was a precise man. If anything unforeseen had turned up he would surely have telegraphed or telephoned. When it was bedtime and still no word, Lanny put in a call for the Bessie Budd at Bremerhaven. Hansi and Bess sat with him. After the usual delays he heard a guttural voice saying in German: *"Dieselmotorjacht* Bessie Budd."

"Wer spricht?" inquired Lanny.

The speaker replied with his title—a long one—which showed him to be part of the New Labor front, but he would give no further information.

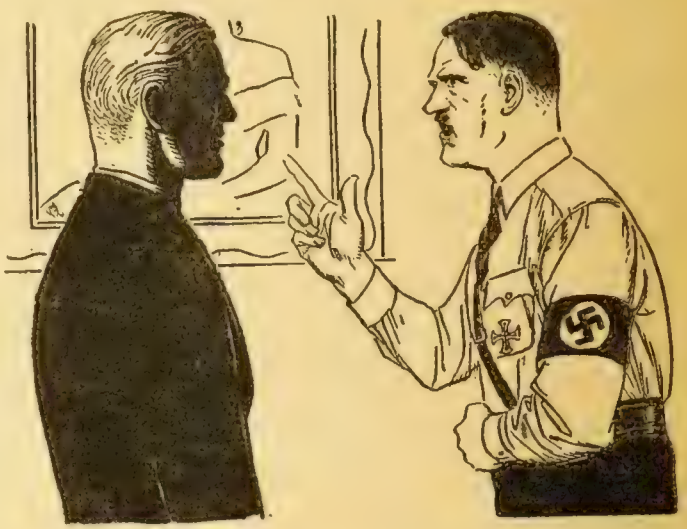
"My God!" Lanny exclaimed, as the other man rang off. "Can the Nazis have seized the Bessie Budd?"

"They have arrested papa!" whispered Hansi.

Lanny put in a call for the Robin palace in Berlin. There, too, an unfamiliar voice answered. When Lanny insisted upon knowing to whom he was talking, the speaker abruptly hung up. That again could mean only one thing: the Nazis had seized the palace!

"I must go and help papa!" exclaimed Hansi.

"Be sensible," commanded his brother-in-law. "There's not a thing you can do in Germany but get yourself



killed. Irma and I will go in and see what we can find out."

Irma was in her room resting, and he went to her alone. He couldn't be sure how she would take this appalling news, and he wanted to give her a chance to make up her mind before it was revealed to anybody else. Irma had always had her own way and had taken it for granted that the world existed to give it to her. Now fate was dealing her a nasty blow. She sat staring at her husband in consternation. "But it ruins our cruise! It leaves us stranded! What can we do?"

"I don't know yet. I'll have to go to Berlin and see what has happened. We have been Johannes' guests; we were going to be his guests another whole year. How could we throw him down? Remember, Johannes is Hansi's father, and Hansi is my sister's husband. I can't let them see that I'm yellow."

"Lanny, you'll be in frightful danger! Do you expect me to go with you?"

"You might prefer to go to Bienvenu with Baby."

"I wouldn't have a moment's peace, thinking you might be in trouble. I think I ought to be with you."

"I have no doubt there'll be ways to help. The fact that you have money impresses the Germans—and that includes the Nazis."

"Oh, Lanny, it's a horrid nuisance and a disappointment! I thought we were going to have such fun!"

"Yes, dear, but don't let Hansi or Bess hear you say that. Remember what it means to them."

"They should have thought of this long ago. But they wouldn't let anybody tell them. Now they see the results of their behavior—and we are expected to pay for it!"

"Dear, there's no reason to suppose that they have been the cause of the trouble."

"There must be some reason why Johannes is picked on, and not other rich Jews. The fact that one of his sons is a Communist and the other a Socialist certainly must have made him enemies."

Lanny couldn't deny that this was so; but he said, "Please don't mention it now, while Hansi and Bess are half beside themselves with grief. Let's go and get their family out, and then we'll be in a position to talk to them straight."

"Yes, but you *won't!*" said Irma grimly. She would go with him into the lions' den, but she wouldn't pretend that she liked it! And when it was over, she would do the talking herself.

NEXT morning there was a letter for Lanny, scrawled in haste on a scrap of paper.

"Oh, Lanny," it said, "the Nazis seized the boat. They arrested papa. They would not tell us a word what they will do. They will arrest us if we go near them, but they will not arrest you. Come to the Adlon and put it in the papers. We will watch there. We are so frightened. Dear Lanny, do not fail poor papa. What will they do to him? I am alone. I made the children go. They must not find us all together. God help us all. Mama."

In the shortest possible time Lanny had arranged by telephone to have his car driven up to him from Paris, and his family—except Irma—were on their way back there.

Mr. and Mrs. Lanning Prescott Budd of Juan-les-Pins, France, registered themselves at the Hotel Adlon in Berlin. That is where the rich Americans stop, and this richest of young couples were installed in a suite appropriate to their state. It was the seventeenth of May, 1933.

Lanny submitted their passports to the Polizeiwache and stated his business as art expert and his race as Aryan. That afternoon a telephone call came: "I understand that you are interested in the paintings of Alexander Jacovleff." Lanny replied that he was, and the voice informed him: "There is some of his work at the Dubasset Galleries which you should see."

"Very well," said Lanny. "Should I come at once?"

"If you please."

The art dealer's place was only a short way from the Adlon. Lanny and Irma drove slowly by, and there was a tall dark young Jew strolling. The Mercédès slowed up at the curb and he stepped in. They went around several corners, until they were certain that no car was following. "Oh, I am so glad to see you!" Freddi's voice broke and he buried his face in his hands and began to weep. "Oh, thank you, Lanny! Thank you, Irma!" Evidently he had been under a heartbreaking strain.

"Forget it, kid," said the Aryan. He had to drive and keep watch in the mirror of the car. "Tell us—have you heard from papa?"

"Not a word."

"Has anything been published?"

"Nothing. We dare not go to the authorities."

"Are mama and Rahel and the baby all right?"

"They were when I left them."

"You're not staying together?"

"We're afraid of attracting attention. Mama is staying with one of our old servants; Rahel and the baby with her father's family. I slept in the Tiergarten last night."

"You don't know any one who would shelter you?"

"Plenty of people—but I might get them into trouble as well as myself."

He told briefly what had happened. The family, with several servants, had gone to Bremerhaven by the night train and to the yacht by taxis. Just as they reached the dock a group of Brownshirts stopped them and told papa that he was under arrest. Papa asked, very politely, if he might know why, and the leader of the troop spat directly in his face and called him a Jew-pig. They pushed him into a car and took him away. Since they could do no good to papa by getting themselves arrested, and Freddi and Rahel were liable to be sent to concentration camps on account of their Socialist activities, the family decided to travel separately to Berlin and stay in hiding until they could get word to their friends.

Freddi said, "I had only a little money when I was going on board the yacht, and I had to pay my fare back here."

Lanny took out his billfold and wanted to give him a large sum, but he said no, it might be stolen or, if he was arrested, the Nazis would get it; better a little at a time.

"Where are you going to stay?" asked Irma, and he said *die Palme*, a refuge for the shelterless; it would be pretty bad, but it wouldn't hurt him, and no one would pay any attention to him there; no one would call him a Jew-pig. He hoped the wait wouldn't be too long.

Lanny had to tell him it might be quite a while. His activities would be in the higher circles, and things did not move rapidly there; you had to apply the social arts. Freddi said, "I hope poor papa can stand it."

"He will be sure that we are doing our best," replied Lanny, "so at least he will have hope."

Lanny didn't go into detail concerning his plans, because he feared Freddi might be tempted to impart some of it to his wife or his mother; then, too, there was the fearful possibility that the Nazis might drag something out of him by torture—and he surely wouldn't tell what he didn't know. Lanny said, "You can always write or call me at the hotel and make an appointment to show me some art."

They contrived a private code. Pictures by Bouguereau would mean that everything was all right, whereas Goya would mean danger. Lanny said, "Think of something to say about a painting that will convey whatever you have in mind." He didn't ask the addresses of the other members of the family, knowing that in case of need, they, too, could write him or phone him about paintings. When the car slowed up and Freddi stepped out, Irma had a mist in her eyes. But she winked it away and said, "I could do with some sleep." She had learned to admire the English manner.

THE Reichstag met in the Kroll Opera House that afternoon and listened to Adolf Hitler's speech on foreign affairs. Lanny glanced through it swiftly, and saw that it was a speech like none other in the Führer's career. It was the first time he had ever read a prepared address; as it happened, the Wilhelmstrasse, the German Foreign Office, had put pressure on him and persuaded him that there was real danger of overt action by France. The fatherland had no means of resisting, and certainly it was the last thing the infant Nazi regime wanted.

So here was a new Hitler. The Führer spoke more in sorrow than in anger of the wrongs his country had suffered, and he told the Reichstag that he was a man utterly devoted to peace and justice among the nations; all he asked of the rest of the world was that it should follow the example of Germany and disarm. There was to be no more "force" among the nations.

France and Britain, which had been worried, breathed a sigh of relief. The Führer really wasn't as bad as he had been painted; his soup wasn't going to scald anybody's tongue. He would settle down and let others write his speeches for him and govern the country sanely. Lanny wasn't sure about it; but he saw that this speech was the best possible of omens for the Robin family. Adi was singing low; he wouldn't want any rows, any scandals going out to the world; he was in a position where he could be mildly and politely blackmailed, and Lanny had an idea how to get about it.

The telephone rang. Heinrich Jung had attended the Reichstag meeting, was taking the first opportunity to call his friend. "Oh, Lanny, the most marvelous affair! Have you read the speech?"

"Indeed I have, and I consider it a great piece of statesmanship. Are you busy this evening?" Lanny added.

"Nothing that I can't break."

"Well, come on over. We were just about to order something to eat. We'll wait for you."

Lanny hung up, and Irma said, "Isn't that overdoing it just a little?"

Lanny put his finger to his lips. "Let's dress and dine downstairs," he said. "Your best clothes. The moral effect will be worth while."

After dinner they went back to their room for coffee and brandy in large but very thin goblets. Heinrich talked for a couple of hours about the N. S. D. A. P. and the wonders it had achieved. Lanny listened intently, and explained his own position in a frank way. He couldn't say he was a convert, but he was a student of the movement; he was eager to talk with the leaders and question them, so that he could take back to the outside world a true and honest account of the changes taking place in the fatherland. "I know a great many journalists," he said, "and I may be able to exert a little influence. There's just one trouble, Heinrich. You know, of course, that my sister is married to a Jew."

"Yes. It's too bad!" responded the young official gravely.

"It happens that he's a fine violinist. Have you ever heard him?"

"Never."

"HERE is my position," continued Lanny. "Hansi's father has been my father's business associate for a long time."

"They tell me he was a *Schieber.*"

"Maybe so. There were plenty of good German *Schieber;* the biggest of all was Stinnes. There's an open market, and men buy and sell, and nobody knows whom he's buying from or selling to. The point is, I have ties with the Robin family, and it makes it awkward for me."

"They ought to get out of the country, Lanny. Let them go to America, if you like them and can get along with them."

"Exactly! That is what I've been urging them to do, and they wanted to do it. But unfortunately Johannes has disappeared."

"Disappeared? How do you mean?"

Lanny told him what had happened; concluding, "The moment I heard about it, I said, 'I know exactly where to go. Heinrich Jung is the person who will understand and help me.' So here I am!"

"But what on earth could I do, Lanny?"

"It was my idea that you would help me to take the matter directly to the Führer. You have access to him don't you?"

"Not so much as I used to. You understand, I am nothing but an office man. They give me a certain job, and I do it efficiently, and presently they give me more to do. But I have never had anything to do with politics."

"But is this politics, Heinrich?"

"You will soon find out that it is. If Dr. Ley has arrested a rich Jew, he has some reason; and he's a powerful politician, and has friends at court—I mean, near the Führer. If I butt in, it will be like walking into no man's land while the shooting is going on."

But it ended in Heinrich's going to the telephone and eventually securing for Lanny an appointment with an important official: Hermann Göring.

When Lanny was ushered in to him, they greeted each other correctly and the great man indicated a chair at his side. Lanny took it. Having met many of the great ones of the earth in his thirty-three years, Lanny had learned to treat them respectfully but without obsequiousness.

"Mr. Budd," said fat Hermann, "have you seen this morning's Paris and London newspapers? They carry a story to the effect that the Jewish money-lender, Johannes Robin, has disappeared in Germany. We do not care to have the outside world get the impression that we are adopting American customs, so I had the matter investigated at once, and have just informed the press that this *Schieber*—this chiseler—has been legally arrested for attempting to carry a large sum of money out of the country on board his yacht. This, as you may know, is forbidden by our law. The prisoner is liable to a penalty of ten years at hard labor—and it will be very hard indeed, I can assure you."

"Naturally, Exzellenz, I cannot say anything about the matter until I have heard Johannes' side of the story. He has always been a law-abiding citizen, and I am sure that if he broke the law it was by oversight. He was setting out on a yachting cruise, and one cannot sail to strange lands without having cash on board to purchase food and fuel."

"It is absolutely requisite to have a permit from the Exchange Control Authority, and our records show that no such document had been issued. We cannot afford to have our country drained of wealth, nor our currency depreciated on the world markets," Göring went on.

"So far as Johannes is concerned, Exzellenz, I can assure you positively that he has no such motives. He is an entirely nonpolitical person, and has gone to extremes to keep friendly. He has always supposed that he had friends inside the N. S. D. A. P."

"I am taking steps to find out who they are," replied the head of the Prussian state. "When I do, I shall shoot them." From behind those rolls of fat the American saw cold blue eyes staring at him, and he realized that this war eagle was a deadly bird of prey.

"Let us get down to business, Mr. Budd. I am willing to negotiate with you, but I require your word of honor as a gentleman that whatever information I impart and whatever proposals I make will be strictly between us, now and for the future."

"Exzellenz, I assure you that I have no desire in this matter except to help an old friend and connection by marriage out of trouble. If you will enable me to do this, you may be sure that neither Johannes nor I will have any interest in making publicity out of the unfortunate affair."

"Johannes Robin is my prisoner," Göring declared; "and I am willing to turn him loose on certain terms. They are Nazi terms, and you won't like them, and certainly he won't. You may take them to him, and advise him to accept them or not. I put no pressure upon you, and make only the condition I have specified: you will agree never to reveal the facts to any one, and Johannes will make the same agreement."

"Suppose that Johannes does not wish to accept your terms, Exzellenz?"

"You will be bound by your pledge whether he accepts or rejects. He will be bound if he accepts. If he rejects, it won't matter, because he will never speak to any one again. I am offering you an opportunity to save your friend from the worst fate which you or he can imagine. A part of the price is your silence as well as his. If you reject the offer, you will be free to go out to the world and say what you please, but you will be condemning your Jew to a death which I will make as painful as possible."

"That is clear enough, Exzellenz. It is obvious that you have me as well as Johannes. I can do nothing but accept your proposition."

SUDDENLY the fat fist of the thunder god Thor came down with a bang on the table. "*Jawohl!* To business! The Jew who has fattened himself upon our blood is going to disgorge. His yacht shall serve as a means of recreation for deserving party members. His palace shall become a public museum. I understand that it contains a well chosen collection of old masters."

"I appreciate the compliment, Exzellenz. Or do you know that I had the pleasure of selecting them?"

"*Ah,* so! Shall I call it the Lanning Budd Museum?" The hard blue eyes twinkled between the heavy layers of fat.

"The museum should be named for the one who institutes it, Exzellenz. Johannes has often told me that he planned to leave it to the public. But now you are doing it."

"I intend to go about these matters with all proper formality," said Göring, still with the twinkle. "Our Führer is a stickler for legality. Papers will be signed before a notary: for the sum of one mark his yacht, for another his palace, and for yet other marks his shares in our leading industrial enterprises and banks. In payment for my services in the above matters, he will give me checks for the amount of his bank deposits—and be sure that I shall cash them before he gets away."

(Continued on page 45)

The couple eager to get ahead find that having several children early in their marriage is a heavy handicap.

RACE SUICIDE STRIKES AMERICA

BY GRETTA PALMER

DID you and your wife decide, when you were married, to wait a year or two before you had a child? And have you more recently announced to her, "We can't afford a third baby, even in these times"?

If so, the chances are that you live in a city or a town, make more than $1,000 a year, and are ambitious to get to the top. For it is these influences which make an increasing number of Americans practice family limitation to an extent which has alarmed population experts. These men, who call themselves demographers, point out that the "American race" is dying in the cities.

We used to say, "Three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves." The newer, more scientific adage would run, "Four generations from sunbonnet to the complete disappearance of the family name." The race suicide of our city dwellers is so pronounced that the population growth of the whole country is slowing down at a rapid rate. The gain we made between 1930 and 1940 was the smallest in our history; statisticians believe the increase will be smaller every ten years, until about 1980, when the population will level off at about 153,000,000. After that, it may gradually decline.

What are the chances of your own family's surviving? Demographers will tell you if you give them the facts about yourself, for not all groups of Americans are dying out today. Whether descendants of yours will be around in another fifty years depends in a large measure on where you live.

Is your home in a big city—Detroit, New York, Chicago, San Francisco? Then your group is having only 74 per cent of the children needed to perpetuate itself—and most of these are born to the poorest families in the town. In another generation a quarter of your neighbors will have died off, leaving no survivors. In the generation after that, at least another fourth of these families will disappear. By the year 1993 four fifths of the men you know will have passed away without survivors.

But if you live in Flint, Michigan, or Boston, Massachusetts, you have a somewhat better chance of leaving descendants than you would have in other towns of equal size.

Do you make more than $3,000 a year? Then, if you are already married, you may keep the family line going for a while—couples with incomes over this amount tend to have more children than those who make a little under $3,000. But your class has a very high proportion of women who never marry; as a whole, it is less than half as prolific as the group making under $1,000 a year, who produce 45 per cent of all the children born. The one city group which is more than reproducing itself is made up of families on relief.

Will your family still exist fifty years from now? Or are they part of the new tribe of vanishing Americans?

Is your home in a city on the Pacific seaboard? If so, the prospects for your family's survival could hardly be blacker. For race suicide is making rapid progress among all groups on the Coast. Even the poor families have few children in Los Angeles. The professional, skilled and unskilled workmen, and business men groups are all committing race suicide there.

In all cities, business men tend to have fewer children than any other class; they have displaced the professors, who used to have the lowest rate. The disappearance of business men's families is most rapid in Los Angeles, among the large cities. Next in order come Cleveland, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Detroit, New York, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, and the always prolific Boston.

It is with such trends that demographers deal. They are serious statisticians who study how populations grow and change under certain

(Continued on page 57)

THE MAGIC GUY

Liberty's SHORT, SHORT STORY

Johnny was lucky, all right. Too lucky, his Uncle Clem thought—but when Fortune smiles she cannot be outwitted

BY J. P. CAHN

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL

IT was a tense day in Walnut Creek. Over at the Wave ice-cream parlor, Nellie Fitts got so mixed up in her orders she had to eat two pecan splits and a butternut sundae she made by mistake.

Even Old Man Ayers was excited and kept biting off an extra chaw of tobacco every fifteen minutes, so that by noon he looked like a squirrel with a billiard ball in its cheek. But Old Man Ayers had a right to be excited, because Clem Fullen had been his best friend.

"Now that Clem's passed on," he'd say to anybody that would listen, "I aim to see that everything comes off right. I'll be ditched if I don't." And he'd bite off another hunk of Blue Leader as big as a walnut.

The rest of the people in Walnut Creek were on edge too, because at long last it looked like Johnny Fullen was going to get his.

IT all started when Johnny was in the eighth grade. Some folks claimed they noticed signs of it before then, but it really began May 3, 1914, about five in the evening. With the seventh-grade team ahead twenty-five to twenty-two in the last half of the ninth inning, Johnny Fullen came to bat. The bases were loaded, but the seventh-grade outfielders were already starting to play tag, because everybody knew Johnny couldn't hit a muskmelon with a canoe paddle. If there had been one more boy in the eighth grade Johnny would have been home already. But there wasn't, and Johnny meekly came to bat.

Johnny waved longingly at the first two pitches for two strikes. And then this thing happened. Somehow or other he caught the ball on the shank of the bat, slithered it along its length, and managed to send it wobbling over in the direction of first base. Dick McClelland jumped for it, but somehow it bubbled an inch or two above his fingers, and when he turned to run after it the ball was nowhere in sight.

By the time Johnny was rounding third base some one spotted it, but it was too late then, because the ball was stuck in the crotch of an apple tree five feet higher than any one could reach. That started the whole thing. From that time on it was plain that Johnny was enchanted. Of course some people didn't believe it at first, but they soon found out.

When Johnny's dad died, he went to live with his Uncle Clem. Johnny inherited a few things, stocks and bonds mostly, and at Uncle Clem's suggestion he left them right where they were. Johnny got through high school, got a job and worked at it. He grew up performing minor miracles and never gave those stocks and bonds a thought till one day in 1929. You know which day that was. That morning Johnny just walked into the bank, took everything he had, and bought a walnut grove. He said at the time he just felt like it, but the people in Walnut Creek were on to him by then. An hour after he left the bank there wasn't one man in the whole town that owned a single share of Trans-America. Single-handed, you might say, Johnny saved a whole town from disaster. But it wasn't single-handed and everybody knew it. There was something about Johnny.

Stray cats would follow him. School kids would rub their favorite aggies on his sleeve to get the "touch." Everybody in Walnut Creek watched Johnny, and when he made a move they followed right along. And they prospered.

And everybody loved Johnny. He wore his unbelievable luck with dignity and with just enough humility so it wore well. Everybody wanted to see Johnny keep right on performing miracles, not only because it was good to have a prophet around, but because they liked him. Then it began to be a little too much.

When Johnny married Grace Hutchinson, people thought he'd made his first mistake. But within six months Grace took the bands off her teeth, began fixing her hair a new way, and became the town beauty. Inside of a year she was the best housewife in town. Her cakes never fell, her jelly jelled, her house was neat as a pin, and she got more beautiful every year. People began wishing she hadn't turned out so well, just to break the monotony.

Johnny's Uncle Clem, who made it the hard way, like his father before him, began openly to make it known that he hoped it wouldn't last. That was about the time when the creek flooded Johnny's land. Uncle Clem's disposition wasn't helped much when Johnny got his check from the triple-A and just sat back watching the other farmers plowing their crops under. Besides that, Johnny made a neat profit selling firewood.

When that happened, Uncle Clem changed his will. He cut Johnny off with a single dollar. The rest went to charity.

But Johnny didn't mind, because a couple of men, geologists they called themselves, came to see him about his walnut grove. No, it wasn't oil; it was clay—a very special kind of clay to make ornamental pottery, and all you had to do was haul it away. That was the year of the big real-estate boom in Walnut Creek.

Johnny had so much money he didn't know what to do with it, so he bought some stock. That was about 1937. After the war started and the munition plants were booming, people asked him how he happened to buy that particular kind, and Johnny said he just liked the name—had a kind of a ring to it: Du Pont de Nemours.

Ten days before he died, Uncle Clem sent for Johnny.

"Judge Aikers has my will, Johnny. I guess you know what I'm leaving you."

"Grandpa Fullen's dollar?"

"That's right. And you don't even deserve that. You're too lucky for any good. I don't hold you any grudge, boy, but I might as well tell you I'm looking forward to the day I die just so I can cross that infernal lucky streak of yours."

"I wish you didn't feel that way."

"It's nothing personal. I'm just doggone sick and tired of seeing everything fall into your lap. My dad, your Grandpa Fullen, started out with just one dollar in his pocket. By hard work he made a pretty nice pile before he died. When I started out he gave that same dollar to me, and I didn't do so bad. Well, I'm giving it to you, not one cent more, understand? And I'm going to rest in my grave happy, knowing for once you missed something easy."

BY nightfall the whole town could repeat, almost word for word, everything Clem Fullen had said. There never was a funeral more looked forward to in Walnut Creek, because by this time everybody felt the same way.

As soon as people found out that Johnny was on his way to Judge Aikers' office, the town began to buzz. Folks smiled to think of Uncle Clem, resting peacefully, knowing he had broken Johnny's incredible luck. Business came to a standstill as Tommy Peters, Judge Aikers'

With one bony finger the judge edged Grandpa Fullen's dollar alongside the picture. "Read it, Johnny," he said.

office boy, carried last-minute gleanings from the judge's office keyhole to the crowd in the street.

Judge Aikers cleared off a space on his desk. He shoved aside his stamp collection he had been working on, and set aside his coin and stamp catalogues.

"There are a few things for you to sign, Johnny. I've got them all right here." He plopped a sheaf of papers down on the desk, and leaned back grinning as Johnny went to work.

When the last line had been filled in, the judge brought out a small metal strong box. On its lid, surrounded by a faded border of gilt roses and curlicues, was a handsome full-color painting of a river boat, and the name, Everett Fullen.

"This belonged to your granddad, Johnny. 'Bout the first thing he ever bought, I guess."

The old key grated in the lock and then the heavy lid swung back. There against the dull green bottom of the box was a single silver dollar. Johnny scooped it up and held it between his fingers.

"Let me see it, Johnny."

The judge took the coin in his hand. When he looked back at Johnny his face was ashen. Fumbling through the papers on his desk, he selected a thin blue book and flicked through the pages.

"What's the matter, judge?"

The judge pushed the book across the table. There on the open page was a picture of a coin and, beneath it, rows and rows of figures and dates. With one bony finger the judge edged Grandpa Fullen's dollar alongside the picture. They matched perfectly.

"Read it, Johnny." The judge's breath was coming in short gasps. "The 1804 silver dollar. It's a collector's item . . . worth ten thousand dollars, maybe more. That's more than your Uncle Clem had in his whole life."

When Johnny reached the street, the crowd already knew. They cheered him. There wasn't anything else they could do. And Johnny walked along with his dollar in his hand, a broad grin on his face, for he indeed was the magic guy.

THE END

Kate's two dawn-to-dawn broadcasts sold $4,000,000 worth of bonds.

General Wavell signed Kate's Short Snorter dollar.

The boys at Camp Haan bought Kate a malted at the PX after her show.

Kate conducted a community sing at the Great Lakes Naval Training Center.

MORALE IS

PATRIOTS WITHOUT UNIFORM

WHEN Kate Smith goes traveling, she takes with her a thirty-piece orchestra and glee club as well as her own not inconsequential self. Bubbling with patriotism, she has trekked some 60,000 miles, putting on shows in camps, factories, and shipyards. She has made speeches, launched ships, and sold bonds in twenty-four-hour shifts, spending

Time off for a launching at the California docks . .

bill at the War Bond Ball Game in Washington.

After singing at a submarine base, Kate sent a personal note to Hitler.

HER BUSINESS

some $112,000 of her own money in the process. All this, of course, while broadcasting her program of news and comment five days a week at noon.

Kate is an old hand at patriotism. Back in 1938, on Armistice Day, she sang God Bless America for the first time. It was an instantaneous hit and its popularity still grows. Curiously enough, this song was written by Irving Berlin during the last war for his show Yip, Yip, Yaphank! Somehow, it wasn't used. When Kate asked Berlin to write a patriotic song for her, he dug it out. All royalties on its sale, amounting so far to $113,000, go to the Boy Scouts of America.

Kate found autograph hunting a popular sport on her tour of the camps.

. . and another big splash at the Baltimore shipyard

Even the USO Lounge in Los Angeles railroad terminal got a song from K. S.

WHEEL OF FORTUNE

Fernandez reveals his true colors, but zero hour for enemy action finds Kent and Karen in mortal danger, their hope of rescue dashed

BY JOHN JENNINGS

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

SHORTLY after Alan Kent, sole survivor of a torpedoed tanker, was washed up on St. John, in the Virgin Islands, and nursed back to health by lovely Karen Christensen, he made a momentous discovery: Eric Krause who, with Karen's grandfather, Dr. Svend Christensen, ran St. John's only inn, Wheel of Fortune, was working with the Nazis!

Two new guests at the inn, whom Krause introduced as Mr. Slane and Mr. Forrest of New York, gave the show away. For Kent recognized them. They had stood on the bridge of the sub that had sunk his ship, and the U-boat captain had addressed them as "Herr Bosch" and "Herr Vogel."

They did not recognize Kent, and he pretended to accept them for what they said they were—American business men. But another guest, who had arrived at the same time as Vogel and Bosch, was aware that Kent was suspicious of them. He was a Mr. Fernandez of San Juan, and he hampered, in every way he could, Kent's efforts to discover what Krause and the two Germans were up to.

Was Fernandez in the plot, too? Kent wondered. But what worried him most was: Were Karen and her grandfather in it? Loving Karen, he hated to believe she was, but even if it hurt her, he was determined to bring these men, and whoever else was helping them, to justice.

He suspected that the Diesel plant which supplied the inn with electricity was being used to recharge submarine batteries. And when he finally got into the maintenance yard, which Krause always kept locked, he discovered that he was right—but only partly right. Not only were subs recharged here—they were refueled and reconditioned. The warehouses by the dock were piled high with packing cases, marked in German, and with drums of oil!

As he was looking around a voice said, *"Ach! Wass ist!"* and something crashed heavily on his head.

When he came to, the German sailors who guarded the yard had sent for Vogel, Krause, and Bosch.

"You know what we must do?" said Vogel.

Kent knew. He had seen too much and they wouldn't dare let him live. "Get it over with," he said curtly.

Bosch was to do the job. He led Kent away from the others to the edge of a rock from which there was a sheer drop into the water below.

"Face the water, Herr Kent," he commanded, his pistol in hand.

Kent turned, and Bosch began to count: "One—two—"

Kent shut his eyes.

The crack of the pistol drowned out the count of three.

IT was an instant before Kent realized that nothing had happened. The blow against which he had braced himself had not come. Behind him he heard a sound, half gasp, half choking sob. He turned, and stared in amazement. Bosch was falling, his knees crumpling, his head thrust forward, his yellow eyes glazing, the pistol in his hand turning in his limp fingers and dropping. Stupefied, Kent watched until his heavy body plunged forward in a limp heap, and the pistol skittered wickedly across the sloping surface of the rock, past Kent's foot, to drop with a solid plunk into the water.

Only then did a clump of bushes back along the pathway part. Señor Fernandez stepped out. He was smiling, and his white suit was as spotless as ever. In his hand he held a heavy automatic, and a little wisp of smoke was curling up from its muzzle.

He was speaking. But Kent did not hear him, for all at once his own knees gave way and he was falling—falling—

A shadow of concern flicked across Fernandez' face.

"Look out!" he cried, and leaped forward.

HE got a hand under Kent's shoulder and pulled him back. "Are you all right, Mr. Kent? Are you hurt?"

His voice sounded far away but gathered strength. The momentary weakness passed. Kent gathered his legs under him and stood up once more, shaking his head.

"Just reaction, I guess, señor," he said weakly. "I—I'm all right. You got here just in time."

Fernandez grinned his bland Latin grin. He helped Kent up off the rock and began to cut away his bonds.

"I—I don't understand—" Kent began.

"How I came to be in those bushes?" Fernandez chuckled. "It was simple! When you did not come to lunch, I guessed where you had gone. You planned that cleverly, señor. I could not have done better myself. Once you were gone, I could only hope that you would get by with it."

"But—" Kent began.

"But when I saw our friends set out for the gate," Fernandez continued, ignoring him, "I knew that you had been caught. So I followed, and after a while I saw this—this Bosch—a most appropriate name for him, was it not? When I saw him taking you away I knew what was going to happen. I simply came along and prevented it."

"Then it was you back there on the hill!" Kent exclaimed.

"I make a fine goat, no?" Fernandez grinned.

"I still don't understand," Kent said. "I don't see why—"

"Why I should take such an interest in you, is that it, my friend?" Fernandez asked. "Perhaps this will explain."

HE reached into an inner pocket and produced a card which he held out to Kent. Kent looked at it. He was still too dazed to be able to read all of it, but he could make out the larger lettering which read: "U. S. Department of Justice, Federal Bureau of Investigation." He began to laugh.

"And I thought—!" he exclaimed.

Fernandez laughed too.

"You thought I was one of them?"

"Of course," Kent nodded. "Why didn't you tell me before?"

"Come, señor," Fernandez chided. "Would we get far, do you think, if we made ourselves known to every one? Even a friend may expose us inadvertently, so with us secrecy is a primary virtue."

"Then you know about—all about this?" Kent said.

"I know a good deal about it," Fernandez told him. "But perhaps you know more. You must have learned much to make them so anxious to silence you like this. Suppose you tell me, and I will check it against what we already know."

Swiftly Kent told what he had discovered; what Krause had let slip in his boasting. Fernandez listened, nodding at intervals. Only once did he interrupt.

"These men, señor—this Bosch and this Vogel—how did you come to know so much about them?"

Kent switched backward and told of his first encounter with them on the submarine the night the Shoshone was sunk.

"I see!" Fernandez nodded vigor-

Kent's left arm slid quickly about the man's neck, the crook of his elbow hooking beneath the German's chin.

ously. "This explains much, señor. I will admit that you puzzled me when I came. You see, I knew your story. It is common talk in St. Thomas, and I naturally took the trouble to investigate you. I knew you to be what you claimed—a ship's officer on the beach. Yet, on that first day, when we arrived and I saw your face, I said to myself, Aha, Tommy Fernandez, he knows them! But how? You see? That is why I have kept such close watch on you."

"I see." Kent nodded. "But when did you find out about the base?" he asked.

"I have you to thank for that, my friend," Fernandez grinned. "I could not understand why Bosch and Vogel, whom I had been set to watch, should come to this place. But last night you gave me the hint, and I investigated at once. I did not get down to the cove. That was impossible. But I saw enough to tell me all I needed to know."

"But you did nothing!"

"I would not say that, señor." Fernandez glanced at the crumpled body by the rock.

"I didn't mean that." Kent flushed.

"I know," said Fernandez. "You mean that I did not report what I had discovered immediately."

"Yes," said Kent.

"I had my reasons," Fernandez told him. "For one, I wanted to keep an eye on you. I was not sure, even then, that you had not made a deal with them. Then I wanted to find out more. That you have done for me. And I wanted to find where Miss Christensen and the doctor fitted in."

"But they don't fit in!" Kent cried. "They knew nothing about it until—until—"

He broke off. Fernandez eyed him solemnly.

"Until when, Señor Kent?"

"The doctor discovered it only last night," Kent told him. "You saw him come back down the path, and we have it from Eric that he knew nothing before that."

"So? And Miss Christensen?" Fernandez asked.

Kent hesitated—and then, all at once, it dawned on him. So that was it! That was what Eric had used to try to force her to get rid of him. That would account for everything!

"She discovered it only the night before," he said.

He explained hastily. Fernandez nodded.

"I see," he said. "Señor Krause wishes to be the little Hitler of the islands. But he also wants Miss Christensen. That was where he slipped, no?"

Kent nodded. Fernandez sighed.

"You are a lucky man, Señor Kent. A very lucky man!"

Kent laughed, but then his eye fell upon the still figure by the rock, and he broke off abruptly.

"That's all right!" he said. "You're telling me I'm lucky? But it looks to me as if this thing's only beginning. What are we going to do?"

"That is where you come in," Fernandez chuckled.

"I?" Kent demanded, surprised.

"Yes, you!" Fernandez assured him. "Look. You are dead."

"Huh?" said Kent.

"Dead!" Fernandez repeated. "Our friends in the cove will have heard that shot, and they will naturally

(*Continued on page 64*)

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

A SOLDIER who is being shipped overseas naturally likes a chance to stop off home and say goodby. WD knows this because, regardless of the brass-hats, it doesn't have a brass heart. What's more, WD has done something about it.

AR 615-275, which covers furloughs for enlisted men, was recently amended to provide for preshipment furloughs wherever possible and practicable. The amendment (change No. 3) says that furloughs shall be granted—unless military necessity interferes—to the following personnel prior to departure for a port of

Old cabbage

embarkation or a replacement depot where they will be subject to overseas shipment:

1. To enlisted men, regardless of length of service, who have had no furlough since ordered to active duty.

2. To enlisted men who have had no furlough in the previous six months.

Commanding officers are advised to plan their training programs, as far as possible, along lines that will make possible these preshipment furloughs. It is suggested that the furloughs be of five days' duration, plus traveling time.

On top of this, Army induction furloughs were increased from two to three weeks starting July 1. Thus men inducted and sworn into the Army now have a chance to go home for three weeks after induction day, before reporting for active duty.

Now to scuttle some scuttlebutt:

I keep hearing those rumors (1) that men serving overseas get sent home on furlough after one year, and (2) that every soldier automatically gets one month off a year. The first rumor is pure bunk. Imagine shipping all our fighting forces all over the seven seas on furloughs when we need every ton of shipping space so vitally! As to the second, here are the facts:

AR 615-275 authorizes C. O.s of battalions and larger units to grant furloughs to enlisted men up to thirty days annually and for such brief periods as may be necessary in emergencies.

But—this is merely an authorization to grant such furloughs where possible. War necessity always comes first. And in many cases furloughs just haven't been possible.

Too bad, but you can't save them up from year to year, either. If you miss this year's furlough time, just chalk it up to Schicklgruber and forget about it.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

Our commanding officer is pretty G. I. Last week he put out an order to have all mustaches removed. Are there any Army regulations on this?

Cpl. R. S., Camp Phillips, Kan.

Parting with a mustache can be sad business, especially if you've become attached to the old cabbage, so I know how you feel, Corporal. Army regulations on the subject of hirsute adornments simply state that "beards will be properly cut and trimmed at all times." I know of no authority vested in any officer to order the removal of mustaches unless a soldier lets the cabbage sprout so long that it interferes with his work.

However, as you very well know, Corporal, a commanding officer must be obeyed. When in doubt, it is better to obey the order first and question the authority afterward.

* * *

Are you allowed to send a small snapshot overseas along with a V-Mail letter?

W. L. A., West Point, Ky.

Yes, under certain conditions. Only a photo of a child not more than a year old may be V-Mailed. The photo should be a small one, passport type, preferably about two inches square. Paste it on the message side of the V-Mail form, in the left-hand corner just below the space provided for the address. The photo should not extend below the center. It will be photographed along with the rest of the letter on microfilm and will be sent on the usual speedy V-Mail routes.

At the other end the photo, as well as the rest of the letter, will be photographically printed on the V-Mail form in which the letter is finally received.

This is an innovation of the Army Postal Service, and a mighty fine one for soldiers who become daddies while away from home. The one-year age limit indicates that this is the primary idea of the plan. It gives Joe Yank in Africa a chance to see what Joe, Jr., looks like.

* * *

What kind of work is done in the Army by men who are taken in for "limited service"?

E. P. C., Bushnell General Hospital, Brigham City, Utah.

Inductees are placed in limited service when their physical examinations do not qualify them for regular line duty. They are assigned, for the most part, to clerical and administrative work. However, some limited service men have been organized into gun crews for the Anti-Aircraft Artillery Command. They seem to be doing all right.

* * *

In the June 19 issue of Liberty, in Tunis Expedition, I read that General Clark was promoted to the rank of lieutenant general. Now, isn't a general higher than a lieutenant general?

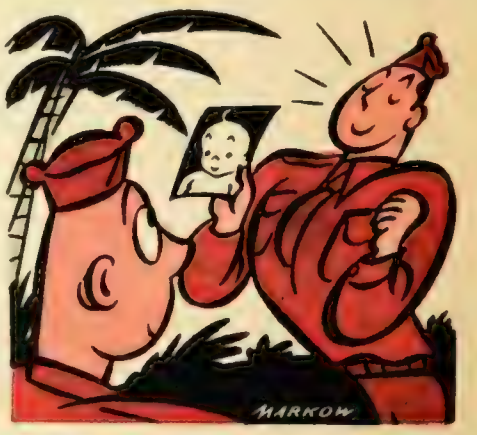
Mrs. G. W. M., Hagerstown, Md.

Before being promoted to the rank of lieutenant general, Mark W. Clark was a major general. There are four ranks of generals, designated respectively by one, two, three, and four stars. These are: brigadier general, major general, lieutenant general, and general. The last is often referred to as "full general" or "four-star general." In addressing any officer with the rank of general it is proper to say simply "General." Thus a fellow officer says, "Good morning, General Clark," rather than "Good morning, Lieutenant General Clark."

* * *

We are planning to raise a sum of money through voluntary contributions in our squadron to be used in purchasing a gift for our company commander as a token of appreciation. One of the boys suggested that we write you first to find out if this would be contrary to regulations. How do we stand?

Pvt. M. K., New Orleans Army Air Base, New Orleans, La.



Joe, Jr.

You stand at the brink of trouble—that is, if you go ahead with that plan. Gather round while I read you a bit of AR 600-10: "No officer, clerk, or employee in the

United States Government employ should at any time solicit contributions from other officers, clerks, or employees in the Government service for a gift or present to those in a superior official position, nor shall any such officials or clerical superiors receive any gift or present offered or presented to them as a contribution from persons in Government employ receiving a less salary than themselves; nor shall any officer or clerk make any donation as a gift or present to any official superior."

* * *

If a warrant officer goes to Officer Candidate School, what pay does he get while at the school?

J. B., Camp Haan, Calif.

He gets his regular warrant officer pay. Privates sent to OCS are made corporals. All those holding the rank of corporal or higher remain in grade while attending OCS and are paid accordingly.

* * *

I enjoy reading the other guys' questions in your columns every week, Sarge, and now I've got a question of my own. Is an enlisted man allowed to look at his own service record?

I've got a special reason for wanting to know.

Staff Sgt. L. W., Battle Creek, Mich.

If you want to look at your service record, there is no Army regulation to prevent you from doing so. Simply ask your adjutant for permission, and he'll probably ask you why you want to see it. That's when you drag out that special reason.

* * *

My husband is an officer in the Army, with a reserve commission. He would like to stay on active duty after the duration. Could you tell us how this could be arranged? He is now stationed in Alaska and I am writing this letter for him.

Mrs. F. A., Kokomo, Ind.

As a reserve officer, your husband ordinarily would be retired from active duty shortly after the war is over. To be kept on active duty, his best bet is to apply for a commission in the Regular Army. If eligible, he will be interviewed by a board of officers, who will decide whether he is good officer material for the Regular Army. If the decision is favorable he will be put in line for such a commission. As the spots open, officers are commissioned each year into the Regular Army from the National Guard and Reserves. Your husband need not wait until after the war to try for such a transfer. He can make out his application now.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York.

NEW-

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Bringing "SOLID COMFORT" shaves to men who've "tried everything"

1. Contains a special "skin conditioner" which lubricates the face!
2. A cool, close shave using even the coldest water!
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BRUSH USERS!

Ask for Fitch's Brush Shaving Cream. It also contains this special "skin conditioner" and gives an abundance of lather.

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The F. W. FITCH CO., DES MOINES, IOWA

equipment, red for ship's personnel. And instead of the old-fashioned carbide flares, which ignited on being thrown into the water and often set flowing oil on fire, electric water lights are used everywhere. These are like longish flashlights, weighted at the upper end. Whenever a raft, float, or piece of buoyancy apparatus carrying a water light strikes the water, the weighted end sinks, and the bulb automatically lights up.

THERE is a white signal light attached to an abandon-ship kit bobbing up and down on the waves. Every vessel is now compelled to carry two of these, packed in a buoyant watertight container similar to the safety bag. The kit holds medical supplies for serious injuries and instructions for their use—syrettes of morphine, sulfadiazine tablets for wounded or burned men, sulfanilamide powder for wounds, tannic-acid jelly for burns, chemical heating pads for shock patients.

On the bare chance that there may be a ship near by which cannot be seen in the dark, the men vote to risk one of the parachute flares. Every lifeboat carries twelve, together with a new-model simplified signal pistol, which shoots them 200 to 250 feet in the air. The flares, of 30,000 candle power, spread out like an umbrella and for thirty seconds light up the sea for miles around.

Something equally indispensable are the signals for daytime use. Too often in the past, planes and ships have passed within sight of a lifeboat frantically seeking to attract their attention. The new daytime distress signals—four fuses in a watertight container—ignite merely by pulling out a toggle, and emit a dense orange smoke for ten to fifteen seconds. Two signaling mirrors, made of polished silver-plated metal, with a hole in the center, operate on the principle of a heliograph. In another locker are orange-colored distress flags and dark red sails, colors which have been found to stand out against a background of sea and sky.

As daybreak approaches, every one in the lifeboat is hungry and thirsty, so rations are issued. The hardtack and beans of other days have disappeared. In their place each person receives fourteen ounces of Type C army biscuit, fourteen ounces of pemmican, and fourteen ounces each of chocolate tablets and malted-milk tablets, all packed in moisture-proof and airtight containers.

Chiefly as a result of a one-man campaign by Gifford Pinchot, every lifeboat is being equipped with a fisherman's dream of a deep-sea kit. Weighing less than five pounds, it contains twelve items—hooks, lines, and leads of various sorts, feather jigs, pork-rind bait, a drop net, a knife, a grapple to snag fish, gloves to protect the hands, and a harpoon head which can be lashed on an oar to spear sharks, turtles, and birds. Each outfit includes a comprehensive book of directions, printed on waterproof paper, telling how to survive on practically nothing! Indeed, one section of the book shows seamen how they can sustain life indefinitely on palatable fresh water squeezed from raw fish.

So much has been accomplished in this field that death by hunger or thirst at sea will soon reach the vanishing point. Before Pearl Harbor, the law provided that lifeboats must have on hand three quarts of water per occupant. It was often lost when the concussion of torpedoes blew spigots and bungs out of the eight- or ten-gallon barrels in which it was carried. Now reinforced metal water tanks are built directly into the sides of each lifeboat, with a capacity of ten quarts per passenger.

Better yet, a number of successful experiments are under way for the conversion of salt water into fresh! Many Navy bombers are already supplied with a compact distillation machine operating on solidified gasoline. Count Morner is working, in co-operation with Merchant Marine authorities, to adapt it for lifeboats and rafts. Test models show that in fifteen minutes one pint of gasoline yields more than five pints of fresh water. The top of the machine, which looks like a small old-fashioned oil stove, has a grill for cooking fish or birds. Within a few months the authorities will probably issue a "mandatory" order on this.

Tankers carry substantially the same safety devices as other freighters, but because of greater fire hazard, they lean more heavily toward fire-fighting equipment. Steam-smothering and Lux "foam" systems, fire bombs, and flame arresters are commonplaces. Peculiarly enough, in one respect tankers are the safest ships afloat. The division into numerous compartments gives so much buoyancy that it is almost impossible to sink them.

Both with freighters and tankers, the over-all safety device of the future is speed. For speed enables ships to shake off enemy pursuers and makes it more difficult for submarines to attack. The redesigned Liberty ship, called the Victory ship, is being equipped with more powerful engines which will raise the speed from eleven to seventeen knots. Old-style commercial tankers usually traveled at from eight to twelve knots. New tankers of the National Defense class are scheduled to go as high as nineteen knots. Obviously the pace of a convoy is restricted to that of its slowest ship, and a general speeding up will be a big step forward.

BUT no matter how complete and how marvelous the equipment, it is wasted unless the crew knows how to use it. Consequently every seaman receives a complete safety education! In port, lifeboats must be lowered and crews exercised in rowing. Inspectors of the U. S. Coast Guard instruct the entire personnel before sailing. And once at sea, the officers keep every one on the jump. Formerly regulations required drill only once a week. Now a fire drill and a lifeboat muster must be held not less than once every four consecutive days. Hardly twenty-four hours pass without some type of training, such as launching rafts, getting into safety suits or gas masks, abandoning ship.

The value of the safety program extends far beyond the duration. For in the years of peace to come, when passenger travel is resumed, the equipment tested in the crucible of war will be standard installation on every ship. And it will be no idle boast if the steamship companies then advertise, "You are as safe at sea as in your own bed."

THE END

"Money, money, money—that's all we get around here any more!"

"Don't Spout Gossip!"—says HI to HATT

REEF YOUR TONGUE!

It's swell to have a lot of ships—
an' Uncle Sam has got 'em—
But just remember blabbin' lips
can send 'em to the bottom!
The Axis is deflated, an'
we're gonna squeeze it flatter,
If everybody puts the ban
on double-crossin' chatter!

(Signed) **MR. HI AND MR. HATT**

KESSLER'S BLENDED WHISKEY

KESSLER'S PRIVATE BLEND. 55% Grain Neutral Spirits. 85 Proof. Julius Kessler Distilling Co., Incorporated, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

"Let's go out somewhere tonight, Pinky. Dressed just the way I am."

It was she who laughed now. "I'll fix you a nice warm bath."

"What I need," he said, "is a bath in a kerosene tank."

They had dinner, and dressed up, and went outside. They stood waiting for a streetcar. It was cold and there were clouds in the sky.

"Where we going, Pinky?" he asked. "How about calling up the Munsons?"

She looked up at him. The street light glowed faintly against his square-jawed face. He looked strong and solid in his uniform.

"Mart, how long is your leave?"

"Five days."

SHE couldn't help the pain in her eyes. He saw it, and kissed her; and the streetcar clanged by while they remained there on the curb in each other's arms. Somebody whistled, but Marty didn't hear. He held her out and looked at her.

"So you're going to be selfish about it, Mrs. Wilbur?"

"Please," she said.

"All right. Then it's just you and me. We won't see another soul!" He laughed. "Why, I must've had holes in my head to think it could be any other way! Come on, Pinky—we're going to do the town!"

They did the town for the next few days. Very elegantly. Arm in arm, everywhere. Night clubs, two movies, a dance. They shopped in Olvera Street. Had dinner in Chinatown. Cocktails at the Fish Bowl Bar. One afternoon Mart took her for a motorboat ride in Westlake Park . . . and ignored all her allusions to a busman's holiday. They ate popcorn like kids, and fed the sea gulls, and he kissed her much and laughed much. He bought a straw sombrero for Susie, and chopsticks, and finally a silk dress.

"The company probably can't afford all this, but it'll have to, just this once," he said. "And tell little Eggnog her pop dreams about her and is crazy about her—almost as much as he is about her mommy."

Then, one night, in the dark of the apartment, the traffic on Temple Street only a whisper, he lay on his pillow, his eyes open, and began to talk.

"I've seen a lot of it now . . . in the Coral Sea and the Solomons. And I don't know what goes on in Africa. I don't know anything at all about it. Because all I know is that the slope-heads are tough customers."

"You keep saying slope-heads."

"Japs. We got one aboard one day. Pulled him out of the drink. He thought we were going to butcher him. He jumped back in. We didn't bother the second time."

"I'm glad."

"They're tough," he said. "Don't ever forget that. They're nails. They're dynamite. But once we clean up the Solomons and get Truk Island, we're on our way, Pinky. We've got a job. But we'll do it. We had troubles. But now we've got Halsey and it's different. Halsey's a sailor, Pinky. The whole Navy's behind that guy. We'll follow him into Tokyo harbor one of these days.

"You might think I'm afraid. But I'm not. I've got to go back, and I want to. So don't worry about me. And if sometimes it's a long while between the letters I write you and Susie, you read Susie one of the old letters over again, and change it around a little, so she'll think it's new and just arrived."

"All right, darling."

"I've a new job. Ordnance repair. Another guy and I hop around the ship when it's in action and fix the mechanism of guns that jam up. I've been first-class gunner's mate for a long time now. If I can make chief we'll have some dough, Pinky. And after the war—why, with Susie and you and me—hey, you're not asleep?"

She spoke through the darkness. "No, Mart."

He reached over and touched her. "Your face is wet. You're crying!"

She said, "It's because I just thought of something I never thought of before—it's what the word 'peace' really means."

When his leave was up, he took the train back. In the station he stopped and bought a plump red-headed doll and put it in Pinky's arms. "For the Little Skipper."

"But this is the *nth* present you've bought for her! Really, Mart—"

"Well, the ship'll be sailing," he said.

She looked up .

"It'll be hard to send things."

"Oh, Mart!"

She flung her arms about his neck. Behind them a trainman began bawling: "Gate Number Ten. Daylight Limited for San Francisco."

"That's me," Mart said, and he laughed again.

She wanted to catch the laughter. She wanted to hold it in her two hands. She wanted to hold it close against her. He looked wonderful in his sailor's suit. Everywhere around him there were uniforms, and talking and people, but he looked best of all. Soldiers were going past them toward the gate. Faintly, over on the tracks, there was the clanging of an engine bell. She kissed Mart again and didn't cry. She smiled. When he went off, she lifted her hand and waved.

Back in the apartment, her mother was waiting. She sat in the overstuffed chair, her handbag in her lap.

"I got your message at the hotel," she said. "Has he left now?"

"Yes." Pinky closed the door behind her.

"How is he? I would have liked to have seen him."

PINKY was looking at the plump red-haired doll in her hand. "I kept him away from everybody. Everybody we ever knew." Suddenly she fell on her knees beside the chair. Her mother examined the doll.

"You—you didn't tell him?"

"No."

"But it's been over three weeks since Susie died. Surely you—"

"She's not dead—she's not! Anyhow—there'll be another Susie before he comes back. I know there will! There *must* be! I *prayed!* Then, when—I tell him about our first Susie—how a cold developed into pneumonia. . . . But not *this* trip, mother. Don't you see? I *couldn't!*"

She put her head in her mother's lap now, and suddenly she knew she was glad she hadn't told Mart. She remembered the way he laughed. All the presents he'd bought Susie—the sombrero,the chopsticks, and the silk dress. The way he had said, "She's the pride of my life"; and how he had said of the three of them—he and she and Susie—why, they were "the company." Each family had a company, Pinky thought, and each woman a soldier, too, sometimes. Each person a little braver and a little bigger than they ever were before. It had been the least she could do.

"There'll be another Susie, mother," she said, "and there'll be something else. There'll be peace, and Mart home again."

THE END

"Isn't it about time you fell in love and lost your appetite?"

DRAGON'S TEETH

Continued from Page 32

Lanny was thinking: "It isn't as bad as it might be, because so much of Johannes' money is abroad." He said, "I will transmit your message."

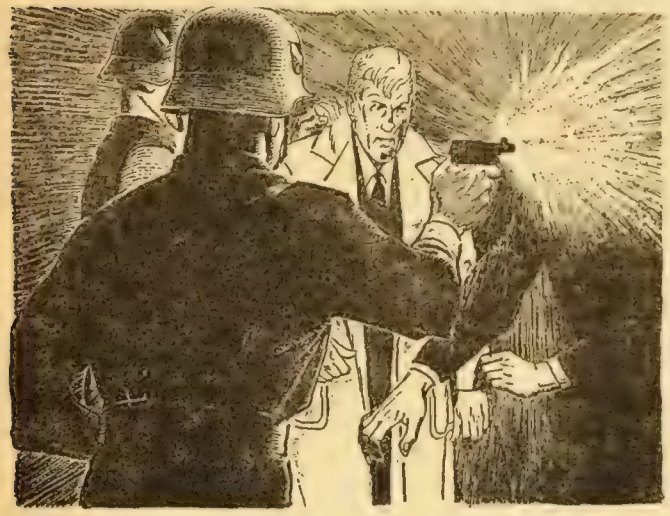
Göring continued: "This *Schieber* has money already shipped out and hidden in other countries. We have all his bank statements, deposit slips, and what not. When my agents have collected for me the last dollar and pound and franc, then your Jew relative will have become to me a piece of rotten pork of which I dislike the smell I will be glad to have you cart him away."

"And his family, Exzellenz?"

"They, too, will stink in our nostrils. We will take them to the border and give each of them a kick in the tail, to make certain they get across with no delay."

"I understand, Exzellenz. I shall advise Johannes that in my opinion he has no alternative but to comply with your demands."

"Tell him this, as my last word: If you, or he, or any



member of his family breaks the agreement, I shall compile a list of a hundred of his Jewish relatives and friends, seize them all, and make them pay the price for him. Is that clear?"

"Quite so."

"My enemies in Germany are discovering that I am the master, and I break those who get in my way. When this affair has been settled and I have a little more leisure, come and see me again, and I will show you how you can make your fortune and have an amusing life."

"Thank you, sir. As it happens, what I like to do is to play the works of Beethoven on the piano."

"Come and play them for the Führer," said the second in command, with a loud laugh which somewhat startled his visitor.

When Lanny set out for the prison he reflected that it was four days and nights since Johannes Robin had been taken captive. Had they been giving him a taste of those scientific tortures which they had evolved? He hadn't thought it wise to ask the general, and he didn't ask the young Schutzstaffel Oberleutnant who sat by his side. This young man was a product of the Nazi educational technique applied over a period of ten years. Lanny questioned him and learned that he had been taken into a Hitler youth group at the age of fifteen, and had had military training in their camps and war experience in street fighting. He was on his toes with eagerness to become a real officer, like those of the Reichswehr. He needed only a little encouragement to pour out his pride to an American who must be a party sympathizer—how could any one fail to be? Lanny did his best to be agreeable, because he wanted friends at court.

Johannes had been taken out of the Nazi barracks, the so-called Friesen Kaserne, to the main police headquarters. When he saw his daughter-in-law's half brother sitting quietly in a chair, he started visibly, and then pulled himself together, pressing his lips tightly, as if he didn't want Lanny to see them trembling. He was thoroughly cowed. For the first time in his life he seemed an old man; he was sixty, but had never shown that much. He listened carefully as Lanny explained, fixing his eyes on Lanny's face as if asking: "Am I to believe what you tell me?" Lanny kept nodding, as if to say: "Yes, this is real, this is not a dream."

"The charge against you is that you tried to carry money out of the country on your yacht."

"*Aber*, Lanny!" exclaimed the prisoner, starting forward in his chair. "I had a permit for every mark that I took."

"Where did you put the permit?"

"It was in my pocket when I was arrested."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Absolutely. I would have been mad to try to carry money out of Germany without it."

Lanny was not too much surprised by this. "We have to assume that some malicious person destroyed the paper, Johannes."

"Yes, but there will be a record of it in the office of the Exchange Control Authority."

"I have been told on the best possible authority that no such record exists. I am afraid we shall have to assume that some mistake has been made and that you had no valid permit."

Johannes' eyes darted for the fraction of a second toward the S.S. officer standing near. The conversation was carried on, as requested, in German. "Yes, Lanny, of course," Johannes said. "It must be so."

"That makes a very serious offense, and the punishment, I fear, would be more than your health could stand. The only alternative is for you to part with your money. All of it." Lanny had to leave no uncertainty in his friend's mind. He had to be as implacable as Minister-Präsident Göring himself. He said. "It means everything you have, Johannes—both here and abroad."

"I understand."

"They have had a man in your office and have all the records."

"If they will really let me go, and my family, they may have everything," Johannes said.

"All right, then. Papers will be brought for you to sign. Some papers must go to New York, you know. It should take a week or two. Irma and I will wait here, and take you and the others out with us."

Back at his hotel, Lanny telegraphed his mother and his father. "Have seen our friend. Believe matters arranged." He called Heinrich and reported: "I think that matters are being arranged, and I am grateful for the help of yourself and your friends. I have been asked to keep the matter confidential, so I cannot say any more."

DURING the period of waiting, Irma and Lanny were on the alert for a telephone call from Freddi. But none came. They did, however, receive one from mama. She arranged to meet them in a department store in half an hour. Irma had already ordered the car, so they went down, and while they were driving they planned their tactics. "Better not speak to her," suggested Lanny. "Let her see you and follow you out. I'll drive round the block and pick you up."

When Irma strolled down the aisle of the store mama was asking prices, a natural occupation for an elderly Jewish lady. She followed Irma at a distance and when they were out on the street Lanny came along and they both stepped into the car.

"Where is Freddi?" mama whispered, when they were in the car together.

"We have not heard from him," said Lanny, and she cried: "*Ach. Gott der Gerechte!*" and hid her face in her hands and began to sob.

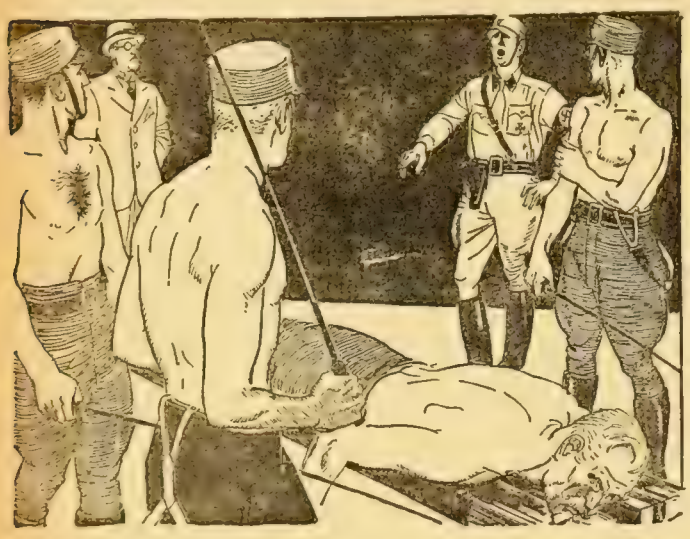
Lanny hastened to say, "We have got things fixed up about papa. He's all right, and is to be allowed to leave Germany, with you and the others." That comforted her, but only for a minute.

She had been doing just what Lanny had been doing, waiting, numb with fear, imagining calamities. Freddi

had forbidden her to call the Budds or to go near them, and she had obeyed for as long as she could stand it.

It was a painful hour they spent.

When they had let her out of the car and returned to the hotel, Oberleutnant Furtwaengler telephoned, reporting that the prisoner had signed the necessary documents and that the arrangements were in process of completion. He asked what Lanny intended to do, and Lanny replied that he would take the family to Belgium as soon as he was at liberty to do so. The business-



like young officer jotted down the names of the persons and said he would have the exit permits and visas ready on time.

It would have been natural for Lanny to say, "Freddi Robin is missing. Please find him and put me in touch with him." But after thinking and talking it over for days and nights, he had decided that if Freddi was still alive, he could probably survive for another week or two, until the rest of his family had been got out of the country. Lanny had no way to hold Göring to his bargain if he didn't choose to keep it, and half a loaf is better than no bread.

However, it might be the part of wisdom to prepare for the future, so Lanny invited the Oberleutnant and his wife to lunch. Heinrich Jung also had earned a right to hospitality, so he and his little blue-eyed *Hausfrau* were invited to a dinner with the Budds, which was an outstanding event in her life. Hugo Behr, the young sports director, had expressed his desire to meet Lanny again, Heinrich reported, saying, "I think I ought to warn you, Lanny. Hugo and I are still friends, but there are differences of opinion developing between us." Lanny asked questions and learned that some among the Nazis were impatient because the Führer was not carrying out the radical economic planks upon which he had founded the party. He seemed to be growing conservative, allying himself with Göring's friends, the industrialists, and forgetting the promises he had made to the common man.

A few days later Hugo himself called, and Lanny took him for a drive.

Hugo was still hopeful that the National Socialist Party would carry out at least part of the program upon which it had won the faith of the German masses, even though now the party was hand in glove with the Ruhr magnates, and the Führer had come under the spell of men who cared only about power and not for social welfare. The young official offered to introduce Lanny to some of the men who were active in this movement, but Lanny explained the peculiar position he was in, with one Jewish relative in the toils of the law and another missing for more than a week.

"*Ach, leider!*" exclaimed the sports director, and added the formula which Lanny already knew by heart, that unfortunate incidents were bound to happen in the course of any great social overturn.

"For that reason," said Lanny, "each of us has to do what he can in the cases which come to his knowledge. What I need now is some person in the party whom I can trust, and who will do me the service to try to locate Freddi, and tell me what he is accused of. I thought that you, having so many contacts among the better elements of the party, might be able to make inquiries without attracting too much attention. If you would do me this favor, I would be most happy to pay you for your time—"

"Oh, I wouldn't want any pay, Herr Budd!"

"You would certainly have to have it. The work may call for a lot of time, and there is no other way I can make it up to you."

"If I could be sure that my name wouldn't be brought into the matter—" began the young official hesitatingly.

"On that I will give you my word of honor," said Lanny. "Nothing will induce either my wife or myself to speak your name. You don't even have to give it when you call me on the phone; just tell me that you have, say, an Arnold Böcklin painting to show me, and tell me some place to meet you, and I'll come. Be so good as to accept two hundred marks for a start—on the chance that you may have to pay out sums here and there."

A FEW days later the telephone rang, and Lanny heard the voice of Oberleutnant Furtwaengler: "Herr Budd, I am happy to inform you that the government is prepared to release Johannes Robin. It is still your plan to drive him and his family to Belgium?"

"Whenever I am free to do so."

"You have the other members of the family with you?"

"I know where they are—at least, all but one of them. I have not heard from the son, Freddi, for a long time, but I didn't want to bother you or the Minister-Präsident about that. I was sure that if he was a prisoner, he would be released with his father."

"An investigation will have to be made. What do you wish to do about the others in the meantime?"

"I wish to take them out as soon as I am permitted to do so. I can come back for Freddi, if you find him."

"There would be no need for you to come unless you wished. We will surely send him out if we find him."

"Very well. Shall I call at the Polizeipräsidium for Johannes?"

"That will be satisfactory."

"You understand that we wish very much to avoid newspaper reporters, especially the foreign correspondents," said Lanny. "For that reason it would be wise to leave as quickly as possible."

"We shall be pleased to co-operate with you to that end. We have the passports and exit permits ready."

"Does that include the visas for Belgium?"

"Everything has been foreseen," declared Oberleutnant Furtwaengler. "We do things that way in Germany."

"I know," said Lanny. "It is one of your great virtues."

"I bid you farewell, Herr Budd, and hope to have the pleasure of seeing you when you again visit Berlin."

"The same to you, Herr Oberleutnant. I am grateful for your many courtesies through this trying affair."

"Not at all, Herr Budd. Allow me to say that your handling of the matter has been most exemplary, and Seine Exzellenz wishes me to assure you of his sincere appreciation."

When Lanny hung up he turned to his wife and said, "Chuck your things into the bags and we'll get going!"

He hastened to call the home of Rahel's parents, and she herself answered. "Good news," he said. "Papa is to be released at once and I am going to get him at the prison. Is mama far from you?"

"A ten-minute drive."

"Call a taxi, take the baby and your bags, pick up mama, and come to the Hotel Adlon as quickly as you can. Irma will be waiting for you. We are leaving at once. Is that all clear?"

"Yes; but what—" He hung up quickly, for he knew she was going to ask about Freddi, and he didn't care to impart this news. Let mama have the painful duty!

At the prison, Lanny was politely received and after a few formalities drove away with Johannes. Tears streamed down the father's cheeks while Lanny told about the last meeting with Freddi, the arrangements which had been made, and the dead silence which had fallen. Lanny couldn't bear to look at him.

When they got to the hotel mama and Freddi's young wife were with Irma, and Rahel had had her first spell of weeping. She had made up her mind for some days that the worst must have happened, and she was reconciled to being taken with her child out of Naziland.

It wasn't exactly a fashionable auto load which departed from under the marquee of the Adlon Hotel. The magnificent uniformed personage who opened the car doors had rarely seen three dark-eyed Jews and a child crowded into the back seat of a Mercédès limousine about to depart for foreign lands.

They motored through Belgium and in the morning drove on to Paris. From there Lanny telephoned to his friend Oberleutnant Furtwaengler in Berlin. What news was there about Freddi Robin? The officer reported that the young man was nowhere in the hands of the German authorities. He promised to continue the search, and if anything came of it to send a telegram to Lanny at Juan-les-Pins.

Months passed, with no word. The young Budds went pleasuring to England and then decided to skip over to Long Island and visit Fanny Barnes at Shore Acres. Hansi and Bess would stay at Juan, and Hansi was to open all mail that might come from Germany. If it contained anything significant, he was to cable it. Johannes sailed with Irma and Lanny, for Robbie Budd had agreed to make a place for him with Budd's.

The usual round of pleasure began for Irma and Lanny as soon as their friends heard of their arrival at Shore Acres. One morning, just as they were getting ready for a motor trip to a "camp" in the Thousand Islands, Lanny was called to the telephone to receive a cablegram from Cannes, signed Hansi, and reading: "Unsigned unidentifiable letter postmarked Berlin text Freddi ist in Dachau."

THEIR things were packed and stowed in the car, and the car was waiting in front of the mansion. Irma was putting the last dab of powder on her nose, and Lanny stood in front of her with a frown of thought upon his face. "Darling, I don't see how I can possibly take this drive. The one thing I can't do, it seems to me, is to leave Freddi to his fate. It's not merely that he's a friend; he's a pupil, in a way. I helped to teach him what he believes; I showed him what to do, and he did it."

"You have an obligation to your wife and daughter also."

"Of course, and if they were in trouble they would come first. But my daughter is well guarded at Bienvenu, and as for my wife, I'm hoping she will see it as I do."

They argued for a while, but it didn't do any good, and it ended in the usual way. They were still very much in love, and when Lanny couldn't bring himself to think as Irma did, the least he could do was to cover her with kisses and tell her that she was the dearest woman in the world.

The upshot of the discussion was that she would go with him again, but she had a right to know what he was going to do before he started doing it.

"I have a business," replied Lanny. "My idea is to work at it seriously and use it as a cover. I'll cable Zoltan and find out if he'd be interested to give a Detaze show in Berlin this autumn. That would make a lot of publicity, and enable me to meet people; also it would tip off Freddi's friends as to where and how to get in touch with me. All this will take time, but it's the only way I can think of to work Hitler Germany."

This was a promising idea, and it pleased Irma, because it was respectable. She had had a very good time at the London showing of Marcel's paintings.

At the beginning of September the young couple set out for Berlin by way of Milan and Vienna. Lanny knew of paintings in the latter city, and the art business could be made more convincing if he stopped there.

On the day that Irma and Lanny arrived at the Hotel Adlon in Berlin another guest, an elderly American, was severely beaten by a group of Brownshirts because he failed to notice that a parade was passing and to give the Nazi salute. When he went to the Polizeiwache to complain about it, the police offered to show him how to give the Nazi salute. Episodes such as this had had the effect of causing the trickle of tourists to stop; and this was fortunate for an art expert and his wife, because it made them important, and caused space to be given to Detaze's works.

Lanny talked about his former stepfather, who had had his face burned in the war and had done his greatest painting in a white silk mask. His work was in the Luxembourg, in the National Gallery of London, and the Metropolitan Museum of New York; now Lanny was contemplating a one-man show in Berlin and had invited the famous authority, Zoltan Kertezsi to take charge of it.

Before giving out photographs or further publicity concerning the matter, he consulted Reichsminister Doktor Joseph Goebbels, to be sure that his plans were agreeable to the government. That was the proper way to handle matters with a controlled press: the visitor's tact was appreciated, and interviews with him received more space than would have been given if he had appeared anxious to obtain it.

As soon as he could, Lanny invited Oberleutnant Furtwaengler and his wife to dinner. He explained that it was his wish to show the Detaze paintings to Herr Minister-Präsident General Göring, and the staff officer promised to mention it to the great man. Not once while they talked did Lanny mention the name of Robin. He wanted to see if the Oberleutnant would bring it up, for that would give him an idea whether Göring had taken the staff officer into his confidence. Near the end of the evening the officer said, "By the way, did you ever hear any more from your young Jewish friend?"

"Not a word, Herr Oberleutnant."

"That is certainly a strange thing. I have done all I could think of, but with no results."

Cautiously Lanny mentioned the prison of Dachau. Could Freddi be there? Furtwaengler said no, he would be in a prison nearer Berlin, being a Berliner.

"If you wish, I will cause an inquiry to be made through the Reichsregierung, and see if anything can be turned up," the guest promised.

Lanny's next move was to take Hugo Behr for a drive, that being the only way they could talk freely. Right away the sports director opened up. "I'm terribly embarrassed not to have been of any use to you, Lanny."

"You haven't been able to learn anything?"

"I would have written if I had."

"Suppose they had removed him to Dachau, would you have any way of finding out?" Lanny asked.

"I have friends in Munich, but I would have to go there and talk to them. I couldn't write."

"Of course not. Could you get leave to go?"

"I might be able to think up some party matter."

"I would be very glad to pay your expenses, and another thousand marks for your trouble. The longer Freddi is missing, the more unhappy the father grows, and the more pressure on me to do something. If the Detaze show should prove a success in Berlin, I may take it to Munich; meantime, if you could get the information, I could be making plans."

Hugo was willing to try, so before they parted, Lanny stuffed several hundred-mark notes into his guest's pocket.

LANNY was almost ready to take his exhibition to Munich, when Hugo returned from that city with news. He had made contact with an old party acquaintance, now one of the S.A. guards in the camp of Dachau, who reported that Freddi Robin had been in the camp for four or five months; had been pretty roughly treated before he came there, and now was kept by himself, for what reason the S.A. man didn't know.

Hugo added, "We might be able to trust that fellow, because I had a long talk with him and he feels about events pretty much as I do. He's sick of his job, which isn't at all what he bargained for."

"That's fine," commented Lanny, "and I'm ever so much obliged to you. I'm going to Munich pretty soon and perhaps you can come again, and I'll have some other message for your friend." At the same time he took a little roll of hundred-mark notes out of his pocket and slipped them into his friend's—a matter of only a few inches, as they sat side by side in the car.

Lanny and the Detaze exhibition went to Munich just as the Führer of the N. S. D. A. P. arrived there to stay in the Braune Haus, a splendid building which Adolf himself had remodeled and decorated according to his own taste. Lanny's mother, alias Beauty Budd, alias Mme. Detaze—who, with her husband, had joined Irma and Lanny in Berlin—had an inspiration.

"Oh, Lanny!" she exclaimed. "Do you suppose you could get him to come to the exhibition? It would be worth a million dollars to us!"

"It's certainly worth thinking about," conceded the son. "Or we could close the show for a day and pick out the best paintings and take them to him."

The more he thought about it the more he saw possibilities in the scheme. He set to work on it at once. He enlisted the help of Kurt Meissner, an old friend of his family, who now stood well with Hitler, and they secured an appointment to see him.

THE great man remembered Lanny and shook hands with him. *"Wilkommen, Herr Budd.* How long has it been since we met—more than three years? How time does fly! I don't have a chance to notice it, to say nothing of enjoying it. What is this you have brought me?"

Lanny ceremoniously removed the cover from the single painting he had chosen to display. Then everybody in the room stood motionless and silent while the great man did his looking.

"A beautiful thing!" he exclaimed. "That is my idea of a work of art. A Frenchman, you say? You may be sure that he had German forefathers. Who is the woman?"

"She is my mother," replied Lanny.

"A beautiful woman. You should be proud of her."

"I am," said Lanny, and added: "It is called Sister of Mercy. The painter was badly wounded in the war, and later killed. You can see that he felt what he was painting."

"Ah, yes!" exclaimed Adi. "I, too, have been wounded, and know how a soldier feels about the women who nurse him. It would appear that great art comes only by suffering."

"So your Goethe has told us, Herr Reichskanzler."

A silence, while Hitler studied the painting some more. "A pure Aryan type," he commented; "the spiritual type which lends itself to idealization." He looked awhile longer, and said, "Pity is one of the Aryan virtues. I doubt if the lesser races are capable of feeling it very deeply."

This went on for quite a while. Then Kurt saw an opportunity to break in. "Mein Führer," said he, "before we leave, there is something which my friend Budd thinks I ought to tell you. It happens that his half sister is married into a Jewish family."

"Donnerwetter!" exclaimed Adolf. "A shocking piece of news!" He turned upon Lanny. "My young friend, you should not permit such a thing to continue. Think of what she is doing to the future, the crime she commits against her children!"

"They have no children, Herr Reichskanzler. They are devoting their lives to art."

"It is none the less an act of racial pollution. If it were a sister of mine, I would strike her dead."

"I am sorry, Herr Reichskanzler; but in America we leave young women to choose their own mates."

"And what is the result? You have a mongrel race, where every vile and debasing influence operates freely, and every form of degradation, physical, intellectual, and moral, flourishes unhindered. Travel that highway into hell, if you please, but be sure that we Germans are going to preserve our purity of blood."

Well started, he worked up into a tirade that lasted half an hour. Suddenly the orator stopped. Then he spoke abruptly: "I have other engagements and have to be excused."

So nothing had been gained and Lanny tried to think of something else to try. Christmas drew near, and they all went home to Bienvenu. Racing down the drive to meet them came a treasure without price, a tiny creature in a little blue dress, with dark brown hair streaming and dark brown eyes shining. She had been told two days ago that mother and father were on the way, and had been prattling about them and asking questions ever since. She was more than halfway through her fourth year. Astounding how fast they grow; you come back after three or four months and a new being confronts you.

A merry Christmas, yet not too much so, though Rahel and mama tried their best not to inflict their suffering upon their friends. If Freddi were only dead and buried, at least they would be sure he wasn't suffering. Hansi and Bess were in America giving concerts several times every week. They had cabled money after the first concert, so mama and Rahel no longer had to use Irma's money to buy their food. Lanny was still clinging to the idea that Göring might release Freddi; if not, Lanny was going back to Germany to make some sort of effort. Irma, anxious to have him stay away from trouble, got a book on child psychology and actually read every word of it, so as to be able to make intelligent remarks, and keep Lanny interested in what his home had to offer. She made love to him assiduously. But he took Dachau with him everywhere.

When hot weather came to the Riviera, Irma said "Let's drive about England, the way we did on our honeymoon, and see if we can find some suitable place to rent. There are so many nice people there."

So they went and found a charming new ménage and moved in. Irma loved it, and was happy until an air-mail letter from Juan arrived, forwarded by Rahel. It was addressed to Lanny and written in English. "I am in a bad way. I have written to you but had no reply. They are trying to make me tell about other people and I will not. But I cannot stand any more. Do one thing for me, try to get some poison to me. Do not believe anything they say about me. Tell our friends I have been true."

There was no signature; Freddi knew that Lanny would know his handwriting, shaky and uncertain as it was. The envelope was plain, and had been mailed in Munich; the handwriting of the address was not known to Lanny.

SO there it was. Irma broke down. She knew now that she couldn't keep Lanny from going. She tried, though, to convince him of the futility of whatever efforts he might make.

Lanny said flatly, "I'm going to help Freddi to escape from Dachau."

"Fly over the walls, I suppose?" inquired Irma with bitterness.

"It's no good quarreling, dear. I have to put my mind on what I mean to do. I don't want to delay, because if I do, Freddi may be dead, and then I'd blame myself until I was dead, too."

She said, "Lanny, I warn you—you are ruining our love. You are doing something I shall never be able to forgive you for."

All he could answer was, "I am sorry, darling; but if you made me give up what I believe is my duty, I should never be able to forgive either you or myself."

When it came to the parting, Lanny's young wife broke down. She offered to go with him; but he said no. Her heart would not be in the disagreeable task. He didn't tell the plain truth, which was that he was sick of arguments and excitements. It is one of the painful facts about marital disputes that they cause each of the disputants to grow weary of the sound of the other's voice, and to count quiet and the freedom to have one's own way as the greatest of life's blessings.

Lanny went directly to Munich. His first step was to arrange a meeting with Hugo Behr. The young Nazi was bitter. Hitler, he declared, had put himself completely into the hands of the reactionaries.

"All the S.A. have been ordered to take a vacation during the month of July," he said. "What are they going to do while we're disarmed? What are we going to find when we come back?"

Lanny listened patiently. At last he was able to introduce the subject of Freddi Robin, and to ask Hugo's help. If Hugo would spend his vacation helping to get Freddi out of Dachau, Lanny would pay him liberally

and put up whatever additional sums Hugo might find it necessary to expend in order to interest some of the proletarian S.A. men in Dachau in bringing about the escape.

"There'll be the question of getting your man over the border," Hugo objected.

"You don't have to bother about that part of it. All I ask is for you to deliver Freddi to me on some dark night at a place agreed upon, and without anybody to stop me or follow me."

Finally Hugo said it was a deal, and they worked out their arrangements in detail. Neither would ever visit the other's hotel. When Hugo wanted Lanny he would telephone, and always use the code name of "Böcklin." They agreed upon a certain spot on a well frequented street, and whenever they were to meet, Lanny would stop at that spot and Hugo would step into the car. They would do all their talking in the car, so there could never be any eavesdropping. All this having been agreed upon, Lanny drove his fellow conspirator to Dachau and left him near the concentration camp.

Late that night at the hotel, Lanny was summoned to the telephone. There was the voice of "Böcklin," saying: "Can I see you?" Lanny went to his car and picked up his friend at the place agreed upon. "Well," said Hugo, "I believe it can be arranged. I promised not to name any names, and there's no need of your knowing the details, I suppose?"

"None in the world. I just want to know that I can come to a certain place and pick up my friend."

"There's only one trouble: I'm afraid it will cost a lot of money. You see, it can't be done by a common guard. Somebody higher up has to consent. It might be twenty-five or thirty thousand before we get through."

"That's all right, Hugo. I'll get the cash and have it ready by Friday night."

Before he went to bed Lanny arranged by telephone to have his car brought up from Bienvenu by Friday.

THE next afternoon came a call from "Böcklin," and Lanny took him for a drive. He said, "It's all fixed. You're to pay twenty-three thousand marks, and your man will be delivered to you anywhere in Dachau at twenty-two o'clock tomorrow evening. Will you be ready?"

"I'm pretty sure to. Take your money." Lanny handed over his wallet.

Hugo's hands trembled slightly as he counted out the crisp banknotes. That done, they agreed upon the spot at which Lanny should wait to receive Freddi.

Next morning they met again. Another five thousand marks was demanded, and Hugo wanted to refuse to pay more than half until the prisoner was actually delivered. He would drive to Dachau with Lanny at the appointed time, and keep watch near by. If Freddi was produced and everything seemed all right, he would emerge and pay the rest of the money.

Lanny said, "That's more dangerous for you, Hugo."

"Not so very," was the reply. "I'm sure it's not a trap; but if it were, they could get me anyhow. What I want to do is to keep you from paying the money and then not getting your man."

So Lanny agreed. At ten o'clock Friday night he drove up to the meeting place. He saw his friend not far ahead of him, walking toward the appointed spot. There was a taxicab following, some thirty or forty feet behind Hugo, going slowly and without lights. Lanny waited for it to pass on; but the driver appeared to be looking for a street number. So Lanny went ahead of it and drew up by the curb, where Hugo saw him and started to join him. Lanny leaned over to open the door on the right side of the car; and at the same moment the taxicab stopped alongside Lanny's car. Three men sprang out, wearing the black shirts and trousers and steel helmets of the Schutzstaffel. One stood staring at Lanny, while the other two darted behind Lanny's car and confronted the young sports director in the act of putting his hand on the car door.

"Are you Hugo Behr?" demanded one of the men.

"I am," was the reply.

Lanny turned to look, but the man's next action was faster than any eye could follow. He fired a gun straight into the face in front of him. Pieces of the blue eye of Hugo Behr, a fine spray of his Aryan blood flew out, and some hit Lanny in the face. The rest of Hugo Behr crumpled and dropped to the sidewalk; whereupon the man turned his gun into Lanny's horrified face. He kept it so while he demanded that Lanny identify himself.

It was a time for the quickest possible answers, and Lanny was fortunate in having thought up the best possible: "I am an American and a friend of the Führer."

"Oh, so you're a friend of the Führer!"

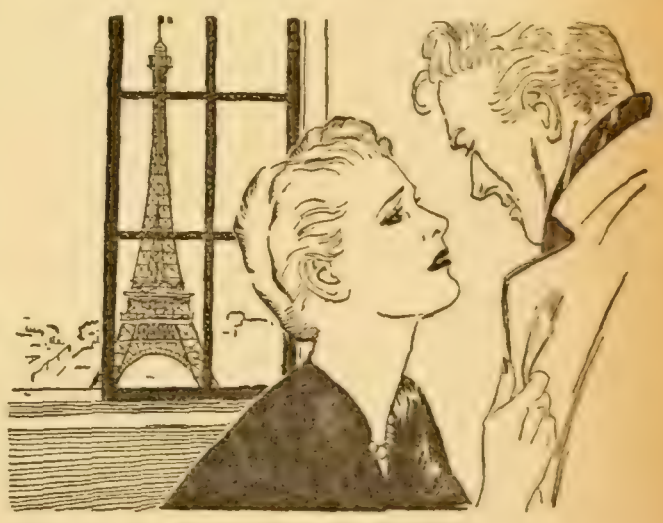
"I have visited him more than once. I spent a morning with him in the Braune Haus a few months ago."

The questioning went on. The gun was lowered. At last the S.S. man commanded, "Get out of that car."

Lanny's heart was hitting hard blows underneath his throat. His knees were trembling so violently he wasn't sure they would hold him up. "I tell you, you will regret it if you shoot me," he began. The S.S. man broke in, "I am not going to shoot you." His tone indicated abysmal contempt of anybody who objected to being shot. "I shall take you to Stadelheim until your story is investigated. Get out of the car."

Stadelheim was a name of terror; one of those dreadful prisons about which the refugees talked. But it was better than being shot on the sidewalk. Lanny obeyed. He waited while Hugo's body was searched and a capful of belongings collected which included a wad of bills which Lanny knew amounted to some fifteen thousand marks. Then, with the S.S. man's gun still held on him, Lanny got into the back seat and the second man slipped into the driver's seat. The car sprang to life and sped down the street, leaving Hugo's dead body where it had fallen.

In the darkness of his cell Lanny sat and thought, doing his best to quiet the tumult of his heart and use his reasoning powers. Hugo's part in the jail break had evidently been betrayed; but Hugo, so he had said, had never named Lanny. They had found some thousand-mark notes on Hugo and they had found some on Lanny, which they had taken from him when they searched him before putting him into the cell. Suddenly the prisoner realized what a stupid thing he had done. He had gone to the bank and got thirty new thousand-mark bills, doubtless having consecutive serial numbers, and had given some of these to Hugo and kept some in his own wallet! So they would be sure he had tried to buy a



prisoner out of Dachau. What would be the penalty for that crime? For three days and four nights Lanny Budd stayed in that narrow cell, wondering.

Saturday, Sunday, Monday—he could tell them by the meal hours—and during a total of some eighty-two hours there were not a dozen without sounds of shooting somewhere in the prison or just outside. Had this been going on ever since the National Socialist revolution, one year and five months ago?

On Tuesday morning two jailers came to his cell and

opened the door. "*'Raus, 'raus!*" they said, and he obeyed to the best of his ability; he was weak from lack of food and exercise—not having dared to use up the air in that cell, and not having been able to swallow rancid soup. Outside the cell he went dizzy and had to lean against the wall; one of the jailers helped him up the flight of stone stairs.

They were taking him toward an outside door. They were going to turn him loose!—so he thought. But then he saw, below the steps, a prison van. They put him in and took him to the Munich Police Prison.

He was "booked": his name, age, nationality, residence, and occupation. He was, it appeared, under "protective arrest"; there was grave danger that somebody might hurt him, so the kindly Gestapo was guarding him. His money had been credited to his account, and he could order food; could have a shave by the prison barber. At the end of the tenth day he was led downstairs to an office where he found two young S.S. men awaiting him. Almost before he realized what was happening, one had taken his wrist and snapped a handcuff onto it. They led him out to a courtyard, where he saw his own car, with another uniformed S.S. man in the driver's seat. The rear door was opened.

"May I ask where I'm being taken?" he ventured.

"It is not permitted to talk," was the reply. He got in, and the car rolled out into the tree-lined avenue, and into the city of Munich. They drove straight through, and down the valley of the Isar, northeastward. Having driven over this route, Lanny knew the signposts, and he made a guess that he was being taken to Berlin. He was right.

He thought over his chances. They were bound to have found out that he had drawn thirty thousand marks from the Hellstein bank in Munich; that he had paid most of it to Hugo; that some sort of effort had been made to take Freddi out of Dachau. All these spelled guilt on Lanny's part; and the only course that seemed to hold hope was to be frank and naïve; to laugh and say, "Well, General Göring charged Johannes Robin his whole fortune to get out, and used me as his agent, so naturally I thought that was the way it was done. When Hugo offered to do it for only twenty-eight thousand marks, I thought I had a bargain."

AT a building which he did not recognize, they got out and marched him with military steps along a corridor, and then down a flight of stone stairs into a cellar. There was a smell of blood, and there were cries somewhere in the distance. Two men were in the act of leading a beaten man through a doorway at the far side of the room.

The floor and walls were of stone; no windows, and no light, except half a dozen candles; only one article of furniture, a heavy wooden bench about eight feet long and two feet broad, in the middle of the room. From end to end the bench was smeared and dripping with blood. Four Nazis stood near the bench, stripped to the waist, and evidently they had been working hard and fast, for their smooth bodies shone with sweat and grease, even in the feeble light. Several other Nazis stood by, and one man in civilian clothes, wearing spectacles.

Lanny had read all about this; every anti-Nazi had learned it by heart during the past year and a half. He took it in at a glance, even to the flexible thin steel rods with handles, made to inflict as much pain as possible and doing as little permanent damage.

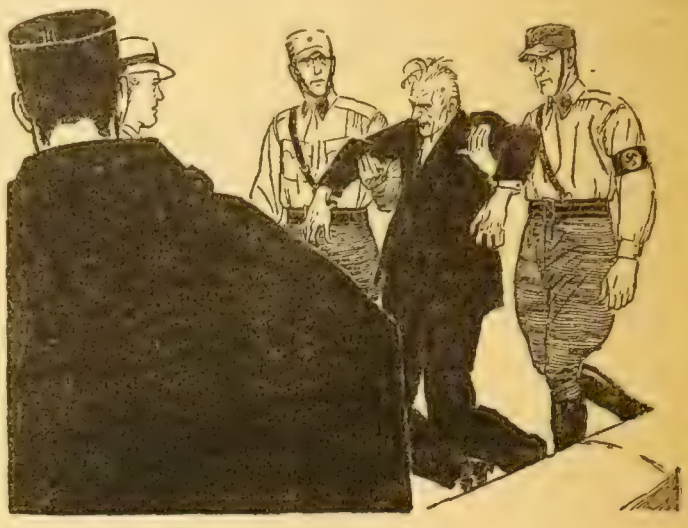
Two S.S. men led in an elderly civilian, plump, with gray mustaches, a gray imperial neatly trimmed; a Jew by his features, a business man by his clothes—and suddenly Lanny gave a start. In the resplendent drawing room of Johannes Robin's Berlin palace, he had talked to this genial old gentleman, correct in white tie and tails, diamond shirt studs. Solomon Hellstein, the banker.

Such a different man now: tears in his eyes and terror in his face; weeping, pleading, cowering. They dragged him to the bench. They pulled his clothes off, since he was incapable of doing it himself. They threw him down on the bench on his belly. The four shirtless Nazis took their places, two on each side, and the officer in command raised his hand in signal. The thin steel rods whistled as they came down through the air; they made four clean cuts across the naked body, followed by four quick spurts of blood. The old man started up with a frightful scream of pain.

"You like that?" the officer demanded. "Then tell us who took that gold out!"

"I have said a thousand times—if I knew, I would tell you. What more can I say? Have mercy on me! I am a helpless old man!"

The leader raised his hand again, and the four rods whistled and fell as one. At the count of ten they stopped.



The civilian in spectacles, who proved to be a doctor, put a stethoscope to the raw flesh of the old Jew's back, and listened. Then he nodded and said, "One more."

The leader was in the act of moving his finger to give the signal when Lanny's voice spoke: "You dirty dogs!" For a moment everybody in the room seemed to be paralyzed. But not for long. The officer shouted: "*'Rrraus mit ihm!*" and the two statues beside Lanny came suddenly to life and led him away. But not until he had said loudly and clearly, "You dishonor the form of men!"

Back in his cell, he waited in darkness and silence until he actually thought he would feel relief when his door was opened. But when he heard the steps coming, he had to clench his hands tightly, set his teeth. He looked out into the corridor. There in the dim light was an S.S. man and, looking over his shoulder, the deeply concerned face of Oberleutnant Furtwaengler!

"Well, well, Herr Budd!" said the young staff officer.

"Herr Oberleutnant!" Lanny exclaimed with relief that was like a prayer.

"Come out," said the other, and looked his friend over as if to see if he showed any signs of damage. "What have they done to you?"

"They have made me rather uncomfortable," replied the prisoner.

"It is most unfortunate!" exclaimed the officer. "Seine Exzellenz will be distressed. Why did you not let us know?"

"I did my best to let somebody know; but I was not successful."

"This is a disgraceful incident!" exclaimed the other, turning to the S.S. man. "Some one will be severely disciplined."

It was like waking up suddenly from a nightmare. Lanny followed his friend up the narrow stone stairway, and discovered that there were no more formalities required for his release than had been required for his arrest. They went out to the official car which was waiting. Lanny had to shut his eyes from the light, but he managed to get inside unassisted.

He was prepared for anything, but when he heard his friend give the order, "Seine Exzellenz's residence," he came to with a start, and became what he had been all his life, a member of the *beau monde*, to whom the proprieties were instinctive and inescapable. "Surely," he protested, "you're not taking me to Seine Exzellenz

in this condition! Look at my clothes! And my beard!" He ran his hand over it, wondering again if it was gray.

"Where are your clothes, Herr Budd?"

"When last heard from they were in a hotel in Munich."

"A most preposterous affair! I will telephone for them this morning."

"And my money?" added the other. "That was taken from me in Stadelheim. But if you will drive me to the Adlon, I am sure they will cash my check."

In half an hour by the Oberleutnant's watch—Lanny had none—he was again the picture of a young man of fashion, and they were motored to the official residence of the Minister-Präsident of Prussia and escorted up to his private apartments. Göring insisted upon hearing all about a playboy's misadventures. "Were you afraid?" he wanted to know; and Lanny said, "Wait until your turn comes, Exzellenz, and see if you're not afraid."

THAT wasn't so funny. The great man replied, "You had the misfortune to get caught in the traffic at a very busy hour. We have some wild fellows in our party, and it was necessary to teach them a lesson. I think they have learned it thoroughly. But you had the opportunity of studying our penal institutions at first hand; also our methods of dealing with Jew *Schieber!* Do you have any idea who that Jew was?"

"It so happens that I had met him in Berlin society. His name is Solomon Hellstein."

"*Ach!* You will indeed have an interesting story to tell the outside world."

Lanny thought he saw a glint. "You will remember, Exzellenz, that you asked me to say nothing to the outside world about the case of Johannes Robin. Fourteen months have passed, and still I have not done so."

"I have made a note of the fact, Herr Budd, and appreciate your good judgment. But now there is a quite different set of circumstances. Would you be greatly embarrassed if I should suggest that you narrate the story of what you saw this morning?"

"I should be somewhat puzzled, Exzellenz."

"It is a bright idea which occurs to me. Are you still interested in that other Jew of yours?"

"If you mean the son of Johannes Robin, I am still deeply interested, Exzellenz."

"I have recently learned that he is in the Lager at Dachau. I offer him to you in exchange for a small service which you may render me. Go to Paris and tell the members of the Hellstein family what you have seen happening to their Berlin representative. This *dreck Jude* has succeeded in shipping a fortune out of Germany, and we were not so fortunate as in the case of Robin; we do not know where the money is. The family is scattered all over Europe, as you know. We have no claim to their money, but we intend to have Solomon's, every mark of it—if we have to flay him alive."

"You wish me to tell them that?"

"They know it already. All you have to tell is what you saw with your own eyes. Make it realistic."

"Am I to mention that you have asked me to tell them?"

"If you do that, they may suspect your good faith. It will be better not to refer to me."

"And then, Exzellenz?"

"Then I will release your pet Jew."

"How am I to let you know that I have done my part?"

"I have my agents, and they will report to me. The story will be all over Paris in a few hours. It will be a good thing, because our rich *Schieber* have got the idea that we dare not touch them, and they think they can bleed Germany to death."

"I get your point, Exzellenz. How will I know where I am to get Freddi Robin?"

"Leave your Paris address with Furtwaengler, and within a day or two after you have talked with the Hellsteins he will telephone you."

So Lanny went out from the presence of this greedy freebooter, and was courteously driven back to the Adlon by the young staff officer. Evidently Lanny's papers had been brought along on the trip from Munich, for Furtwaengler put his passport and his money into his hands; also an exit permit. He promised to have Lanny's clothes and other belongings forwarded to Bienvenu. His car had been delivered to the hotel, serviced and supplied with a tank full of petrol. Lanny stayed in Berlin only long enough to pay his hotel bill and send telegrams to Rahel in Juan, to his father in America, to his mother and his wife in England: "Leaving for Crillon Paris hopeful of success notify friends all well." He dared say no more, except to ask Irma to meet him in Paris.

He reached Paris about sunset the next day and surprised Irma in the suite she had taken. She looked at him as if expecting to find him scarred or maimed. He said, "I'm all here, darling," and took her in his arms.

She burst into tears. "Oh, Lanny, I've been living in hell for two weeks!" When he started to kiss her, she held off, gazing at him with an intense look. "Lanny, promise me—you *must* promise me—you will never put me through a thing like this again."

That was the way it was between them; their argument was resumed even before their love. It was going to be that way from now on. He didn't want to make any promises; he didn't want to talk about that aspect of the matter—and she didn't want to talk about anything else.

At last he said, "Control yourself, darling. I'm here, and I'm none the worse. There's something urgent that I have to do, so excuse me if I telephone."

He called Olivie Hellstein, Mme. de Broussailles, and told her that he had just come out of Germany, and had seen her Uncle Solomon, and had some grave news for her; he thought her parents also ought to hear it. Olivie asked him to come to her home in the evening. The scene which took place was fully as painful as Lanny had foreseen. He didn't wait to hear their decision as to the payment of ransom to the Nazis. He guessed it might require some telephoning to other capitals, and it was none of his affair. They asked if the story was confidential, and he said not at all; he thought the public ought to know what was happening in Naziland, but he doubted if publicity would have any effect upon the extortioners.

Early in the morning a phone call from Berlin! The cheerful voice of Oberleutnant Furtwaengler announcing: "*Gute Nachrichten, Herr Budd!* I am authorized to tell you that we are prepared to release your friend."

Lanny had a hard time preserving his steadiness of voice: "Whereabouts, Herr Oberleutnant?"

"That is for you to say."

Lanny chose the bridge between Kehl and Strasbourg, at ten next morning.

HE WAS ahead of time at the rendezvous. Precisely at ten a Mercédès-Benz, with a swastika flag over the radiator-cap, and a chauffeur in S.S. uniform, including steel helmet, came right up to the barrier and stopped. Lanny stood on the last foot of France, with his heart in his mouth. Two S.S. men in the back seat got out and began helping a passenger, a gray-haired elderly man, feeble and bowed, with hands that were deformed into claws and that trembled and shook as if each of them separately had gone mad. Apparently he couldn't walk, for they were half-carrying him.

"*Heil Hitler!*" said one of the men, saluting. "Herr Budd?"

"*Ja,*" said Lanny in a voice that wasn't quite steady.

The French police and customs men let the victim be carried into their office and laid on a seat. He couldn't sit up, and winced when he was touched. "They have kicked my kidneys loose," he murmured, without opening his eyes. Lanny ran and got his car, and the Frenchmen held up the traffic while he turned it around on the bridge. They helped to lay the sufferer on the back seat. Then, slowly, Lanny drove to the Hotel de la Ville-de-Paris, where they brought a stretcher and carried Freddi Robin to a room and laid him on a bed. He didn't seem to want to talk, or even to look about him when they were alone. Lanny said, "You're in France, Freddi, and now everything is going to be all right."

"You should have sent me poison!" Freddi held up his trembling claws; they waved in the air, seemingly of their own independent will. "They broke them with an iron bar," he whispered; "one by one."

"Rahel is coming, Freddi. She will be here in a few hours."

"No, no, no!" They were the loudest sounds he could make. "She must not see me." He kept that up as long as his strength lasted. He was not fit to see anybody. He wanted to go to sleep and not wake up. "Some powders!" he kept whispering.

Lanny said, "All right." He had already called for a doctor, and when the man came he whispered the story. Here on the border they knew a great deal about the Nazis, and the doctor needed no details. He gave a sleeping powder, and Lanny went into the next room. It was not long before Freddi's wife arrived, an agony of suspense in her face, gestures, voice. "He's here? He's alive? He's ill? Oh, God, where is he?"

"In the next room," replied Lanny. "He needs to be gone over by a good surgeon and patched up, but we can have it done. Keep yourself together, and don't let him see that you're afraid or shocked."

He went with her for fear she might faint. And she nearly did so. She stood for a long while, breathing hard, staring at that gray-haired elderly man. Then she started to sob and he led her out and closed the door.

"Listen, Rahel," he said, "When Marcel Detaze came back from the war my mother had to make him want to live again. You must do that for Freddi. You have to give him hope and courage. You must never let him see the least trace of fear or suffering on your face. You must be calm and assured, and just keep telling him that you love him and that he is going to get well."

They would take Freddi in an ambulance to Paris, Lanny said. Rahel could ride with him, and talk to him, feed him doses of courage and hope, even more necessary than physical food. Rahel sat weeping softly. With half her mind she took in Lanny's words, while the other half was with the broken body and soul in the next room.

Presently they heard him moaning. She dried her eyes hastily, and said, "I can never thank you. I will do my best to save Freddi so that he can thank you."

She stole into the other room, and Lanny sat alone for a long while. Tears began to steal down his cheeks and he leaned his arms upon the table in front of him. It was a reaction from the strain he had been under for more than a year. Tears because he hadn't been able to accomplish more. Tears not only for his wrecked and tormented friend, not only for that unhappy family, but for their tormentors, who would pay with frightful sufferings. Tears for this unhappy continent where he had seen men diligently plowing the soil and sowing dragon's teeth —from which, as in the old legend, armed men would some day spring.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

THE latest volume in the Life in America series, **New World a-Comin'**, by **Roi Ottley** (Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston. $3), examines the position of the Negro in America, and more particularly that city within a city, Harlem. There is now a population of almost half a million in Harlem and it is steadily pushing upward. Because it is confined, geographically as well as economically, it is a potentially dangerous, explosive force.

There have been riots in Harlem. And there have been reasons for them, reasons which Mr. Ottley reports ably and objectively. Discrimination is only one; overcrowding, the hopelessness of

Roi Ottley

poverty, the necessity which urges every man to keep himself alive and housed—and some outside fanning of the fires of resentment are others.

In his chapter, Made in Japan, Mr. Ottley points out how our enemies have tried to turn the American Negro against his country, and why, despite the overwhelming loyalty of the Negro population, they have in some few cases made headway.

The problems are here, the hard, unpleasant facts. But there is also a generous share of engagingly readable profiles of outstanding Negroes: Marcus Garvey, Father Divine, Joe Louis, the Black Eagle, Fauntleroy. There

Dr. Gordon S. Seagrave

is a fine piece of reportage on the Negro wealthy and Negro intellectuals in America.

All in all, the book is a distinguished contribution to a subject which obviously increases in importance every day. I am sure the average American will welcome it and be willing to meet the challenge it offers for the sensible solution of a major American problem.

DR. GORDON S. SEAGRAVE'S **Burma Surgeon** (W. W. Norton & Co. N. Y. $3), is quite another book. It is lively and entertaining, but it is also grim, tense, stirring, and bloody (both in terms of surgery and war), and it will give any addict of doctor books all the medical and surgical experiences he can ask.

Dr. Seagrave, you know, is the missionary doctor who served General Stilwell so capably in Burma and escaped with the Stilwell party on the long trek out. His war experiences, which cover the latter half of the book, are responsible for the serious adjectives above. His descriptions of operations alone are enough to set the average reader's teeth on edge.

I have always thought that one brain operation was a good day's job in the life of the average surgeon. Dr. Seagrave performed three of them one evening after a whole day of difficult operations. He and his colleagues, working under almost unbearable conditions (the heat was sometimes 136), amputated, cut, stitched, and mended until they were covered with blood and pus and were literally standing in both.

But, fortunately for the gentler reader, the book is not all a relating of such experiences. Dr. Seagrave went to Burma long before the war. He served the people of Burma and the Shan States, and China too, medically as well as surgically. He built a hospital and the kind of life he wanted.

It was a fascinating, robust, exciting, exemplary life. He tells of it as he lived it, with zest. His writing, like himself, is honest, straightforward, and never dull.

There's No bitterness in Schlitz

BREWED WITH

Just the KISS of the hops

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

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SWEDEN FOILS THE NAZIS

Continued from Page 11

to German economy from bombs and blockade.

Natural wealth and industrial genius have enabled Sweden to reach Europe's highest standard of living. The Nazis thought they could get control of this wealth after their Norwegian conquest. Berlin sent word to Stockholm that it would be pleased to arrange a trade agreement with Sweden on a credit basis. Selling to Germany on credit is the same thing as giving away. Neighboring Denmark grants unlimited credit to Germany and now is nine billion crowns to the bad. The Danes have abandoned hope of getting anything back. Switzerland is eight hundred million francs in the hole, and Germany's bad debt to it is growing day by day.

In response to the credit overtures, the Swedish government sent to Berlin a canny bargainer named Jakob Wallenberg, who became assistant director of Stockholm's Enskilda Bank when he was eighteen, thirty-three years ago, and has been its president since he was twenty-seven. His interests lie all over the world, in Mexico and England, in Rumania and the Far East, and in Germany itself.

Wallenberg told the Germans that Sweden would be glad to trade on an even-Stephen basis, goods for goods. He talked them into guaranteeing Sweden 4,000,000 tons of coal yearly in order to make it possible for the Swedes to run the factories that arm Sweden against a possible German invasion.

The Germans agreed to the coal deal because they were desperate for the rich iron ore mined from the Swedish hills at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia—closer to the North Pole than frigid Nome, Alaska, is. Ore ships now take them a little less than 9,000,000 tons a year, but before the war they were using 14,000,000. Swedes refuse to sell so much now, and Germans are barred from visits to the iron-mining region. The Swedes fear an attempt at seizure.

The veins of iron ore, which assay more than 90 per cent pure, lie in the part of Sweden known as Norrland, a country of mountains and swift rivers along whose banks reindeer wander. A few years ago the Swedish minister in Berlin learned the Nazis were planning to incorporate this thinly inhabited area, peopled mainly by Laplanders, woodchoppers, and miners, in the New World Order and to populate it with Germans.

Not long after the minister made his discovery a party of German newspapermen visited Sweden. It was the dead of winter, when forty below zero is a pretty frequent Norrland temperature and when darkness lasts till late morning and falls again early in the afternoon. The prospect is depressing and gloomy. So the shrewd Swedes arranged for their German guests a trip to Norrland. For three days they were taken out on eight-hour excursions through the snows and then banqueted heavily into the late hours. They scarcely got to bed before it was time to dress for another tour. They were exhausted and close to pneumonia when they departed, and no more was heard in Berlin about acquiring Norrland.

However, Norrland has other attractions for the Nazis. When I passed through Lisbon this spring, I heard a story that the Germans there were shipping bags of Portuguese copper coins to the Third Reich for melting and use for war materials. From Norrland's mines Sweden is producing 18,000 tons of copper a year, the ore of which is moved over the roadless mountains in buckets slung from electrically driven cables. Swedish copper comes mainly from mines at Kristineberg and Boliden, neither of which was much more than a prospector's dream when the Treaty of Versailles was signed. Sweden keeps looking ahead.

The train thundering over the Norrland wilderness travels through an almost unbroken forest. Swedish riches underground are nothing compared with that wealth of timber. Wood is a critical material for Germany. The Nazis have cut Polish forests to the bone and are stripping the woods of Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia. Those are only a box of matches beside the Swedish forests, and the Nazis can get only a tiny share in them as a result of the Wallenberg arrangement to trade goods for goods. Germany cannot afford to send Sweden the huge quantities of materials that would be necessary to get the desired wood in return.

Sweden drinks wood, eats wood, and moves on wood. The national alcoholic fortifier, schnapps, used to come from potatoes; since the war began it has been made from wood sugar as a by-product of the sulphite-pulp industry. Norrland schnapps plays a large part in steadying the revenues of the Swedish government during critical times. It costs six cents a quart to make schnapps; tax and profit to government liquor stores boost the retail price to $2.25 a quart. The government keeps a lock on the containers into which the alcohol is drained at a sulphite mill I recently visited. It refuses to let anybody muscle in on its good thing in schnapps.

Some Swedish bread is fortified with wood. Swedish cows eat a cellulose by-product that looks like shredded blotting paper. It tastes like a spitball, but cows love it when it is mixed with molasses, and as a result of eating it they give milk by the ocean. Sweden's rationing is based on the fact that everybody can have all the milk he can hold. Without milk Sweden might today be suffering from malnutrition, because food is limited for neutrals as well as for belligerents. The forests have the secret of the Swedes' full dinner pail.

Wood has been the foundation of Sweden's economy for a long time. Charcoal made possible the develop-

HARDTACK

"Can I pay half fare and just sit through the western?"

ment of the Swedish iron industry in the eighteenth century, which raised Sweden to the position of an economic great Power. Between 40 and 50 per cent of the total of Swedish exports in normal years since the 1870s have been represented by forest products.

Few exports are possible now. In the little port of Dalero one day I saw a vessel flying the swastika flag cast off with a load of lumber and head toward Königsberg. But that is rare. The Swedes need their wood. Swedish autos, for instance, get no gasoline. But each car carries what is called a "gengas" apparatus. Into it the driver pours a sack of charcoal which when burning generates explodable gas that propels the car.

You get only about forty miles an hour from this system, but that is not bad in a country where every second you must drive carefully in order not to kill one of the thousands of bicyclists in your way.

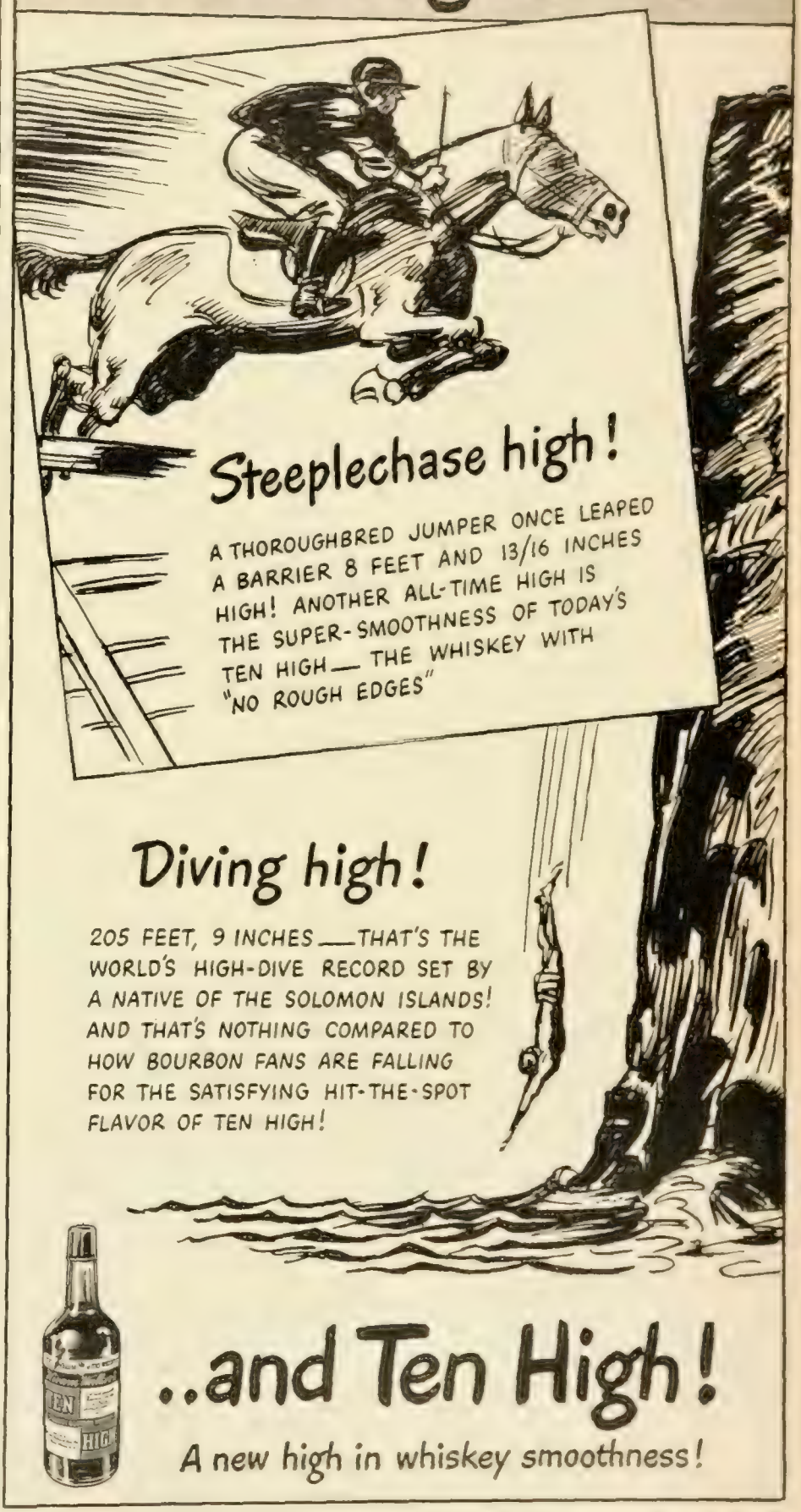
WITH Swedish iron ore, copper, and wood, the Nazis could use Swedish man power. The 6,000,000 Swedes have a high degree of the technical skill so urgently required in German factories. Germans already have tried to inveigle individual Swedes into Nazi military services. Stockholm police late in May raided a secret recruiting station which was maintained illegally on one of Stockholm's best streets, the Birger Jarls Gatan. Police were embarrassed by making this raid because they had scoffed at a tip about the place six months earlier.

One result of Sweden's being free from Nazi domination is that Sweden sends goods to the United States via South America, where it has been permitted to dispatch five ships a month through Axis and Allied blockades.

The Nazi need for all those riches inspires the war of nerves Germany is conducting. Hitler tries in various ways to terrorize the Swedes. Since Minister Thomsen reached Stockholm in January, Germans have landed on Swedish soil in an airplane loaded with machine guns, and have allowed themselves to be discovered carrying detailed maps of Sweden on a train crossing Sweden. Berlin supported the captain of the Nazi merchant vessel Altkirch who fired in Swedish territorial waters on the Swedish U-boat Draken. The Germans have mined waters along the Swedish western shore and the Swedish U-boat Ulven sank when it hit one of the mines.

But the Swedes take little notice of these efforts to frighten them. Thomsen continues in vain his hard work to convince them that the Nazis are still irresistible. He has instructed Berlin that the Reich should attempt to produce a movie depicting German wartime life on the heroic lines set forth in Mrs. Miniver, which did much to convert many Swedes who six months before

Famous Highs by C. A. Voight



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205 FEET, 9 INCHES — THAT'S THE WORLD'S HIGH-DIVE RECORD SET BY A NATIVE OF THE SOLOMON ISLANDS! AND THAT'S NOTHING COMPARED TO HOW BOURBON FANS ARE FALLING FOR THE SATISFYING HIT-THE-SPOT FLAVOR OF TEN HIGH!

..and Ten High!

A new high in whiskey smoothness!

Please be patient. If your store or tavern is temporarily out of TEN HIGH there are two reasons: (1) Since all distilleries are now making war alcohol instead of whiskey, the available supply of TEN HIGH is on quota "for the duration." (2) Railways must give war materials and food the right of way, so your dealer's shipment of TEN HIGH may sometimes be delayed.

This Straight Bourbon Whiskey is 4 years old. 86 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

had been skeptical of the Allies' gallantry and purpose.

For the most part German propaganda has failed in Sweden. Jealousy and hatred among the German agents weakened the Nazis' Stockholm information machine and it has never recovered. A stormy quarrel raged inside the German legation between Gerhard Kleeberg, Doctor of Divinity, whose title was Head of the Press Section, and Dr. Hans Grassman, designated Press Attaché. Each had his own idea as to who was boss. At last Grassman won out and got Kleeberg exiled from well fed Stockholm to starving Brussels.

Grassman has flopped for the most part. German movies he orders for Stockholm draw few Swedish customers, while American, British, and Russian pictures attract throngs. One of the most popular shows when June came along was the Allied double feature, Stalingrad and Desert Victory. On the walls of the theater were large signs: "Demonstrations out of keeping with Sweden's position as a neutral are cautioned against." Nevertheless, Swedish audiences cheered the pictures of the Russian triumph at Stalingrad and the British triumph in Africa.

THE Nazis have achieved one major propaganda victory in Sweden. Working on the old Swedish fear of Russia, they have planted the story that the Soviets want to take Narvik, Norway, as part of their war reward; Russians controlling Narvik would require a path across Sweden. Because of that traditional fear, which dates from Sweden's Charles XII and Poltava, Swedish nurses quiet babies with threats of Russia, and Swedish army cadets learn in school that Russia is the natural enemy. So today the Germans have 50 per cent of Sweden believing their Narvik story. As a result the Swedes' pro-Allied sympathies are diluted. They cheer for the United States and Britain, but many of them applaud Russian misfortune.

The government of Sweden follows a policy based on the supposition that it must give in occasionally when Germany makes demands if it wants to avoid conflict and prevent domination by Germany. In July, 1940, after their Norwegian conquest, the Nazis demanded demobilization of the Swedish Army. Stockholm refused, but as a compromise granted them the right to send unarmed troops across Swedish territory to Norway by train from Germany, Denmark, or Finland.

The agreement was made secretly, and the first train taking troops out of Norway to Germany brought near disaster. A junior Swedish officer thought the Nazis had captured the train and ordered hand grenades thrown at it. Just in time, a higher Swedish officer put the lieutenant straight and the train went on.

A year later the Swedes secretly granted the Germans the right to move an armed division across

"I guess they've been expecting us!"

Sweden from Norway to Finland. This caused a crisis in the Cabinet, but King Gustaf, who on June 16 celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday, insisted the Germans be allowed the concession. The story floats around Stockholm that he threatened to abdicate otherwise, but it is impossible to state whether this is a fact, because the king won't talk.

Gustaf, descendant of a French marshal of Napoleon and lacking any Swedish blood, is a remarkable example of the longevity noticeable in Sweden in all degrees of society. He still plays tennis. Until a couple of years ago he swam. He amuses himself in the palace by embroidering and teasing the ladies in waiting. He sleeps only three or four hours at night. He likes an incessant diet of movies, preferring musicals to all others, and Jeanette MacDonald to all other performers. Politically he is a real neutral, longing for the day when war will be over and he can return to the sunshine of the French Riviera.

Sometimes his second son, Prince Wilhelm, pains him. Wilhelm is unneutral. On May 12 this prince made a stirring speech to Norwegian refugees in Sweden, condemning the Nazis. He also opposes the German troop traffic through Sweden. On this score Sweden has a nation-wide bad conscience, and Foreign Minister Guenther, who gives Berlin small satisfaction when it telephones him in the middle of the night, has instructed the Reich government that the traffic must be eliminated. A midsummer crisis on this issue is likely.

Germany's campaign to get control of Sweden would probably succeed if it came to war. Swedish military forces lack the strength to hold back the Third Reich's military tide even now, when Germany is on the decline. But the Nazis hesitate to make a frontal push because the Swedes are obviously determined to fight bitterly.

Sweden makes a brave show of a weak army and navy. Because of fuel scarcity, ships in the Baltic Fleet drop their anchors every day after only eight hours' maneuvering; the Swedish Navy suffers from gasoline rationing. In the forests young Swedish boys in brownish-gray uniforms are taught guerrilla warfare. The Army is about 600,000 strong, a tenth of the population. Every man from eighteen to forty-eight has been called out for three months' service.

SWEDEN'S potential military troubles are many. Ingenious Swedish engineers are at a loss over the problem of how to make a suitable engine for combat aircraft. General Olof Thonnel, Chief of Staff, is accused by all the Army officers I have talked with of incompetence as a military leader, but the government's plans call for his replacement only when war is declared—when it will be too late. Sweden is easily reachable by air-borne troops from Germany. German troops in Norway and Finland have but to move a few miles to effect the occupation of Norrland. Germans in Denmark can cross the water to Sweden's green southern fields in half an hour. But still Sweden tries to show its teeth—and German soldiers are not on the move toward Stockholm.

The fact that Hitler one day will want to escape from Germany may prove Sweden's permanent salvation. Prime Minister Hansson remarked during a recent dinner party that neutral Sweden, since no international law forbade it, would probably have to offer sanctuary to the Nazis after the war if they escaped to Sweden, just as Holland took in the Kaiser in 1918. Göring has written Hansson about the prospects for a comfortable and safe old age in Sweden. Alfred Rosenberg is said reliably to have bought a chateau in Sweden. This Nazi interest in Swedish real estate does as much as Stalingrad and Tunis to convince the Swedes that the Nazis are through.

THE END

RACE SUICIDE STRIKES AMERICA

Continued from Page 33

social conditions. Our government employs a number of them in the Bureau of the Census: Dr. Philip M. Hauser is one of these. Universities have demographers on their faculties: there is Dr. Frank Lorimer of the American University, for instance, and Dr. Irene Taeuber of Princeton. Demographers work for some of the great foundations—Dr. Warren S. Thompson for the Scripps Foundation, Drs. Frank Notestein and Clyde Kiser for the Milbank Memorial Fund.

These scientists join in warning us that the American race is headed for a decline. And by the American race they mean all of us, white and black. (In the cities, Negroes have a net reproduction rate just about the same as that of whites.) The only native human stock that is increasing fast with each generation is the American Indian!

But it is city dwellers who are most responsible for our threatening race suicide. If you're a farmer —particularly if you live in the South—your prospects for family survival are fairly good: your group is having 36 per cent more children than it needs to survive. The only drawback is that some day your son or grandson is likely to pull up stakes and move to the city. The sooner this happens, the sooner the family name will be likely to start downhill toward disappearance.

THE constant migration from country to city is all that bids fair to keep our towns alive—but scientists think it will be enough to prevent grass in most city streets. As today's New Yorkers and San Franciscans die out, country boys and girls will move in on Park Avenue and Nob Hill. Your chance of being the great-granddaddy of the future Mayor of Chicago or New York is probably better if you live in the Blue Ridge Mountains than if you are already settled in one of these cities.

But even with the farm families propping up the birth rate, the American race is ceasing to increase. This trend is something fairly new in the world. Individual families have, of course, been dying out throughout history. But so far as historians know, there has never been a time, since ancient Rome, when a whole class of society disappeared, as urban Americans show signs of doing today.

Well, if Americans are to be fewer and fewer, what is the cause? And is there anything we can do to stop it? And, if not, who will take our places in the future world?

Demographers can tell you why our race is numerically heading for the down grade: America is following in the footsteps of Europe, which has suffered the same experience in recent years. We're just declining a little later than the other races of similar stocks.

You have heard of the French concern over "race suicide," of Mussolini's tax on bachelors, of Hitler's bonuses to families with many children. In each case the population was not reproducing itself fast enough to satisfy its leaders. Their people, like our own, showed signs of dying out.

And there was the same cause in every case: industrialization. To see how this works out, look for a minute at the European record.

Europe had about 200,000,000 people over the whole continent in the days of Robin Hood. It still had that number, or fewer, in the days of Napoleon. People had large families through those hundreds of years, but wars, famines, and pestilences kept the death rate very high. Mothers of ten children felt themselves lucky if five grew to maturity. So the population remained stable through several centuries.

Then, in the early 1800s, the industrial revolution began. Because of the new machines and their need for workers, people began leaving the forests and farms and moving to the towns. The great influx of citizens forced the authorities to introduce new sanitary measures. At the same time transportation methods became much faster. When there was famine in one district, food could be rushed from another; when plague ravaged a city, many could escape it. And medicine made giant strides. Many diseases were brought under control. Altogether, the death rate went down.

The death rate went down—but the birth rate remained the same. And so, as a result of the industrial revolution, the population of Europe *tripled* between 1800 and 1914.

And then began the second phase of what scientists call "the vital revolution." In this phase the death rate continued to decline, but the birth rate took a nose dive too. News of birth-control devices spread—a recent study shows that 85 per cent of today's American families have at some time practiced family limitation. Contraception alone doesn't explain the drop in the birth rate, however. Birth control would not interest married couples if they did not have strong and special reasons for not wanting to have children.

And they have. In an industrialized country, children are, for the first time in history, a liability. The young couple eager to get ahead, the family with a certain standard of living to which they cling, the man who must live in a neighborhood with high rents for the sake of professional prestige—all these find that having children early in their marriage is a heavy handicap.

SO the industrial revolution arrived at a stage in which there was a strike against childbearing. And then the birth rate began to decline. That's where we Americans stand today.

Very careful studies have been made of why people refrain from having children in this country. Perhaps the most elaborate one ever made is the Scripps study of Indianapolis families, now almost completed. Thousands of men and women were asked why they had—or had not—had a child in the first year of their marriage, and the second, and the third, and which of their children had come through "accident." When this survey is published, we will know more than we do today about an average American couple and why it feels that it can't afford to have a child.

But we already have some clues

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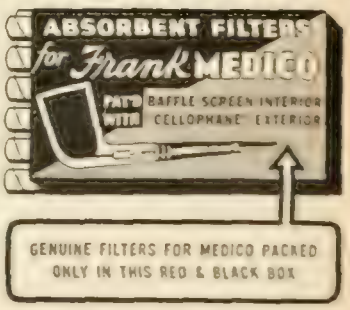
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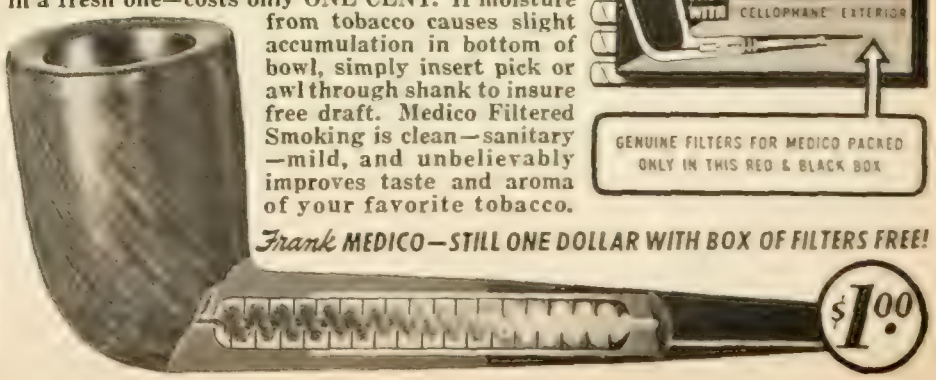

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as a result of earlier studies. Dr. Clyde Kiser, for instance, has found that after a family reaches the $3,000-a-year limit there is a definite increase in willingness to have more than one or two children. Yet only those among the poor who are resigned to their poverty continue to have really large families.

Americans are ambitious as a race. Most of us in the towns seem willing to pay for the gratification of our business or professional ambitions by limiting our families or by having no children at all. In other countries slightly different motives prevail. The French, for instance, do not typically wish to improve the family status, but they have a very great regard for security and they dare not undertake the expense of large families in unsettled times.

This explanation of the professors is pretty well borne out by the observations all of us have made. Look at the American families who have already attained outstanding success and security—the Franklin Roosevelts, the Joseph P. Kennedys, and many others. Such men did not need to sacrifice parenthood in order to rise in the world, for when they married their position was already high. They could afford the luxury of many children.

People *want* children—provided they don't have to pay too high a price in poverty or obscurity to get them. This is proved by the fact that in every country of the world good times are accompanied by a rising birth rate.

LAST year there were 3,000,000 births in America—a record-breaking high. The rise was the result of twin forces—greater prosperity and the beginning of the war. Wars always breed earlier marriages, resulting in added births. Later in a war, after many men have left for the front, the birth rate declines. But even if our men should be demobilized tomorrow, the recent spurt in the birth rate would not affect the long-time trend. Most of the increased births of last year were *first* births. They would ordinarily have occurred a year or two later, but they would have occurred. And a single birth does not "reproduce" a couple—indeed, it requires three children to a couple for a class to reproduce itself, since some of them will not marry at all and some will remain sterile.

And so the trend of the American race is still downward. Is this serious?

That depends, very largely, on your point of view. If your aspirations for your country are imperialistic, then it is very serious indeed. As things are going now, America will reach her peak of military power around 1950; after that, fewer young men of military age will be coming along every year, and things will look black for the imperialist. But if you visualize America's role in the future as a peaceful one, with her ambitions limited to her own continent, there is no reason for concern over the fact that we will—with the British—become a constantly dwindling minority among the races of the world.

For the industrial revolution is just beginning on the continents of Asia and South America. It has made its first advances in Russia. These vast lands are now at the stage where the death rate is beginning its sharp decline; but it may be another fifty years before their birth rate begins to go down too. Meanwhile it is altogether possible that their populations will double themselves while ours declines. Even after the Asiatic and South American and Russian birth rates start down, Africa may be at the beginning of *her* industrial revolution, ready to show an immense population rise.

Within America, the prospect for the next fifty years includes some very drastic changes that may affect your own life. Besides the failure of the population to grow, there is what scientists call its "sex and age

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine clothes, fine houses, nor fine furniture.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

composition." How many women there are to every 100 American men, how old the average citizen will be in another twenty years—these things may influence your life more definitely than you suspect.

Are you, for instance, an owner of suburban real estate? Well, then, the fact that our population is growing very slowly means that you are not apt to make a fortune by just sitting still and waiting for the city to grow out your way. The city may not grow; indeed, it may shrink, unless it is in the South or West—for these are the only two sections in which demographers expect any visible increase in city populations.

Have you a daughter who will be of marriageable age in another four or five years? Then the sex composition of the population is of interest to you and her. If the war continues long enough, and her potential suitors are called into service, some of them will surely be killed or maimed. That means that the number of possible husbands for young girls will be reduced and America may, after this war, have a very large spinster population for the first time in its history.

Do you make baby carriages or print schoolbooks or teach kindergarten? Are you a dairy farmer, a manufacturer of baseball bats, a doctor who specializes in child diseases? If any of these things is the case, then your future is closely tied up with the changes that are taking place in the "composition" of our population. For more and more Americans, thanks to medical advances, are living to enjoy a ripe old age. The life expectancy of a white baby boy at birth is more than sixty years today—that of a white girl, sixty-four. At the same time fewer babies are being born. Our population increase between 1930 and 1940 was the lowest on record—7.2 per cent—and the decline will probably continue. As a result, experts believe that by 1980 more than half of all Americans will be over forty-five.

AS our population gets older it may become more conservative politically and stricter morally. Divorce laws may be tightened and prohibition encouraged. An old-age pressure group behind some such program as the Townsend Plan would have a greater strength. Future Americans of the productive ages will support no more dependents than now, but the dependents will tend to be parents rather than children.

Adult education may take over the emptying schoolrooms of the future. Already Mr. Ewan Clague, director of Employment Security of the Social Security Board, has urged a program to retrain men at forty-five for new jobs, so that they can continue to work even if their old occupations have become obsolete.

Are these changes absolutely inevitable? Is there nothing we can do to halt our birth rate's decline? Not very much, according to the men who ought to know. Efforts have been made by many European countries to solve this problem, and the only one which has met with marked success was Germany's under Hitler. But demographers think that he succeeded by putting every one to work in preparation for the war; full employment always sends the birth rate up.

And so the problem of the American birth rate is tied up with the far larger problem of creating full employment for every one—a problem which no country has ever solved except by the destructive methods of preparing for war. But if a solution should be found, then, population experts admit, their gloomy predictions would go overboard. In that case, even if you are a Los Angeles business man making $2,900 a year, your family *might* survive.

And the solution *might*, of course, be found, through discoveries we cannot yet predict. But these developments must take place rapidly if they are to save your city-dwelling family of today. At present, demographers don't believe that many of you who live in towns will have any descendants at all in 100 years. And what Americans there are in the year 2043 may be a small minority in a world that is largely run by Asiatics, Russians, and South Americans.

THE END

THE MEN BEHIND THE MEN BEHIND THE GUNS

Continued from Page 21

Advisedly, Uncle Sam said in effect, "This is what we want. Here's a model—here are the blueprints and specifications. How you do the job is up to you." And from the start, trusting to its many skills, its know-how, the Corporation avoided cost-plus contracts. Instead, save in a few necessary instances, it estimated the cost of an item, then—having got it into production—voluntarily readjusted the cost, always downward, and gave the U. S. A. the benefit of the savings made. In doing this it appealed to its noncoms, its plant superintendents and foremen, and its army of employees for suggestions. Thus given their chance to show Uncle Sam how good they were, GM workers went to work with such gusto, stingo, and socko that during the first nine months of 1942 they submitted 54,469 suggestions and received $250,331 in special awards for 7,468 of them.

SOME results of the application of mass-production genius to war materials are startling. Chevrolet developed special grinding wheels for aviation engine parts which increased production 186 per cent and reduced rejections 82.5 per cent. Buick designed a welding machine which stepped up output of a Diesel-engine part from 3 to 36 per hour. Pontiac redesigned 409 of the 565 parts in the Oerlikon antiaircraft cannon, which resulted in a 50-per-cent reduction in the man-hours required to produce it. Cadillac engineers figured out new machines for making a complex airplane engine part, which cut the time required from 125 man-hours to 10 and also resulted in important saving of material. Oldsmobile found a way to use 8 machines instead of 64 for certain operations on aircraft cannon, which cut the cost $12.65 per gun and the production time 11½ hours. Allison cut the time required for a certain series of drilling operations on its liquid-cooled aircraft engine by 80 per cent and boosted production of the drilling machines by 413 per cent. AC Spark Plug Division reduced the scrap from the making of one machine-gun part by 70 per cent and saved 45 per cent of the man-hours previously needed. Fisher Body, by the use of multiple drilling, stepped up tank production and saved five hours' time per tank.

The result of all this know-how and figure-out-how is that shiploads more of war material are produced and the cost to the taxpayer becomes less and less.

Competition had of necessity made GM keen. Part of the most highly competitive industry on earth—since 1905 more than 1,500 automobile manufacturers have disappeared, and before this crisis the net factory profit on all except the highest priced cars approximated only twenty-five dollars each—obviously it had to be smart, quick-moving, and mentally flexible.

It had a vast accumulation of skills of all sorts to draw on, more than 10,000 men of engineering training, 500 scientists working in "Boss" Kettering's basic research laboratories, with testing laboratories serving all the thirty-four divisions.

It had the plants—another great advantage—each long since established with an eye to new workers, housing, transportation, power, materials, and other requirements. Its officers, of course, were familiar with the special talents of each one. Cadillac, builder of its highest priced cars, was well qualified to make tanks along with Allison crank shafts, connecting rods, and other difficult parts. Buick, famed for its distinctive valve-in-head motor, was, with Chevrolet, the logical division to make Pratt & Whitney aircraft engines, and many other items too. Frigidaire took on Browning machine guns; Fisher turned to airplane "bodies," Oldsmobile to cannon. In the East five plants were formed into the new Eastern Aircraft Division to make Wildcats and Avengers for the Navy and lift GM's production in the airplane field to more than half of its total production.

All GM effort had long been decentralized. Each division and plant was on its own. Each had its own trained staff and workers, its traditions and special pride of accomplishment. GM, an operating concern, has long been concerned mainly with over-all planning and policies, financing, basic research, institutional advertising, general supervision, general business negotiation. Wherever special manufacturing problems bobbed up, somewhere in the GM family was an expert trouble shooter. Likewise, there were plenty of trouble shooters ready to help subcontractors. When Allison was called upon to increase deliveries of its aircraft engine a hundredfold, one of GM's top engineers was assigned for six months to do his part. The engine's performance was also stepped up at the same time.

THROUGH the long depression years, when both Army Ordnance and American industry were in the political doghouse, through joint committees they had been working together. This teamwork helped.

Money—scads of money for any and all changes promising to speed production—also helped when at long last the vermin Japs got Uncle Samuel hopping mad.

He's given GM plants twenty-seven "E"s so far in behalf of his Army and Navy.

He's grateful—though Hit, Muss & Co. are not—for the big-bodied, hard-hitting, hell-for-leather oomph of outfits like GM.

THE END

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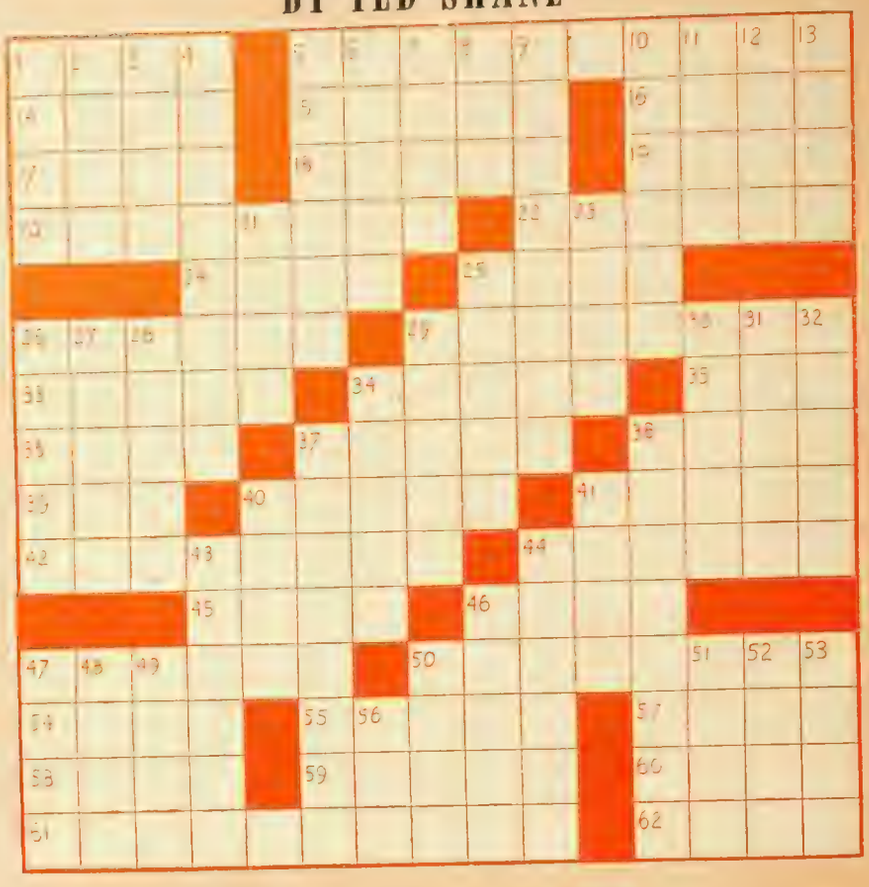
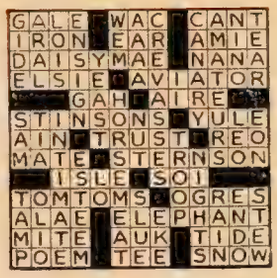
BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 Abyssinian chicken
5 Postwar puddle jumper—poddon, cloud hopper
14 Snaky jitterbug
15 Manufacture baloney on elevated platforms
16 There's a direct path from here to the White House
17 What Greeks make with ease
18 Molar-in-the-flesh-sinker
19 What Brooklyn lilies neither do nor spin
20 It's better in de trout than de t'roat
22 Oral armor plate
24 Wasps with sweet dispositions
25 Give aid and comfort
26 Young eagles
29 Steak, rare (pl.)
33 It was so goring, it gave Ferdinand the Bull a spain in the neck
34 Early John D. Rockefeller
35 Worth more'n the paper it's written on—you hope!
36 Kind of young man gals keep meeting
37 A Fritz-Carlton
38 Only thing millionaires want
39 Mr. Kabibble
40 One doesn't eat with the Smythes; one does this
41 Middle man
42 Scientific bartenders
44 Makes a little change
45 Stuffs the shirt
46 Banana with a goiter
47 What sourpusses do to the milk of human kindness
50 Snazziest
54 That crystalline compound
55 Only way to get one nowadays is to take an elevator
57 What one French bush says to another on meeting
58 Best time to enjoy Berlin most is during this
59 198° in the upper story
60 Has the wandering foot
61 Weapon our flyers'll soon use to kill Japs (two words)
62 It's very normal, but backward



Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 Master kitchen mechanic
2 French roast
3 Whose ceilings does everybody walk all over? (abbr.)
4 Fowl fork of fortune (½'s lucky!)
5 Bumemployeds
6 Land where fighting is abhorred (pl.)
7 After a while this becomes early
8 Inebriates Tipple Easily (abbr.)
9 This is brainy
10 Egotistical vegetable—it's full of I's
11 This should never be used before there
12 Country that fights between wars
13 Big bunch of financial lettuce, used to choke horses
21 When you put one on a horsa, you sure losa!
23 A two-thirds nelson
25 Cool assistants
26 This is frightful
27 Green as grass
28 Spanish udder juice
29 Bottoms for housetops
30 Two pairs of black eyes with nothing between
31 You can lead him to water, but can't make him drink
32 Chief ingredient in Mr. 5 x 5's make-up (pl.)
34 High spots in a Frenchman's life
37 A real *good* cry (fem.)
38 There's just time for one during a furlough
40 Give it a twist and you'll get a lot of squawks
41 Mars in skirts (abbr.; old style)
43 Hero hardware (pl.)
44 A fancy topcoat
46 Sock
47 A charge account at the saloon
48 Hitler never did get the range here, even when his rage was mountain
49 Depend on
50 Command from above
51 Wim and winegar
52 "Man with this wants to meet gal with gas" (adv.)
53 Theresa informally
56 The King with the Table (nickname)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

A PLAN TO WIN THE WAR

Continued from Page 13

"Huh—an absent-minded ghost! Never heard of anything so silly in my life! You come along with me!"

It was getting dark outside. Lottie lighted the lantern and we went out to the barn. Lottie held the light high in the old sitting room, and the pile of squash and the bins of vegetables seemed so practical and everyday that I wondered if I'd seen anything after all. We went into the old east bedroom, where we keep the team of horses and the cows, to the garage, converted out of the north bedroom, the tool shed that used to be the hallway, and the hayloft that was once the parlor.

"Well?" Lottie said, and handed me the lantern. "Now get that milking done, and no more foolishness."

It's wonderful to be married to such a woman. She always takes hold of things, and you never have to make up your mind. So when she'd gone in the house I forked some hay to the stock and then went in to do the milking. But there was old Lehi Johansen again, sitting on the squash with his lean shanks crossed.

"Lottie sure is a sharp one," he said.

"She sure is," I said. Then I blinked. "Grandfather!"

"Now, Baldwin, don't you go getting scared of your own grandfather! You ought to pity me instead. It's this way, Baldwin: I'm in sort of a fix, and I feel like I've got to talk things over with somebody 'fore I go back up yonder. You'll listen, won't you, Baldwin?"

"Why—sure," I said. I guess I was sort of getting used to the idea of talking with a spirit, though it did seem sort of funny to find one asking to be listened to. So he told me to go right ahead with my milking, which I did.

"WELL, grandfather, what's troubling you?" I asked.

The old fellow sighed. "Well, it's the war—"

"Lottie said why should *you* worry about the war?"

"Yes; I heard her. What does Lottie know about the spirit world, by gum! Just like a woman! Now, your grandmother is the same way. Abigail—"

And as he spoke the name—*whick!*—suddenly standing there was Grandma Abigail, in stiff crinoline with a little gold locket at her throat, her hair parted in the middle and drawn tightly back, exactly like in the picture. A few minutes back this would have scared me witless.

"You called me, Lehi?" she asked.

"Dagnab it!" the old fellow exclaimed. "I'm all sixes and sevens today! Just—happened to mention your name, Abigail. Didn't mean to. You won't have to stay."

Abigail looked about. "Hmm! What are you doing here, Lehi? Just gadding about as usual! Have you attended to your mission?"

"Well—uh—" old Lehi said, clearing his throat. "Run into a few complications. But I'll get it ironed out."

But Abigail was not to be put off. "Have you seen Roosevelt?" she demanded. "And Churchill and Stalin?"

"Well, yes and no—"

"Remember, Lehi, the generals are waiting. Grant is furious, and Napoleon is pacing up and down—"

"Now, see here, Abbie! Don't you meddle in a man's affairs! I'll attend to this in my own way!"

"Well, I don't see how you can do anything sitting on your stumps at home, when you're supposed to be telling Roosevelt and the others how to win the war! And they're all waiting for you over yonder, too! Alexander and Caesar and the rest of them! Why, Lehi, it's the chance of eternity for you—and here you sit like a bump on a log, gossiping, and keeping Baldwin from his chores. . . . Hello, Baldwin. I'm your grandmother. And how's Lottie? Everybody's just fine up yonder. We often get together with your mother and father for Sunday dinner. . . . Lehi! Stir your stumps!"

"Yes, Abigail." And—*whick!*—Lehi vanished. Then—*whick!*—Abigail vanished too. I kept on milking.

Well, no, I wasn't so scared any more. You sort of get used to things. Too, one ghost sort of gives you a start, but *two* ghosts kind of makes it—well, it's like the second robin of spring, as you might say.

So I was milking away when—*whick!*—old Lehi was back again. "Shouldn't of mentioned her name like that," he admitted, and stroked his white whiskers reflectively.

"By golly, Baldwin, I sure do hate like poison to go back! Those old generals are devils. Nothing personal, though some of them *are* from down below. Take Attila, for one, or Tamerlane or Charlemagne—they're hard men, Baldwin. Won't take no for an answer. I hate like sin to go back and tell 'em I've failed on my mission. Ruther have a tooth pulled, by gum!"

"Had you ought to—er—mention names?" I suggested. I didn't like the idea of meeting Attila and Tamerlane and Charlemagne.

"What's the use of raising chickens if you are going to cry every time we eat one?"

"Oh, that only works with soul mates," Lehi said. He got up, grunting, one hand at his back. "Funny how my lumbago come back the minute I stepped into earthly garb again. Hain't troubled me for years up yonder. . . . No, by gum!" he exclaimed, shoving his jaw out. His whiskers bristled. "No, sir—old Lehi Johansen ain't licked yet! You'll help me, Baldwin! Yes, sir!"

"M-me?" I couldn't see how I could help one from the spirit world.

"Keep on with your milking and I'll tell you." He sat down again.

"Yep, that's what we'll do, Baldwin. If a general can't make headway with a front attack, he hits 'em in the flank. You're the flank, Baldwin. . . . Yes, sir, Baldwin, you're the man who's going to win the war!"

"Win the war—*me?*"

"Yep, that's right! And I'll tell you how. . . ."

NOW I'll start in from the first [the old man said], so you'll know all about it.

Up yonder we're worried about this here war. Oh, sure, we know how it's got to turn out eventually; but it's such a doggoned waste of time and men and material to do it the hard way. So some of us got to thinking up yonder. And we figured this way: Why not put the best brains of history to the problem and get the thing over with in a hurry? . . . Good idea, you say? Danged tootin' it's a good idea! And *my* idea, to boot! . . . And I know what you're thinking. Where does Lehi Johansen get off, hobnobbing with all them old generals and emperors? That's what you're thinking. Well, now, you listen here. I should of been one of the greatest generals in history. Lee told me so. Trouble was, I never got a chance. Almost did, in the Utah war. Johnston's army was marching on Utah, you remember, back in '57, and if I'd had my way— But Brigham Young wanted peace and the war ended without a battle. But I had a beautiful campaign planned out, and if I'd had my way . . .

Anyhow, I got to talking around up yonder, and a bunch of us got up a petition, and finally we got permission and the thing was arranged. But not without some trouble, because some of the best generals in history

wasn't up yonder—they was down below. But finally we arranged a big conference on neutral territory, midway between.

I wish you could of talked with those men like I did, Baldwin. Here we was—the greatest military men of all history, meeting together to make a master plan to win this war.

First off, we toured the battle fronts. Spirit form of course. We looked at the factories making munitions, and the farms that fed the armies. We listened in to the soldiers' private talk to find out about morale. We sat in on war conferences, and examined all the secret plans. So when we sat down to the conference, we sure knew all about everything. And we had messengers who could whisk to Tokyo or Berlin or Washington and back in an instant, to verify any detail. By gum, there never *was* such a war council before!

. . . Why, sure, Baldwin, we all of us wanted the Allies to win. Because they was going to do it anyhow, and as generals, we wanted a nice, quick, brilliant campaign. . . . Well, yes, there was a few contrary ones on the other side, but they didn't get an invite to the conference.

Well, sir, it took a little while to get down to business. Every general wanted to talk about his own battles. And there was some arguments. The losers couldn't forget. Napoleon kept wanting to fight Waterloo over again with Wellington. Hannibal kept alibiing to Scipio about Zama, and Cornwallis pestered Washington about Yorktown. And take Attila. His campaigns was so long ago he could hardly remember 'em when the generals he'd defeated wanted to fight the old battles over again. But he never forgot Châlons, you bet! He'd buttonhole Aëtius and Theodoric and want to fight Châlons over again, until he got to be a pest.

WELL, anyhow, after eleven days we got down to business. We figured up every element of this present war, and we all chipped in, and come up with a plan of grand strategy. It's wonderful, Baldwin. There never was such a plan. Once you hear it, it's so simple and plain and obvious that a baby would know there's no other way. And we all agreed—every last jack military genius agreed—it's the way to win this war. So I was delegated to go tell it to Roosevelt and Churchill and Stalin.

. . . Why'd they give me the honor? Well—ahem!—as I said, I should of been a great general, if I'd got the chance. And all these old boys was jealous of one another. Inasmuch as I'd never got into the history books, it wouldn't hurt for me to be the messenger. And so I went first to see Roosevelt.

Well, now, Baldwin, you might think it would be easy for a being in spirit form to have a private word with the President. But—by golly!—I spent nine days hovering around waiting for him to be alone. You never seen such a busy man. I spoke to him a couple of times at night but couldn't wake him up. Finally I caught him alone in the bathroom. He was brushing his teeth.

I materialized sitting on the edge of the bathtub.

"Mr. President, I have brought you a message from beyond," I said.

"You will pardon me," the President said, rinsing out his mouth and hanging up his toothbrush, "but I don't recall my secretary announcing you."

"I've got a message from beyond," I repeated. "From the spirit world."

HARVEST

Now in tomato branches limber
There sounds the cutworm's call of
"Timber!"
And earwigs plan a pincers movement
Here where the corn has shown
improvement.

Now three-inch worms serenely
cruise on
The spinach leaves, while snails
with shoes on,
And bugs with fingernails and teeth
Hack idly at the stems beneath.

Now in the peach tree's tattered
rents
The caterpillars build their tents,
While worm-consuming birds that
carry on
Become abruptly vegetarian.

At last the frost is on the lawn,
And bird and insect both are gone,
And we are proud! For it seems
credible
They found our Victory garden
edible!

—MARY WARD.

The President was, I could see, a bit puzzled, so I explained quickly:

"It concerns the war. The great generals of history have met in conference in the spirit world. And we have a plan—"

"A plan?" he asked. "Don't tell me even *they* have a plan!"

I smiled. "Yes, Mr. President. Now, first of all—"

He uttered something that almost was a moan. "No," he said. "No; I can't believe it. Movie actors. Plumbers! Writers! Lodges! Unions! Mothers! Business men! Clubs! Associations! Organizations! Every last day I get a hundred plans from somebody or other on how to win the war! I thought it was the last straw when the Associated Frog Fanciers demanded a paratroop invasion of Berlin, and I tried to be patient when the Blue Begonia Growers urged me to tunnel under Japan and blow it from the face of the earth. Plans, plans, plans! It's a national craze, like jigsaw puzzles! And now even the spirits have taken it up!"

Then he bowed his head resignedly, and said, "All right. I am prepared to listen."

But he wasn't in the right mood. I decided to see Churchill.

. . . Eleanor, you say? Well, yes, Baldwin, that's a good idea; a man will listen to his wife. And Eleanor somehow has time to listen to everybody. Matter of fact, I thought of that. But I couldn't find her. . . . Yes, I know. I can go anywhere in the world in the twinkling of an eye. But you've got to know *where* to go. I kept arriving at places she'd just left, and I finally gave up.

I SAW Churchill. An amazing man. I caught him just prior to his afternoon nap. But I'd forgotten a characteristic of the English. A fine and stubborn people, but you've got to do business with an Englishman in the English way. I appeared out of nowhere before Churchill's eyes, but that, apparently, wasn't enough. I quickly saw I was getting nowhere, and I realized that he wasn't paying much attention. In fact, he as much as called me a gremlin.

You see, Baldwin, I hadn't been introduced. I didn't have my credentials. You can't do business with an Englishman without an introduction and credentials. It just isn't done.

So I went to the Kremlin. Stalin was my last hope, and I determined not to fail. So, to impress him, I materialized in a dramatic way. I appeared in a flash of light.

. . . Yes, Baldwin, I also failed with Stalin. I'd no sooner appeared than Stalin whipped out a revolver and emptied it into me, meanwhile yelling for his guards. He mistook me for an assassin. . . . I realized then that it was impossible for me to impress a man who doesn't even believe in the spirit world. . . .

And so I did some thinking. I had failed with the three leaders. Why? I decided it might have been a mistake to go directly to them. After all, I had merely my own word as to who I was. The thing to do, I decided, was to work on the advisers of the top men. In a twinkling I was back in the United States.

So I tried to advise the advisers. But, you see, *they* have *their* advisers, and *they've* got their *advisers*. . . . Well, finally I got down to the last one in the line. His name was Whilp, and he got a hundred and thirteen dollars a month salary. He was alone in his office when I arrived, working overtime on a job his boss would take credit for and pass up to somebody else who'd take credit and pass it on up—but I guess

you know Washington. . . . I materialized to Whilp and began telling him the master plan to win the war.

By gum, Baldwin! I'd no more than got started when he pulled out a big map all marked up with crayon —and he launched into *his* private plan to win the war! I couldn't get a word in edgewise.

I went out pretty discouraged. A woman was scrubbing the hall floor outside the office.

"Don't listen to Whilp," she said. "Whilp's plan is crazy, and the generals are as crazy as Whilp is. Now, *I'll* tell you how to win this war . . ."

I vanished. . . . By gum, I didn't know what to do! I just sort of drifted back home here, and I was sitting, thinking it all over, when you walked in. . . .

And now you understand, Baldwin, and I'll tell you about my idea —my idea for you to win the war. I can see now that I failed because folks really didn't know me. I didn't have no introduction. But *you* know, Baldwin—you know I'm your real grandfather, and you know I'm telling the truth, don't you?

. . . That's fine, Baldwin. And now I'll tell you what. Your wife Lottie is a bit sharp at times, but she's a woman of spirit and she can get things done. She belongs to all the clubs and she's important in this town. Not a very big town, but that don't matter. It's a start.

So first I'll tell you this plan that all the great generals of history have figured up. Then you can explain it to Lottie. She'll explain it to the town. It will spread. There'll be a great popular demand—

AND just at this point the door opened and Lottie came in.

"Just a minute!" Lottie said to old Lehi Johansen. "I've been listening outside. Wasn't so sure Baldwin was crazy about that ghost story. Now, if I'm going to work for this plan, I'll hear it firsthand. Baldwin always does get things mixed up anyhow."

Old Lehi beamed. "Lottie, I admire the fine spirit you display in this! . . . Well, now, about the plan. To begin with, the war up to now has been full of mistakes—"

"You're telling me!" my wife Lottie broke in. "Why, a baby knows that much! It's like I was telling the Browning Club just last month. We should have relieved Bataan first thing. Meanwhile we could have come down through the Aleutians in a pincers movement on Tokyo. Now, with Germany, instead of invading North Africa, if we had—"

Lottie blinked. For—*whick!*—old Lehi had vanished.

"Well!" Lottie declared. "I couldn't get a word in edgewise, and after I'd listened to him for half an hour! A fine thing! . . . Well, hurry with the milking, Baldwin. I'll have supper waiting."

"Yes, dear," I said. But I dallied with the chores, waiting. I put more straw bedding on the floor after finishing milking. I curried the horses. I kept waiting.

Finally I whispered, "Grandfather!"

But he never did come back. I sure did want to talk with him, because I've got a few ideas of my own about how to win this war. . . .

And this, Mr. President, is the story of Baldwin Higgs, my wife's cousin, just as he told it to me. You can understand its importance, I am sure. I feel positive that the conference of generals in the spirit world will send old Lehi Johansen back again on his mission. This letter of mine will serve as an introduction.

And so may I suggest, Mr. President, and even urge, that in the event an old gentleman with white whiskers, wearing a black broadcloth suit and with a pleated shirt, appears to you out of the thin air and begins talking about the war, you consider his proposals carefully?

Wishing you continued health, I remain,

Resptly, yr hmble & obt svt,
WILLIAM CRAWFORD

P. S.: In the event old Lehi is too discouraged to try ever again, may I suggest that as a newspaper editor I have a peculiar advantage to grasp world events? The William Crawford Plan to Win the War is yours for the asking. Just drop a postal card and ask for Plan G.

THE END

Doctors report on PHILIP MORRIS

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assume that you are the victim, no?"

"That's right." Kent nodded.

"So, then," Fernandez went on, "we have a little time in which to act—say the time it would take for Bosch to return. I will return to the hotel and approach through the garden so that no suspicion will be aroused. In the meantime you will be on your way to Cruz Bay to report this to the commissioner. You must see that he radios immediately to the governor in St. Thomas. There are marines there, and destroyers at Culebra. I think we may leave the rest to them."

"Sold!" said Kent. "I'll do it."

He rose. Then frowned suddenly.

"Look here," he said. "That will mean a fight here—shooting, danger."

"Very likely," Fernandez nodded.

"Well, I won't leave Miss—I won't leave Karen here!"

Fernandez flung up his hands.

"Ah, love!" he exclaimed. "What do you propose then, señor?"

"Suppose we do this," Kent suggested: "I will go to the stables and get the horses ready. You go to Karen and tell her that I'm waiting. When she comes, we'll both ride."

Fernandez pursed his lips.

"It's risky."

"Come on!" Kent urged. "Do this for me."

Fernandez laughed.

"Another small favor, eh, señor? Very well, I will try. But if she does not come in a reasonable time you must go without her."

IT was deep dusk when Kent approached the stable through the coconut grove. As he drew near, he saw that a yellow light gleamed from the stableboy's quarters by the wide door. He swore. He had forgotten about Hans.

Kent was thoroughly familiar with the layout of the barn. But he paused now to consider each detail and fix it firmly in mind. If he was to carry out this assignment he would need that knowledge.

As one faced the front of the stable from the outside a wide passage ran down the length of the building to the back wall. Left of the doorway was the harness room. Behind this, three box stalls ranged that side of the stable to the rear wall. To the right of the door was the stableboy's room, and behind that, in turn, were three more box stalls, facing the first three across the open width of the building. A single powerful bulb, suspended by a long cord in the center of the building, illuminated it. At the moment, this was out, though it was controlled by a toggle switch on the wall beside Hans' door.

His memory thus refreshed, Kent crept forward through the palms until he could look in through the front window. The panes were dirty and covered with dust, but in the light of the single globe within, Kent could make out the details of the room easily enough. There was a cot bed, dirty and unmade, against the far wall, and a table in the center. Hans was sitting at the table, evidently reading. He faced the door, which stood slightly ajar. He appeared to be alone, but some instinct prompted Kent to move slightly to the left, where he could look into the far right corner of the room. What he saw there made him catch his breath and swear softly, for there, in a second chair, tilted back against the wall, a grin on his lips and a cigarette between his fingers, sat a broad-faced German sailor.

Here was a complication! The question of whether or not he would be able to carry out his task did not occur to Kent. There was no time for that. What did puzzle him was how it was going to be done. Obviously he must find some way to separate the two men, so as to tackle each

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A private who likes dancing but deplores the surfaces he has to rumba on provides himself with an ordinary wax candle, with which he rubs the soles of his shoes. "Two or three good applications give me my waxed floor for an evening," he says.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

alone. Of the two, Hans should be the easier to handle, the simpler to draw out. And as he thought about it, Kent thought he saw a way to do it.

Cautiously he cast about for a weapon, and ultimately decided upon a young green coconut about the size of his fist and something better than a pound in weight. This he tied up in his handkerchief, looping and knotting the corners so as to afford himself a grip. Then he slipped forward into the stable.

Hans' door was slightly open but not enough for him to see out into the passageway from his position by the table, and Kent, hugging the wall of the harness room, catfooted hastily past. Once inside, he made a hurried tiptoed round of the stalls.

The first two, those behind the harness room and Hans' room, were empty. But the others were occupied. So Hans had lied to him that morning. He had felt sure of it at the time. As he went past them, the animals lifted their heads and stared at him curiously in the dark. In the stableboy's room he could hear the occasional drone of voices.

His first care was to find a pitchfork. There was one in the empty stall behind the harness room. This he took carefully and leaned against the side of the stall opposite. Next he moved silently out into the center of the stable where the now darkened bulb hung suspended, dust-coated and specked with dead insects, within easy reach of his fingers. Cautiously he unscrewed it several turns, so that it would not light. Darkness was essential to his plan. Then he went quietly back and picked up the pitchfork, slipped silently with it into the empty stall behind Hans' room.

He was ready now. He propped the stall door part way open and turned his attention to the horse in the next stall. The animal was a little speckled roan with a wild eye, a skittish beast, named Gertie. He could not, he told himself, have picked a better subject.

Cautiously he slid the pitchfork through the slats that separated the upper part of his stall from the one next, and poked gently. Gertie, startled in the act of pulling down a mouthful of hay from the manger, jumped with a clatter of hoofs, and faced about with a snoring snort. The voices in the next room broke off. Kent waited. Presently they began again.

Again Kent jabbed with the pitchfork, and again Gertie moved violently in protest. Hans raised a querulous voice.

"Stob dot! You Gerdie, stob dot! You hear?"

There was another moment's silence and then the voices began again. Once more Kent jabbed—harder this time, and Gertie gave an angry squeal and lashed out with her hoofs.

There came the sound of violent German curses from the other room and the bang of a chair, the sound of heavy feet. Kent dropped the pitchfork hastily and slipped over to crouch against the wall of the stall by the door. The door to Hans' room opened and the stableboy stepped out into the darkened stable. Kent held his breath lest the sailor, too, come out.

But he did not. Kent heard him call something after Hans; heard Hans' reply. Then the stableboy was fumbling at the switch, muttering. The switch clicked. Nothing happened. There was another string of curses. Hans came along the front of the stalls, past Kent's hiding place, to stand before the one occupied by Gertie.

"WHAD de hell's de madder wid you, Gertie?" Kent heard him demanding. "Can't you pe qviet, dam-you!"

He went on muttering something in German and stood for a moment stroking the animal's nose. Then he turned and walked two steps to the light, standing on tiptoe, reaching up toward it, mumbling to himself.

Kent moved. On cat feet he stepped out and in three short steps was across the intervening space. Hans never saw the movement behind him. He never knew what hit him. Kent's improvised blackjack thudded down solidly on his head, and he collapsed without a sound. As his body sagged, Kent hastily threw his free arm about his chest, under the still upraised arms, keeping him from

falling. A querulous voice spoke in German from the quarters.

"*Ja, ja, ja!*" Kent imitated Hans' impatient growl.

Apparently the other was satisfied. He said no more. Nor did he come out. Kent lifted Hans' limp figure and carried it into the stall. There were ropes in there, and Kent tied him securely with these. He made a gag of the tail of Hans' own shirt, and pulled down hay from the loft above to spread upon the floor to muffle any pounding Hans might do when he came to.

With Hans accounted for, he felt there was little time left. Karen would be coming down from the hotel at any moment. He could not let her walk into danger. He decided to try to meet her first and take care of the sailor later. He had to risk the possibility that the fellow would grow suspicious at Hans' prolonged absence.

HE slipped out of the stable silently and moved toward the palms. At the edge of the grove he stopped and looked back through the window. The sailor was still in his chair, smoking his cigarette with every evidence of placid satisfaction. Kent grinned and turned up the pathway toward the hotel.

He had scarcely gone a dozen yards when he saw a flicker of white upon the path ahead, and the next instant Karen was in his arms.

"Alan!" she gasped. "Oh, Alan!"

"Sssh!" he whispered, kissing her hurriedly. "There are two of them up there. I was only able to take care of Hans."

She stared up at him.

"What is it, Alan?" she asked. "What is happening?"

"Didn't Fernandez tell you?"

She shook her head.

"We were in the dining room when he came," she said. "He asked me to get him a pack of cigarettes from the case in the lobby. When I went out he followed and told me I must come to you at once. He said it was urgent."

"It is," he assured her. "We've got to go for help."

"Alan!" she gasped.

"Sssh!" he warned again. "There isn't time to explain now."

"What do you want me to do?"

"You speak German?" he demanded.

"A little," she told him.

"Good!" he said. "There's a German sailor up there."

"Oh, Alan!" she cried, startled.

"Careful!" he whispered frantically. "He mustn't hear. Listen. This is what I want you to do. He is in Hans' room. Hans isn't there. I want you to go up as if you were looking for Hans. Be surprised when you don't find him. Ask the sailor where he is. Then say that Herr Vogel sent you to ask Hans to tell the sailor to come to the hotel. He wants to see him."

"You mean—?" she breathed.

"I've got to get him out of that room," Kent told her. "I can't handle him otherwise. It's important, darling. Can you do it?"

"I'll try," she said.

She turned and went up the path, walking straight-backed. He grinned proudly after her. As she went in the stable door he ducked low and slipped up to stand against the wall just to the right of the door. He got there just in time to hear the German's grunt of surprise, the crash of the chair's legs upon the floor, as he saw Karen in the doorway. Then Karen was speaking in German.

From where he stood Kent could hear them plainly. He heard Karen mention Hans, heard the German reply and then move to the door. He heard Karen speak again. The German replied, and from the sound of his voice he was now outside the room. There was a pause. Then the man spoke once more, and there was an unctuous softness in his voice. When Karen replied quickly it was in a sudden note of panic. Kent risked a look.

Karen was beyond the stableboy's door, facing out toward the main doorway, moving backward. The sailor was in front of her, his back toward Kent, his shoulders hunched. one hand outstretched. He was moving toward her, speaking softly, urgingly. Kent could not tell what he was saying but he could guess.

Kent moved swiftly, leaping to catch the man before he could interpret the light of relief that was beginning to show in Karen's eyes at the sight of him. He crossed the space between them. His left arm slid quickly about the man's neck, the crook of his elbow hooking beneath the German's chin. His right hand rose and fell.

Kent heard the man's surprised grunt; heard Karen's horrified gasp. He struck once more, and felt the heavy body go limp in his arms. Slowly he let him slide to the floor and stepped across him to catch Karen tightly in his arms.

"Darling!" he said. "Darling! I'm sorry!"

"It's—it's all right, Alan," she said in a strained voice. "You had to do it. He—he—"

"I know," he said. "I know!"

Quickly he trussed the German and rolled him into the stall behind Hans. When he had done this he took the sailor's rifle and hid it behind a bin in the harness room. The German's hat was still lying on the table in Hans' room. He picked it up.

"Makes a nice souvenir," he said. "Maybe it will help convince the commissioner our story's true."

"Alan!" Karen gasped. "You mean we're going to Cruz Bay—now, tonight?"

He grinned at her and clapped the hat upon his head.

"That's right," he assured her.

She laughed gaily.

"Alan!" she cried. "You look so silly with those ribbons dangling down your neck!"

"Ach!" he exclaimed, clowning. "Heil, Snicklepuss!"

He got the saddles and bridles out of the harness room while she led out Grimalkin and the big sorrel. As they worked they talked. He told her his experiences of the afternoon.

"THEN gramps didn't know!" she said, when he told of Eric's boasting. "I was sure of it when you told me that he had tried to get to St. Thomas. I accused him of it last night. I was so upset! He would not believe me. He was furious. He went out, and I think when he came back he realized it was true."

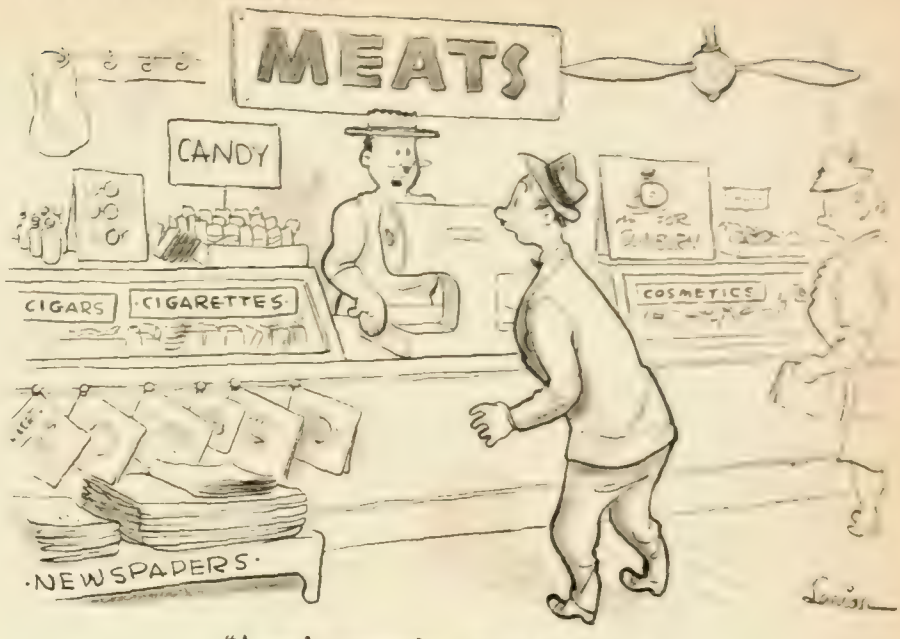
Kent nodded.

"It was Eric, wasn't it," he said, "who told you? Wasn't that why you tried to send me away?"

She looked miserable.

"He came to me that night," she said in a voice that was scarcely above a whisper, "that night when he saw us together on the beach, and told me then about the base and

THE HOME FRONT



"A man's gotta make a living somehow."

the submarines and all. He said that gramps was in it, and that you'd be sure to find out. I didn't believe him at first, but he took me down to the cove and showed me everything. I said that I didn't care; that I was going right to the commissioner and tell him what I knew. But he just laughed and dared me to try it. He said that gramps would be taken and shot, no matter what I said, and that he would see to it himself that you would never leave the island alive unless I did just what he told me to do."

"The dirty dog!" Kent cried. "You've got to hand it to him for cussedness! And you let him get away with it!"

She turned to him contritely, pleading.

"What could I do?" she cried. "Darling, don't you see? I didn't want you dragged into it! That was the first thing I thought of. This was my fight! And it was for gramps, too. I couldn't believe that he was mixed up in it. Yet there was the evidence. It was all so horrible. I was all torn up inside, so that I didn't know what to do."

"I know," he said soothingly, and kissed her. "I know, darling."

He went on to tell her, then, the rest of his story. When he told about the walk with Bosch, she clung to him.

"If I had only known, darling!" she whispered. "I'd never have let you go!"

"We can thank Fernandez," he said, "that I got out alive."

"Fernandez?" she said. "I don't understand about Mr. Fernandez, Alan. He looks so—so innocent."

"F. B. I.," he explained succintly.

"Oh!" she cried gaily, as if those letters somehow magically settled everything. "Why, then it's all right!"

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Some eighty years ago, when washerwomen became as scarce as laundry service is today, metal collars which could be "instantly cleaned with a wet cloth" became the fashion. The American Enameled Steel Collar Company advertised their wares for both men and women, and leaders of style were glad to wear them. These indestructible collars filled such a need that two separate patents were granted in 1864.

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"As soon as we get to the commissioner it is," he said.

As they mounted she made a little disappointed face.

"I'm sorry gramps couldn't get to St. Thomas," she said. "It would have meant so much to him if the information could have been his!"

The moon had risen when they left the stables, and its yellow rays cast long shadows in the trail. They rode fast, and as they rode the moon climbed higher and its light changed from yellow to silver, and the shadow of the trees grew blacker by contrast.

They came out of the pathway from the hotel within a few minutes and turned toward Coral Harbor. There they shook out the reins and let the horses have their heads—their judgment, in the darkness, was better than their riders'. They came up on the ridge and the trail flattened out, with the high fence on their left and the drop to the Narrows between Tortola and St. John upon their right. It was where the fence ended, where the trail took a sharp dip down to the left, that they came upon a barrier of brush piled high across the road. Kent pulled his mount back upon its haunches and was nearly unseated, so suddenly did it appear. Grimalkin, who was close behind, plunged into his horse's croup before Karen could check her.

Out of the corner of his eye Kent saw the dark figures rise from the brush on either side; saw the glint of moonlight on bared bayonets and on the rifle barrels; saw the white faces turned up at them out of the darkness. In the same instant a harsh voice rang out above the clatter of the hoofs:

"Halt! You cannot by this place pass! It iss *verboten!*"

Another trick for the Nazis? What can Kent and Karen do now? Bluff their way through? Find out in next week's exciting final chapter.

MAIN
This Thin Gillette sure has the stuff—
Talks turkey to beards plenty tough—
Lasts long, shaves fast, saves dough as well—
And that's why wise men say it's swell!
THIN
Gillette
BLADES
4 for 10c
Top quality
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Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

WOMAN-TALK

by MARGARET FISHBACK

UNCLE SAM SAYS "NO": The Eskimo has a hospitable custom of offering the loan of a wife to an honored guest. United States forces stationed in Alaska have been advised by a new government booklet not to accept such generous invitations.

SUCCESS STORY: Attractive thirty-seven-year-old Mrs. Betty Smith, formerly of Brooklyn, now of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, spent two years plugging away on a novel at the rate of at least an hour a day.

The hour was that elusive job between 6 and 7 A. M.—the only one she could snare that didn't interfere with her housework. "When I didn't get through with as much as I had set myself to for one day," says Mrs. Smith, "I would put in some more work late at night, then start in again at six in the morning." The novel, A Tree That Grows in Brooklyn, published by Harper & Brothers, is out just about now, and has been chosen by the Literary Guild as its September choice for Guild members, which means an initial order of 150,000 copies. Mrs. Smith's royalty of twelve cents a copy adds up to $18,000 in one fine fat lump, which may be but the beginning of a well deserved reward for those two years and the many others she worked to support and educate her two daughters, both of whom are now at the University of North Carolina.

WILD ANIMAL DEPARTMENT: Elephants resemble human beings in their reaction to shock. When scared, they want company. Babe and May occupied adjoining rooms at the San Francisco Zoo when Army and Coast Guard guns staged some super-noisy practice firing one night. The next morning Zoo Superintendent C. N. Baldwin found the girlish pachyderms bunked together. They had bashed down the one-ton steel door that separated their boudoirs.

DOMESTIC ANIMAL DEPARTMENT: A tiny tawny Park Avenue Pomeranian uses half of his mistress' meat points from her solitary ration book. And that's not all. Friends given to dining in restaurants bring the carnivorous canine crumb their steak and chop bones. One admirer who had wolfed a sumptuous steak at Gallagher's, called on the doglet bearing a giant relic that lasted him a whole week. Benefactor said waiter was frankly skeptical that bone was going to pup. Another friend dined seven guests at a restaurant. After gorging the group on large and expensive mutton chops, the hostess asked the waiter to wrap up all the bones. He carried them tenderly away and returned, bearing the precious burden daintily wrapped in a cake box with a loop tied in the string for the convenience of her hospitable forefinger.

Lady Killer

Don't underestimate 4-F—
He may be color-blind and deaf,
But we're so short of beaux today,
We *fight* to make him look our way.

SIGHTS ABOUT TOWN: Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean illuminated the Starlight Roof at the Waldorf by appearing complete with Hope Diamond. That ought to be a lesson to patrons not to leave their smoked glasses home. . . . New York's night clubs have lost many of their deb, post-deb, and young matron regulars to "Open House for Officers" parties at the Delmonico. Applicants and their three letters of introduction are inspected before they can

join this smart gels' club. Officers from the forces of nearly all the United Nations attend. Women officers are among those present, their uniforms contrasting oddly with the hostesses' gay evening dresses. . . . The night stick for ladies sounds like monkey business, but it's on the level. It's strong, it glows in the dark, and gives taxi drivers the jitters, so they're less inclined to run you down. Lady air-raid wardens and defense workers might well decide the gadget is worth the $4.95 Jay-Thorpe wants for it. . . . Another new wrinkle is the plastic-soled shoe requiring no coupon. Under three dollars at Macy's.

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Maria and Robert Jordan find a moment for their love before the civil war parts them.

Pilar, afraid of Pablo's weakness, takes over the leadership of the band with Jordan's help.

Pilar and Pablo, with their band, try to hold off the attack as Jordan blows up the bridge.

BY HARRIET GOULD

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

(Paramount)

Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper, Katina Paxinou, Akim Tamiroff

LET all those who have complained loudly and bitterly about what the movies have done to their favorite novels take For Whom the Bell Tolls as an object lesson in what happens when the movies follow the original literary work *too* closely.

The two mediums, literature and the screen, demand different treatments of the same theme—and material can rarely be transferred *in toto* from one to the other. But Paramount has tried to do just that with FWTBT. And that's what is wrong with it. It is not a "moving picture." Nothing happens for two and a half of its three hours total length.

Most of Hemingway's great novel was a character study of a guerrilla band during the Spanish civil war preparing to wage the single action —the dynamiting of a bridge—that was the climax of his story.

True, it took Hemingway a good many words to fully develop his rich characterization of Pilar, the wise and lusty woman who takes command of the band when Pablo, her husband, degenerates into a weak malcontent; or of Maria, orphaned and ravished by the Nationalists (Fascists, to you), who finds a short-lived love with Robert Jordan, the American volunteer who has come to blow up the bridge.

The screen could have done it in a few short scenes. Instead, the camera pans from one face to another, picking up shadows and fleeting meaningful expressions . . . and *nothing* happens. It isn't until the final scene —the dynamiting of the bridge—that FWTBT really *moves*. The excitement that should have been spread over three hours is jammed into twenty-five minutes.

Another major complaint moviegoers might have with FWTBT is that Dudley Nichols, who did the screen play, has ignored the political side of the book. The movie makes no attempt to explain the forces at work during the Spanish civil war, with the result that the emphasis is thrown on the love story—and the Hays office has weakened *that*.

On the credit side of FWTBT must be listed the breathtaking Technicolor and the capable direction of Sam Wood, which has resulted in several top-notch acting jobs. Katina Paxinou makes a memorable Pilar, and Akim Tamiroff's Pablo is equally fine. Ingrid Bergman and Gary Cooper are as good as you would expect, but it isn't enough to lift FWTBT out of its lethargy. Too bad.

BEHIND THE RISING SUN

(RKO)

Margo, Tom Neal

EDWARD DMYTRYK and Emmet Lavery, the director-writer team responsible for Hitler's Children, have taken foreign correspondent James Young's book and turned it into a compelling movie.

It is the strange story of an American-educated Japanese boy, Taro (Tom Neal), who refuses to accept the Old-World customs of his native country. But war is declared against China and the rest of the picture follows his development into the typical bloodthirsty Jap at war. Some of the sequences are far-fetched, but on the whole Behind the Rising Sun is pretty good. And it's got one scene—a three-minute bout between an American boxer (Robert Ryan) and a Japanese Sumo wrestler—you may *never* forget.

HERS TO HOLD

(Universal)

Deanna Durbin, Joseph Cotten

DEANNA DURBIN'S producers haven't quite kept pace with the lovely singer's emergence from her "growing-pains" stage. Hers to Hold admits she's grown up, but her bosses seem to depend on her reputation as a talented youngster rather than on a good story to carry it.

In Hers to Hold, Deanna is a debutante who meets an aircraft plant supervisor (Joseph Cotten) and decides he's her man. Cotten, who is waiting for his commission in the air force, tries to fight her off, but it all works into a clinch finish. Deanna gets to sing four songs and wear wonderful clothes, but Hers to Hold, her eleventh film, just doesn't rate with most of the earlier Durbins.

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PICTURES WORTH SEEING

FILM	GIST	LIBERTY SAID:
ABOVE SUSPICION (M-G-M) Joan Crawford, Fred MacMurray, Conrad Veidt, Basil Rathbone	*Spy thriller* (a honeymoon couple search Germany for a missing British agent).	Clues far-fetched . . . but story is excitingly developed . . . better than average spy stuff. (6-19-43)
BATAAN (M-G-M) Robert Taylor, Thomas Mitchell, Robert Walker	*Drama* (a group of thirteen "expendables" cover the retreat of our Army during the last days on Bataan).	Pulls no punches . . . starkly grim . . . exciting, dramatic . . . superb cast . . . don't miss this one. (7-10-43)
BEST FOOT FORWARD (M-G-M) Lucille Ball, William Gaxton	*Musical comedy* (a glamorous movie star spends a hectic weekend at a boys' military academy).	From the Broadway play . . . fresh-as-paint production numbers . . . good tunes . . . nicely paced and thoroughly entertaining. (8-14-43)
CABIN IN THE SKY (M-G-M) Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, "Rochester" Anderson	*All-Negro musical* (a fantasy concerning the struggle of good and evil forces for the soul of Little Joe Jackson).	Lighthearted fantasy . . . slow in spots, but has much to offer . . . lovely music and Ethel Waters' singing make picture worth seeing. (4-3-43)
DIXIE (Paramount) Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour	*Musical* (the development of the art of minstrelsy—via the life of Dan Emmett, first minstrel).	Not up to Bing's other pictures . . . too much "formula" . . . vague story makes it merely mediocre. (7-24-43)
HEAVEN CAN WAIT (20th Century-Fox) Don Ameche, Gene Tierney, Charles Coburn	*Comedy-drama* (a man dies and applies for admittance to hell, sure heaven won't have him. He tells the story of his life).	Delightful and adult satire . . . moves at a sprightly pace . . . good cast . . . witty and subtle situations and dialogue. (8-21-43)
HIT THE ICE (Universal) Abbott and Costello	*Comedy* (typical Abbott and Costello shenanigans—in a ski-lodge setting).	Eighty-two minutes of sheer nonsense . . . bound to please the most critical A. & C. fan. (7-17-43)
MISSION TO MOSCOW (Warners) Walter Huston, Ann Harding, Oscar Homolka	*Drama* (living history. Ambassador to Russia Davies' report on the Soviet Union).	Intellectual achievement . . . vital, gripping, dramatic . . . cast superb . . . a tribute to our ally. (6-19-43)
SO PROUDLY WE HAIL (Paramount) Claudette Colbert, Veronica Lake, Paulette Goddard	*Drama* (the stirring story of the first American women at the front lines—Army nurses on Bataan).	Vital . . . authentic and stirring war film . . . casting is just about perfect. (8-7-43)
SPITFIRE (RKO) Leslie Howard, David Niven	*Drama* (the story of the Spitfire and R. J. Mitchell, the man who designed this plane, one of England's chief weapons).	Spitfire is a fitting final tribute to the skill of the late Leslie Howard, director and actor. (7-17-43)
STAGE DOOR CANTEEN (United Artists) All-star cast	*Revue* (romance at the Canteen plus a good sample of the entertainment given our servicemen there. Sixty-eight stars, six bands).	A glowing and exciting tribute to America's theater folk . . . jam-packed with entertainment . . . a little long, but solid entertainment. (6-26-43)
THE CONSTANT NYMPH (Warner Bros.) Charles Boyer, Joan Fontaine	*Melodrama* (the story of the "mad" Sanger family taken from Margaret Kennedy's famous novel of the '20s).	Dated story . . . mannered and forced now . . . old-fashioned, romantic escapist entertainment . . . good cast. (7-31-43)
THE MORE THE MERRIER (Columbia) Jean Arthur, Charles Coburn, Joel McCrea	*Comedy* (jam-packed wartime Washington takes a good-natured ribbing).	One of the funniest pictures of the season . . . smartly paced plot . . . swell cast. (5-29-43)

THE ARMY REACHES FOR THE ILLITERATES

Continued from Page 24

to grasp the difference between words. *M a n* was written on the board.

"Can you read that?"

"Nope, I don't believe I can," he said, after staring at it painfully.

The instructor wrote *d o g*.

"Can you read that?"

"Nope, don't believe I know it."

"Well," Corporal Freed suggested, "*d o g* spells dog. *M a n* is man. What is the difference between a man and a dog?"

Private Williams looked uncomfortable. "A dog has two ears," he began, "man has two ears. A dog has two eyes, man has two eyes. A dog has four paws, and a man only has one paw—his pappy!" He grinned from ear to ear. Things were beginning to look up for him.

In one class the soldiers were taught a series of words pertaining to the body. In unison they repeated, "I have a headache," placing their hands on their heads. "I have a stomachache. I have a backache."

One fellow put his hands on his head, but drawled, "*I* have a bellyache."

MANY of them have never seen the gadgets of civilization. Many must even be taught how to hold their pencils. The Soldier's Reader is probably the only book except the family Bible that they have ever seen in their lives. They have to be taught how to use the telephone. They are amazed that words come over the wire and are dumfounded when called upon to reply.

"This sure beats all get-out!" one lad exclaimed. "Who invented the goldarn contraption?"

A soldier came to his teacher and exclaimed in awe, "Say, have you seen that new thing they call showers? They're the nicest things! They spray water all over you! I get into one every time I get a chance."

In civilian life a majority of them were farmers or coal miners. One who couldn't read or write had been a truck driver. For twenty years he had driven a large transcontinental truck from New York to Chicago.

"How did you manage to read the signs?" he was asked.

"Oh, I always had a helper with me," he answered. "Now, when I get out of the Army I'll be able to read 'em myself." And his eyes flashed with joy at the prospect.

In their schoolrooms they learn about their immediate surroundings —about Army life, the barracks, and mess. The basic words are related to their everyday experiences—rations, soldiers, shoot, sleep, bayonet, barracks, clothes, uniform, Army, mess, gun, camp. One of the first reading lessons goes this way:

"I am in the Army. I live in camp. There is work in camp. The work is hard. Hard work makes a good soldier."

Their elementary readers are replete with illustrations. In one picture a man wearing a gas mask is shown with the caption: "A gas mask may save my life."

A formidable-looking tank is pictured, with this line beside it: "I would like to drive a tank."

Besides reading and writing, simple arithmetic is taught. The examples relate to the soldiers' own experiences and are intended to stimulate them to greater effort. Here is a typical problem for beginners:

"Brown shot his gun five times. He has eight bullets left. How many bullets did Brown have when he started?"

Another:

"A private is paid $50 a month. How much money does he receive in a year?"

Some problems are more complex:

"Bill spent twelve cents in the Post Exchange. He had thirteen cents left. How much money did he have in the beginning?"

After three weeks a young soldier was able to write:

"My number is 34619243."

This is a sizable number, but it's used in the Army. The men learn to call off numbers such as 33, 45, 56, 91. The instructor put 1022 on the board. Turning to the class, he said, "Write one thousand twenty-two." They couldn't. To them it was a new number.

Common expressions are stressed. They learn to read and write such phrases as:

"May I have permission to speak to the Company Commander?"

"What is your name? My name is Private Charles Smith."

"What is your serial number? My serial number is 32456307."

"Do you have a headache? Take this medicine every three hours."

At Camp Lee the instructors meet once a week to prepare the lesson plans for the week ahead. Out of these conferences have come valuable materials for classroom use. The teachers prepare their own booklets to supplement those supplied from Washington. A first-grade reader with a picture of George Washington on the cover has proved popular. A "lesson" may go this way:

Who likes the Wise Guy?
He doesn't make a good friend.
He always gets us in trouble.
He thinks he knows all but usually knows nothing.
The wise guy always complains when there is work to do.
He seldom helps others but always expects to be helped.
Sometimes he is called a "Gold Brick."
Don't be a wise guy.

WITHIN the next twelve months tens of thousands of young able-bodied men will learn to read and write. They will be removed from the "scrap heap" and given a chance to take their places with their fellow Americans in the battle to preserve democracy. When the war ends and they return to their communities, they will be much better men as a result. They will have gained confidence in themselves and will, for the first time, know the meaning of intellectual freedom. The blinkers of illiteracy will be removed from them and their children.

Uncle Sam in the role of teacher is doing a splendid job. As Secretary of War Stimson points out: "Our rapidly growing Army is a complex machine. All of its parts, material and human, must be perfectly co-ordinated toward the achievement of victory over our enemies. Co-ordination means, above all, knowledge and skill on the part of every soldier in the use of mechanisms of many kinds."

Before it is over we will not only have the fightingest but the most educated Army in the whole world. That won't make pleasant news for Hitler.

THE END

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*

AIRRAND: A hop to the grocery in the family helicopter.

WHEYTRESS: Girl who serves you skimmed milk.

IDOLEYES: Frank Sinatra's.

STEMULANT: A drink that makes you talkative.

KNEET: A tidy joint.

POEPOURRI: All of Edgar Allan's works.

SPECTERCLES: Glasses for a ghost.

STRINGTH: Twine that won't break.

DIVADEND: A prima donna's share of Metropolitan Opera profits.

TROUTLAW: A guy who fishes forbidden waters.

WALLS ARE MADE TO FLY OVER

Continued from Page 15

Experts of the Combined Operations Command, under Lord Louis Mountbatten, immediately set to work to examine the possibility of landing complete and compact fighting units in enemy territory, with equipment adequate to capture and hold well defended positions. From these plans and experiments came the first of the flying armies of the air which at any moment may be released against the Axis.

THE principle underlying the air-borne division is that everything that fights must fly.

An air-borne division consists of the parachute troops, who drop first, and air-borne soldiers who land in gliders towed behind the troop carrier planes which ferry troops, artillery, mechanized forces, supplies, and specialist corpsmen.

As units they will co-operate with land-based divisions, and be dispatched to capture positions behind enemy lines, to aid friendly armies in occupied countries, and to aid sea-borne landings. Their fighter planes will engage enemy fighters; the bombers will attack coastal batteries and communications behind the enemy's main defense lines.

Last summer, commenting on the progress of America's air-borne divisions, General Arnold, the veteran flying soldier who is commanding general of the U. S. Army Air Forces, said: "We have a wealth of material, the fuel, the industrial facilities, and the mechanical and fighting skill to create an air-borne attack force above and beyond anything possible by the Axis. Although many details must be kept secret concerning the actual size, composition, tactics, objectives, and when and where an air-borne army may strike, it can now be safely said that in equipment and fire power the air-borne army will ultimately exceed anything of the kind the world has ever seen." He went on, "A call will be made for certain Americans especially fitted to render distinctive service in the creation of our air-borne army. Those qualified to respond will have the privilege and high duty of being among those who will strike effective blows directly against the enemy."

That was in the summer of 1942. Today, behind the blackout of essential military secrecy, thousands of Americans are trained for action and ready to receive what the general described as "high recognition from the people of the United Nations for the important missions they will perform."

Both America and Britain have been training thousands of parachute troops since 1940. One unit of these troops, British and American, flew from England to North Africa and went into action immediately on landing. During the Tunisian campaign Yankee parachutists undertook many successful missions.

These paratroopers have a tough job that calls for a cool head, superb discipline, and courage. They are chosen from thousands of volunteers after severe tests for physical and mental ability. Most of Uncle Sam's are ex-college footballers.

"Parachute jumping is the smallest part of their training," said an Army spokesman. "They are the shock troops of the Army, and use the parachute only to get them to the point where they are going to operate against the enemy."

Each of Uncle Sam's parachute battalions has a particular war cry. These hefty young athletes drop from the skies, sounding their war cries as they go. Best known cry is "Geronimo!" the name of a famous Apache chief who lived until 1909. Another battalion has adopted the name of

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

According to Hindu law, lying is justified in only two cases: in saving a person's life, and in paying a compliment to a lady.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Osceola, a Seminole chief. These cries not only are morale lifters but are used as rallying signals. A parachute trooper in trouble would give vent to his battle cry to rally help.

A parachute battalion goes into action as a complete unit, with generals, colonels, doctors, and chaplains, all of whom have qualified for the treasured insignia by making six jumps from 1,500 feet, two from 750 feet, and one from 1,000 feet, as well as by participating in two mass jumps from 750 feet.

In America the creation of an air-borne division and the training of parachute troops is under the Air-Borne Command; planes and pilots which carry the troops are under the Troop-Carrier Command. The two commands operate as a team. In England, Army Co-operation Command does the job.

The British have trained their new Army A Corps as commando troops, but each man is a specialist —a gunner, a mortar man, a tank fighter.

Flying a glider being towed behind a bomber is no easy job. The British take soldiers, marines, commandos, sailors, and R. A. F. men and teach them to fly "by the seat of their pants" in powerless planes. Each man in the British glider qualifies for his glider wings only when he can drop his glider into a twenty-yard circle from a height varying from 1,000 to 10,000 feet. Once his glider is on the ground, unless he is to make a round trip for more men and supplies he goes into action with the others.

The American CG-4 glider, produced by Ford and Boeing, weighs 3,000 pounds and carries fifteen fully equipped men. The British have several types, including the twenty-seater Horsa with a tricycle undercarriage, while the Germans are said to have a huge steel-wood glider capable of carrying fifty soldiers. The average span of a glider is about eighty-eight feet, but the German type spans 175 feet.

In action two types of gliders are used. The smaller, a highly expendable machine, jettisons its wheels on taking off and lands on skids, thus shortening its run. The other, like the British Horsa, has a tricycle undercarriage similar to those used on our big bombers. This machine can land in a very short distance and can easily take off again to be towed back to its supply base for more men or materials.

Taking off a British glider is the worst task facing the pilot. The danger is that the glider, attached by a towrope, will be upset by the slipstream of the towing bomber.

In British gliders, once the aircraft is in the air, the operation is comparatively simple. Aircraft pilots are constantly in communication with glider pilots. The soldiers sitting in rows in the gliders and troop carriers hear every word spoken. Under fighting conditions radio silence is desirable before the attack begins.

When they first formed their air-borne divisions, the British aimed at taking exceptional men from every branch of their armed services. Their fighting regiment of the air-borne divisions, the Army Air Corps, includes men from the R. A. F. and from the crack Guards regiments, commando troops, cavalrymen, and tank troops who fought the Germans in the Battle of France and in North Africa.

Every member of the division except the chaplain is a fighting man. This includes the glider pilots, the engineers, and the men who handle the portable runways for the subsequent landing of heavy planes, as well as the logistic experts who expedite the bringing in of ammunition and stores.

AN air-borne division is probably one of the most democratic units in any force. Its success depends on the closest co-operation between officers and men. This new army, with troops, is another instance of how the modern soldier is being made not only a specialist but an all-rounder, able to take over his comrade's job if the comrade is knocked out. An air force soldier, pilot, engineer, or signaler has to be able to use six different kinds of weapons. Before going into action, every man in the unit from private to general commanding knows exactly what is the objective and how it is to be attained. He is given the signal essential for communication. It has to be that way because there is no room for key men so valuable that the success of the operation would be

jeopardized if they were casualties.

Landing is undertaken in complete silence. After the paratroops have been emptied on the objectives, the signalers and landing specialists signal to the gliders. The pilots pull the release handles which separate them from the towing planes and each makes for his landing point. The moment the glider touches the ground, cleverly contrived escape hatches open and the crew and their equipment can be cleared in thirty seconds. Usually the first wave of gliders is followed by another bringing mortars and artillery. Previous intelligence work and reconnaissance have decided as to whether the area under attack lends itself to the landing of bombers carrying tanks and heavy supplies.

The shock troops immediately take possession of the area selected, and the base is signaled to dispatch these aircraft within fifteen to twenty minutes, as some 5,000 fully equipped men are to be landed.

Some of the gliders can be picked up by bombers after they have emptied their loads, thanks to a system developed from that now used for mail and message pick-up. Pick-ups have already been made at speeds varying from ninety-five to 125 miles an hour. In a prolonged action by an air-borne division the value of this pick-up system is enormous, since each glider can be used three or four times with a very valuable load.

The idea that a glider is extremely vulnerable to fighter attack is erroneous. The troop-carrying glider is heavily armed, the troops being able to defend themselves with the machine guns which they take into battle. Protected by fighter planes, the gliders have a good chance of making the ground safely.

OPERATING as it does on a vertical flank, an air-borne division must have its own air support. En route to the target the troop carrier planes and bombers are supported by fighters and fighter bombers. The task of the fighters is to protect the aerial convoy and act as a screen for the airfields the Army captures or creates.

In the initial assault the light bombers of the American Havoc or the British Mosquito type will attack enemy-defended positions and, having discharged their bombs, will land on those airfields, where they will refuel and refill their bomb racks under the protection of the fighter planes. An air-borne division is designed to land its own gas and munitions and supplies, and it opens up and maintains aerial supply lines from its operational spearhead to its nearest friendly base. With communications and reconnaissance facilities, the division will be able to undertake any mission that could normally be executed by Air Force and Army working in close co-operation, and to do it in a fraction of the time.

The air-borne divisions are not suicide units. Each unit brings with it complete offensive and defensive armament, and they will fight on the principle of the four-sided square used in bygone days, with the outstanding difference that the modern square will be mechanized and mobile.

The use of these air-borne divisions to support an Allied invasion of Germany or occupied Europe is obvious. Imagine the dilemma facing the Germans if the United Nations dispatch some six to twelve of these units to make a chain of pockets of resistance behind Hitler's Westwall, or down the center of Occupied France! The Germans are relying on the triple depth defense of Europe. Their coastal defenses running from Norway to Bordeaux are formidable. Behind them, barring the way to Berlin, are France's Maginot Line and Germany's natural barrier, the Rhine. From Berlin westward stretch the great arterial roads that are Germany's supply line to her western defenses. If 10,000 well armed and organized hostile troops landed anywhere between the Rhine and Berlin, they would create the need for a considerable diversion of troops, and cause a weakening of defenses on the eastern Russian front or on the western front under attack.

In subsequent operations in the Pacific, where long distances have to be covered, air-borne divisions will be of inestimable value.

EXPERTS consider this air-borne fighting unit a blueprint for all future armies.

Brigadier General Browning, husband of Daphne du Maurier, the novelist, who is in command of Britain's first air-borne division, believes these mobile flying units will forever put an end to the bombing of cities. An air-borne division, he points out, will bring the maximum military striking power to the center of a warring country and overcome military fortresses and personnel with devastating precision methods, thus avoiding the infliction of unnecessary casualties on civilian populations.

The general believes that as the range, speed, armament, and armor of the aircraft increase, so will the efficiency and the striking power of the air-borne forces—"until the battle disappears from the high seas and land armies in their present form take a secondary and minor place," as he told the British force. "The day will most assuredly come when air-borne forces will control the world, preserve the peace, and make the present bombing of women and children a barbaric memory of the past."

All this will be brought nearer with the defeat of Nazi Germany and her Axis partner, and it is certain that air-borne divisions will play a big part.

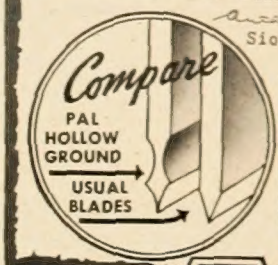
THE END

PATRIOTIC AND PRACTICAL

Here's a man who saves steel by saving blades—and gets better shaves:

"Followed advice in your ads. Bought Pal Blades to save steel. They do last longer because I don't have to 'bear down'—get twice as many shaves as with any other blade."

Sioux City, Iowa



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SAVE STEEL: Buy PAL Blades-They Last Longer

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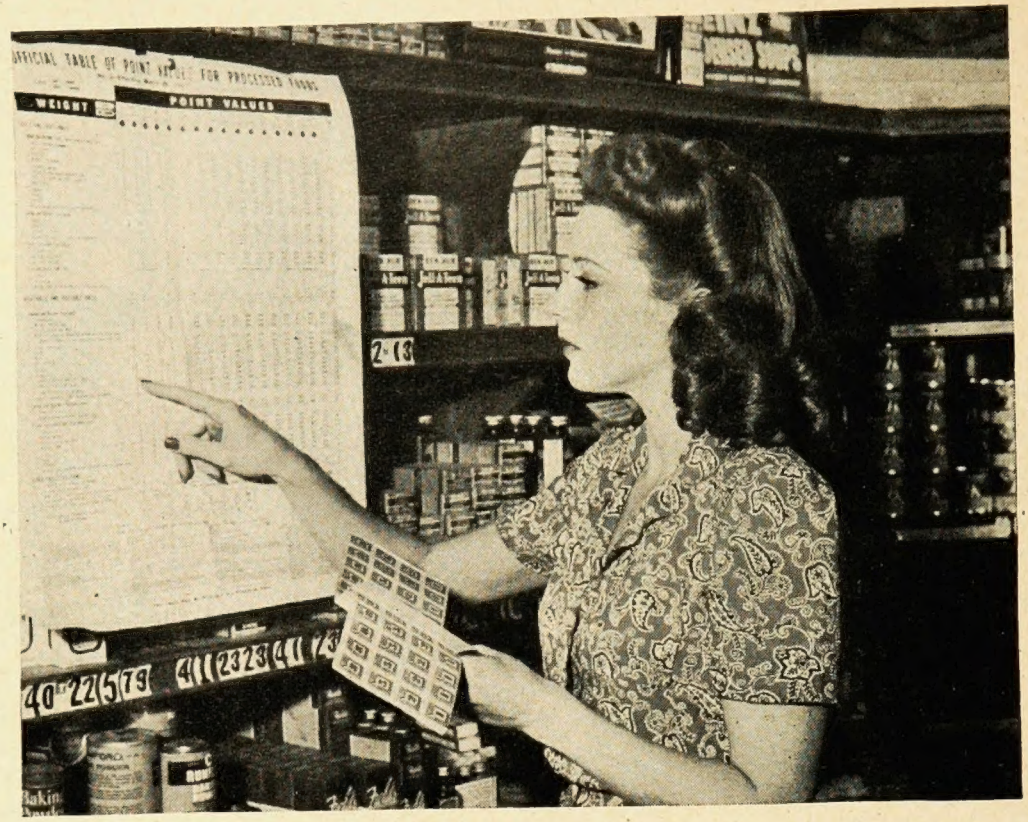
WE CIVILIANS HAVE IT TOUGH!



WELL, well, here we are almost at the end of summer and close to the beginning of our third year of "total" war. By this time, if memory serves, we civilians were all supposed to be pretty well down to bed rock, living on a simple but adequate diet, wearing plain but serviceable clothes of a standardized character, and doing nothing much besides work, buy bonds, and pay taxes.

If conditions in America today are the worst we have to undergo, we certainly have no cause for complaint. We are not suffering nearly as much as we thought we would. Come to think of it, we're not suffering at all. Meat is scarce at times, sure, but we're still eating an abundance and variety of food. We can't drive our cars as much as we like and the folks on the eastern seaboard are theoretically not supposed to drive at all except for essential needs. This hasn't been too hard to take and probably has done us more good than harm. As the insurance ads say, walking is good for us. Nobody froze to death last winter despite the fuel-oil shortage. As a matter of fact, we saved ourselves many a cold by not following our usual habit of overheating our houses.

We still are able to buy most of the clothes we want and very few people we see on the street appear to be down to their last shirt. We are limited to three pairs of shoes a year each, but most folks are finding it hard to use that many. All in all, it's been a pretty unexacting war, so far, on the civilian population. We have had to give up darn little and change few of our regular modes of living.

At the same time, it cannot be denied America is putting forth a prodigious war effort, and as far as we can see the present well-being of the civilian population has not been maintained by holding out on the armed services. The supply officials of the Army, Navy, and lend-lease help themselves freely to whatever they want, and no one kicks.

The only explanation we see for it is that our productive capacity is discovered to be far greater than we realized. It turns out we are able to build in a short time a tremendous armed force, equip it, ship it overseas and supply it, produce and ship vast quantities of munitions, military equipment, and food to our allies, and at the same time maintain a quite high standard of living for our civilian population.

This, of course, means we have still tremendous potential might which has not yet been exerted. We've got quite a few notches to tighten in the civilian belt before it can be said we are exerting our utmost military power. Possibly we will have to take up a few more before we attain the ultimate victory. If so, there will be few complaints. By and large, the civilian population has not as yet been called upon for the sacrifice it expected and was willing to make.

Paul Hunter

Through Five World Fairs..

A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

1 Philadelphia Centennial, 1876, was opened by President Grant, on 60 acres in Fairmount Park, and attended by nearly ten million visitors. Corby's was already known for fine whiskey for 18 years, since 1858.

2 Columbian Exposition, Chicago 1893, the "White City" occupied 600 acres at Jackson Park, and had a total attendance of over 27,539,000. Corby's had been a respected whiskey name for 35 years.

3 Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, 1915, covered 635 acres and was visited by 18,871,957 people during 288 days. The Corby's tradition of fine whiskey was then of 57 years' standing.

4 & 5 Century of Progress, Chicago, 1933-34, **New York World Fair,** 1939-40, great modern expositions known by most Americans...with a combined attendance of 84,000,000. Corby's is known today by Americans as a symbol of fine whiskey.

Expositions reflect the nation's peace-time progress. But now national energy is directed to victory. Distilleries are 100 per cent devoted to producing alcohol for war chemicals and synthetic rubber. If you can't get Corby's every time, don't blame your dealer. Available supplies are being distributed as fairly as possible. The whiskey with the grand old Canadian name is worth asking for a second or even a third time. Occasional acquaintance with Corby's now will lead to lasting friendship after victory.

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. — *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender*

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits
Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited
Peoria, Illinois

I'm going to save this for special occasions...

because Schenley is making War Alcohol exclusively

. . . no whiskey is being distilled these days

Only limited pre-war stocks are available of the choice whiskies used in Schenley Royal Reserve. Thus you may not always be able to get it, but when you do, use Schenley Royal Reserve on special occasions and enjoy it that much longer.

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BLENDED WHISKEY

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Blended Whiskey, 86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 6 or more years old; 40% straight whiskey, 60% grain neutral spirits. 23% straight whiskey, 6 years old. 17% straight whiskey, 7 years old. Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City.